MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

#342 NOV 2011 $4 US/CAN

KYUSHU NOISECORE SUMMIT

IT WAS LONG AGO AND WE LIVED OUT OF NOWHERE, THE INFORMATION THAT WE GOT WAS ONLY FROM ZINES. WE THOUGHT TO OURSELVES "IF WE'RE PLAYING HARDCORE, WE NEED TO GO INSANE..."

BROWN SUGAR
VAPID • NO REST
BRAIN KILLER
ROACH MOTEL
BRAIN F≠ • IFB
NEKROMANTIKER
AIRES & GRACES

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

TOP 10

For what it's worth, here's some of the MRR reviewers' current Top 10 (or so) things we've reviewed this month.

MARIAM BASTANI

- RANK/XEROX-LP / WASTE MANAGEMENT-EP
- ISTERISMO/KROMOSOM-split EP
- FEAR OF EXTINCTION-Men In Black-EP
- NEO CONS-45 / GET DESTROYED-EP
- MOB 47-Hardcore Attack-EP
- SOKEA PISTE-EP and LP
- ORGANIZED SPORTS-I'm So Proud Of Him-LP
- POPULATION-live / ESKE-live / BIG CRUX-live
- DECAY AFTER DEATH-live / CEMETARY-live
- VIXENS-demo / HOAX-live

JUSTIN BRIGGS

- All the new PAINKILLER releases
- SOKEA PISTE-EP and LP
- ORGANIZED SPORTS-I'm So Proud Of Him-LP
- AVON LADIES-Guns And Gold-EP
- RANK/XEROX-LP
- CRIMINAL CODE-Red Light-EP
- NEO CONS-Hardcore Elite/Kill The Police-45
- SOCIAL CIRCKLE-Expiration Date-EP
- LEATHER-Wretch-EP
- BRAIN TUMORS-Self-Server-EP

TIM BROOKS

"SPENT ALL DAY IN THE FUCKING PUB..."

MITCH CARDWELL – NEW TOP TEN!!!!!!!!!!!!!

- THE MUMMIES-live
- BIPOLAR-Descent Into Apathy-EP
- EDDY CURRENT SUPPRESSION RING-12"
- HAMMER DAMAGE-Laugh-45
- RAT COLUMNS-I Wonder-EP
- ZOUNDS-all reissues and new release
- CARNIVORES-German Flower/Sense Of Dread-45
- DADFAG-Probably-LP
- SOUND OF RUBY-From Under The Sands...-EP
- CITY DELUXE-live

ROBERT COLLINS

- AGHAST-Blood Opinion-LP
- BIG CRUX-Nature Cruising-12" + live
- RANK/XEROX-LP / THEE MARVIN GAYS-LP
- ALPINIST/MASAKARI-split LP
- THE GIFT-LP / BORED STRAIGHT-EP
- ARMLESS CHILDREN-EP / RAT COLUMNS-EP
- V/A-Brutal Supremacy-2xEP
- ISTERISMO/KROMOSOM-split EP
- CLOCKED OUT-Playing Dead-EP
- SOCIAL CIRCKLE-Expiration Date-EP

SEAN "DOUGIE" DOUGAN

"CUZ I'M A CUNT, A CUNT, A CUNT, A CUNT, A CUNT, CUNT..."

LAYLA GIBBON

- RANK/XEROX-LP + live
- VIXENS-tape / BRAINWAVES-tape
- DIET COKEHEADS-45 / RAT COLUMNS-EP
- BLEACHED-Think Of You/You Take Time-45
- AVON LADIES-Guns And Gold-EP
- GOD EQUALS GENOCIDE/LIBYANS-split EP
- BIG CRUX-12" + live / ARCTIC FLOWERS-LP
- DADFAG-Probably-LP /
- THE GIFT-LP / BIG EYES-LP
- BRILLIANT COLORS / LA LA VASQUEZ-live

DAN GOETZ

- DISABLE-live / TOTAL WAR-live
- RANK/XEROX-LP / KROMOSOM-side of split EP
- HAMMER DAMAGE-Laugh-45
- CRIMINAL CODE-live / BIG CRUX-live
- RORSCHACH-live
- AGHAST-LP / BIG EYES-LP
- ARCTIC FLOWERS-LP / SOUL SWALLOWER-LP
- 1981/SURRENDER-split EP
- DISCHARGE-Early Demos-LP
- SOKEA PISTE-LP / BLEACHED-45

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BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE: 180, 186-191, 195, 197, 202, 206, 208, 209, 214, 218, 221, 223, 225, 229, 234, 236, 238-247, 249-251, 253-273, 275-306, 308-319, 322-328, 330, 331,333-341

See page 4 for pricing and other info.

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TOP 10

Please send two copies of vinyl, CD-only, or demo releases to the address on the previous page

BOB GOLDIE

BORED STRAIGHT-EP / CRIMINAL CODE-EP
MOB 47-Hardcore Attack-EP
RED DONS-Forced Turning Point/Se Foi-45
ESTUPAS-De Interés Local-EP
MINUTEMEN/SACCHARINE TRUST-split EP
WASTE MANAGEMENT-Power Abuse-EP
CLOCKED OUT-EP / BRAIN TUMORS-EP
LEATHER-Wretch-EP
PANIC BEATS-LP
RAW NERVES-Burnt Skin-EP

KENNY KAOS

THE MUFFS-live
DAVE RAVE/THE MADNUTS-split EP
MOTHER'S CHILDREN-Are You Tough...-12"
CARNIVORES-German Flower/Sense Of Dread-45
BLEACHED-Think Of You/You Take Time-45
MEAT SLUTS-Skank Yank-EP
MOB 47-Hardcore Attack-EP
HAMMER DAMAGE-Laugh-45
EDDY CURRENT SUPPRESSION RING-12"
BIG EYES-Hard Life-LP

CAROLYN KEDDY

EDDY CURRENT SUPPRESSION RING-12"
DADFAG-Probably-LP
RANK/XEROX-LP
MEAT SLUTS-Skank Yank-EP
ZOUNDS-both LPs
RAT COLUMNS-I Wonder-EP
SOUND OF RUBY-From Under The Sands...-EP
HARD SKIN-Hard Nuts And Hard Cunts-LP
STEVE LAKE/ZOUNDS-live / THE MUMMIES-live
Shut Up Little Man! An Audio Misadventure-film

RAY LUJAN

ARCTIC FLOWERS-Reveries-LP
EDDY CURRENT SUPPRESSION RING-12"
FADE TO BLACK-CD / FUNGI GIRLS-CD
HDQ-CD / JUGGLING JUGULARS-LP
LEATHERFACE-Viva La Art House-CD
MOTHER'S CHILDREN-Are You Tough...-12"
NOTHINGTON-CD / OUT ON A LIMB-LP
THE OVENS-EP / RED DONS-45
STEVE ADAMYK-Desecrate-EP
VIBRATORS-live / ZOUNDS-live

MARISSA MAGIC

IN ANOTHER STATE, ANOTHER STATE OF MIND

FRED SCHRUNK

1981/SURRENDER-split EP
ARCTIC FLOWERS-Reveries-LP
GOD EQUALS GENOCIDE/LIBYANS-split EP
OVENS-Now It's Over-EP
CRIMINAL CODE-Red Light-EP
RANK/XEROX-LP
THE GIFT-Mostly In Sickness-LP
DIET COKEHEADS-Gay Goters/M Dumptruck-45
BLEACHED-Think Of You/You Take Time-45
RED DONS-Forced Turning Point/Se Foi-45

MARTIN SORRONDEGUY

ISTERISMO/KROMOSOM-split EP
MOB 47-Hardcore Attack-EP
AVON LADIES-Guns And Gold-EP
NEO CONS-Hardcore Elite/Kill The Police-45
ORGANIZED SPORTS-I'm So Proud Of Him-LP
BORED STRAIGHT-Locked Up-EP
SCAPEGOAT-LP
WASTE MANAGEMENT-Power Abuse-EP
TRENCH ROT-Back On Top-EP
CRIMINAL CODE-Red Light-EP

ZINE TOP TEN

General Speech #1
More Noise #6
Now Here #1
Rocktober #49
Degenerate #8
Punk On The Inside #1
Spalena Ramena #2
Radikal #7
Interview #2
Zonked #12

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Diane Anastasio
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A WHOLE CRAPLOAD OF MRR BACK ISSUES

#180/May ‘98. Reinforce, Discontent, TV Killers, Slack Action, Eyeliners, Mademoiselle, MK Ultraviolence, Haulin’ Ass, 97a, Infiltrators, Jack Saints, Stray Bullets.

#186/Nov ‘98. Registrators, August Spies, Marilyn’s Vitamins, Chinese Love Beads.

#187/Dec ‘98. Real Kids, Sawn Off, Cretins, Spider Cunts, Heroines, 3rd Party, No Class.

#188/Jan ‘99. Stitches, Neighbors, Mansfields, Real Swinger, Marauders, Mark Bruback, Mars Moles, DOA.

#189/Feb ‘99. Monster X, Peter & the Test Tube Babies, Steam Pig, Maurauders, Yakuza, Dead Beat, Halfways, Hot Rod Honeys, DeRita Sisters.

#190/Mar ‘99. John Holstrom, Powerhouse, Brezhnev, Slappy, Black Pumpkin, Smartbomb ca, Wanda Chrome, Long Gones, Smogtown, Halfways, Tilt.

#191/April ‘99. Murder Suicide Pact, Kil Kare, Dudman, Super Hi-Fives, Better Than Elvis DJs, Pet Peeves, Loose Ends, Slingshot Episode.

#195/Aug ‘99. Moral Crux, RC5, Have Nots, Ill Tempered, Dysentery, Greg Higgins, Revlons, Larry & the Gonowheres.

#197/Oct ‘99. Reducers SF, Lower Class Brats, Reactor 7, TheGodsHateKansas, Futuro Incierto, Showcase Showdown, Waifle, Flat Earth Recs.

#208/Sept ‘00. Le Shok, the Commies, the Chemo Kids, Day of Mourning, Affront, Diaspora, Whippersnapper, Hopeless/Sub City, Prank, Countdown to Oblivion

#209/Oct ‘00. Loose Lips, Godstomper, Peace of Mind, FYP, I Farm, Annalise, Cattle Decapitation, Riot/Clone.

#214/Mar ‘01. Crispus Attucks, Fetish, Lifes Halt, Mr. Roboto, Dream Dates, Satan McNugget, Havoc, Briefs.

#218/July ‘01. Guyana Punchline, Les Sexareenos, The Devil Is Electric, Red Monkey, White Collar Crime, Forca Macabra, The Ataris, Suicide, The Mob

#221/Oct ‘01. The G8 Summit, Reflections, Soophie Nun Squad, Totalitär, True North, Wontons, Sin Dios, Bottles & Skulls, Scarred For Life, Flowers in the Dustbin, Remains of the Day, Ritchie Whites, B’67.

#223/Dec ‘01. “US Policy in the Middle East,” “Revisiting 1948,” Manifesto Jukebox, Good Riddance, Pokers, Viimenen Kolonna, Bluebloods, Vitamin X tour diary, Flakes, Pg. 99, the Mob, 7 Days of Samsara.

#229/June ‘02. Countdown To Putsch, The Awakening, Dave Hill Distribution, Holier Than Thou, Kill Devil Hills, Sound Of Failure, E.T.A., Nubs, Les Baton Rouge, New Disorder Records, Career Suicide, Swellbellys, The Sinyx.

#234/Nov ‘02. Snobs, What Happens Next? Brazilian tour, The Oath, Radio 4, Feederz, Charm City Suicides, Selfish, Riot 99, End On End, Peawees, Born/Dead.

#236/Jan ‘03. Mr. California & State Police, Iron Lung, Riff Randells, Chainsaw, Artcore, Latterman, Travis Cut, Phenomenauts, Pretty Little Flower, X-Cretas.

#238/Mar ‘03. World Burns To Death, Chronics, Vilently Ill, Dystopia, Pilger, Exotic Fever, Brezhnev, R.A.M.B.O., Blown To Bits, Put To Shame, Deconditioned, This Bike Is A Pipe Bomb, Monsters.

#239/Apr ‘03. Romanian D-beat, Meconium Records, Amazombies, Abandoned Hearts Club, Mike V. & the Rats, Nicki Sicki, Bigamists, Bolivia article, Negatives, Kuolema, Defiance.

#240/May ‘03. I Quit, Apers, Headless Horsemen, Lesser of Two, Barse, Nightmare, Music Zine Roundtable, Exploding Hearts, Flesh Packs, Blacklist Brigade.

#241/June ‘03. Tyrades, Lumbergh, The Stand By Me, New Mexican Disaster Squad, Cut the Shit, Libertinagem, 17th Class, the Ends, He Who Corrupts, Deathbag, Cria Cuervos.

#242/July ‘03. Pensacola & San Francisco punk protest reports, John Wilkes Booze, Anfo, Bob Suren, Migra Violenta, Jackson 8, Snakepit zine , Krigshot, the Rites, Deadfall.

#243/Aug ‘03. “Media Alliance and the FCC,” Striking Distance, Malcontents, Invisible City, Books Lie, Charm City Art Space, Hopeless Dregs of Humanity, I Shot Cyrus, Sunday Morning Einsteins, What the Kids Want, Onion Flavored Rings.

#244/Sept ‘03. None More Black, Deadline, Rai Ko Ris, Boxed In, Exploding Hearts, Raving Mojos, Blackout Terror, Morticia’s Lovers, Thee Fine Lines, Trust zine.

#245/Oct ‘03. No Time Left, Riistetyt, Intense Youth, The Gimmies, Ass End Offend, Artimus Pyle, La Fraction, Kung Fu Rick, The Horror.

#246/Nov ‘03. Punk & Resistance in Israel, Letters from Palestine, No Choice, FM Knives, Bury the Living, Marked Men, The Dirty Burds, Provoked.

#247/Dec ‘03. DSB, The Boils, Popular Shapes, Phoenix Foundation, Bathtub Shitter, Meet the Virus, Cropknox, “Punk Babies on Tour” Article.

#249/Feb ‘04. From Ashes Rise, Hagar the Womb, This Is My Fist, Skip Jensen, Gride, Katy Otto/Mike Taylor Dialogue, John Yates, Pointing Finger.

#250/Mar ‘04. Best Records of 2003, Miami FTAA protests, Clorox Girls, FIYA, “La Villita: Chicago Pilsen Scene,” Terminus Victor, Restarts, Damage Done, Knights of New Crusade.

#251/April ‘04. The Fuse!, Väkivaltaa, Modern Machines, Microcosm, Migra Violenta Euro tour diary, Allegiance, Neurotic Swingers, Xavier Lepaige Photos, Le Scrawl,Vrah.

#253/June ‘04. Sweet J.A.P., Gorilla Angreb, Vöetsek, Minority Blues Band, Scruvy Dogs, Molotov Cocktail, Kidnappers, Schifosi, King Ly Chee, YDI.

#254/July ‘04. No Hope For The Kids, Dropdead, Diskords, Breakfast, Asschapel, I Excuse, Strung Up, To Hell & Back, Four Eyes, Lamant, Gammits MW, scene reports from Portland, Boston and Germany.

#255/Aug ‘04. “Punk’s Not Dead, Reagan Is” Special Issue. Leatherface, Get It Away, The Hatepinks, Keen Monkey Work, New York City, South Dakota, Czech Republic, Philippines, Russia.

#256/Sep ‘04. Observers, Witchhunt, Annihilation Time, Zann, Eskapo, FxPxO, Haymarket Riot, Fourth Rotor, Les Georges Lenigrad, Texas scene, Newfoundland, Indiana, England.

#257/Oct ‘04 The Election Issue, Jesse Townley, Matt Gonzalez, Rattus, Fighting Dogs, Hero Dishonest, Kickz, Boss Martians, Reactionary 3, Slovakia, Australia, South Wales, South East Asia.

#258/Nov ‘04. Career Suicide, Cathy Wilkerson of the Weather Underground, No Fucker, The Repos, Dominatrix, Ashtray, Deadstop, Midnight Creeps, Michale Graves, The Diffs, Shemps, Abi Yo Yo’s.

#259/Dec ‘04. Bad Business, Penelope Houston, Rambo, AI, Ass, I Attack, The Krunchies, A-Lines, Insurgence Records, The Hates, Accidents, Massgrav, The Critics, Merciless Game, SF Hotel Workers Strike, photos from Japan, SoCal & the Bay Area.

#260/Jan ‘05. Technocracy, The Total End, Only Crime, True North, Partisans, For The Worst, Dick Spikie, Straight to Hell, Black Cross, Action, Ergs, Rusty Nails, Queer Activism in London, Greg Shaw tribute, John Peel tribute, Andrew “Stig” Sewell tribute, Beijing punk photos.

#261/Feb ‘05. Year End Top Tens, Riistetyt, Lost Cherrees, Complete Control, Cheap Sex, Gasoline Please, Beerzone, Greyskull, MOTO, Water Into Beer Fanzine, Swe-Punk scumpit, Japan punk photos, Bay Area punk photos, Texas, Russia, and Malaysia scene reports.

#262/March ‘05. Kärnvapen Attack, Neo Boys, Catholic Boys, Dead Moon, Wreckage, Frantix, Armitage Shanks, Wendy Kroys, To What End?, Cell Block 5, Bent Outta Shape, Ah-Nah Tron, Slovakia, Indonesia, and Illinois scenes.

#263/April ‘05. All Crusties Spending Loud Night 2004, Bombenalarm, Battleship, APA, The Black Lips, Words That Burn, Flamingo 50, The Low Budgets, Mellakka, I Object, Antisect, Bay Area scene report, South Coast UK scene report.

#264/May ‘05. Crime, Love Songs, Bruce Banner, Intent, The Holy Mountain, Have Heart, The Bill Bondsmen, The Real Losers, archive photos, Bay Area scene photos, Taiwan and Rochester scene reports.

#265/June ‘05. Endless Nightmare, Hard Skin, Kolokol, Amebix, Transistor Transistor, The Safes, The Detonators, Finland scene report, France scene report, SoCal scene report.

#266/July ‘05. The Carbonas, MDC, Destrux, Unkind, Hiretsukan, Giant Haystacks, Ohuzaru, Teenage Harlets, Michigan scene report, San Diego scene report, Eugene, OR scene report, photos.

#267/August ‘05. Knugen Faller, Sleeper Cell, Motorama, Gulcher Records history, Army of Jesus, The Slicks, Thee Merry Widows, Rotten Sound, The Faction (UK), Czech and New Zealand scene reports.

#268/September‘05. Signal Lost, Gulcher Records history part two, Teenage Bottlerocket, Mattilda (aka Matt Bernstein Sycamore), The Spectacle, Bang Sugar Bang, Chumbawamba, Reason of Insanity, Forward To Death, Flyer art, Florida Scene Report, Bay Area scene report, photos.

#269/October ‘05. Hammer, Desastre, Human Eye, Les Bellas, Gasmask Terror, Randy “Biscuit” Turner tribute, Stalag 17 (UK), Stepbrothers, Retching Red, Weaving the Deathbag, Gather, Chicago and SoCal scene reports.

#270/November ‘05. Clorox Girls European Tour, Czolgosz, Regulations, Time Flys, Taxi, No More Lies, Oil!, Paddy Costello of the Dillinger Four, Smartpils, Revenge of Mongoloid, Pisschrist, Scene reports: Puerto Rico, UK, Russia.

#271/December ‘05. Besthöven, Abductee SD, Tractor Sex Fatality, George Harrison, Deathtoll, Photos by icki, Ice & The Iced, the Ulcers, Chimps Eat Bananas, Deranged / Criminal IQ / Kick‘n’Punch Records. Scene reports: Iowa, Maine, Illinois.

#272/January ‘06. Conga Fury, Let’s Grow, Frustration, Bastardass, Icons of Filth, Burial, Hrydjuverk, Cranked Up!, Urrke T & the Midlife Crisis, Tropezio, Baboon of Sickness zine. Scene reports: Austin, France, Michigan, Larry Wolfley photos.

#273/February ‘06. Fuses, Endstand, Out Cold, Pedestrians, Acts of Sedition, BadEatingHabits, Western Addiction, Jesus Fucking Christ, Toxic Waste, Punk photo spread, St. Louis, USA & Brighton, UK scene reports.

#275/April ‘06. History of ABC No Rio (Part One), Ringers, Missbrukarna, ‘90s garage punk scumpit, Anatomi-71, After the Bombs, Rubella Ballet, RIP Pig Champion, Ricky Adam interview and photographs, Sean McGhee, Hard Skin US tour diary.

#276/May ‘06. “Is Business Killing Punk Rock?” business survey (Part One), History of ABC No Rio (Part Two), Vitamin X Asian Pacific tour diary, Soviet Valves Suburban Death Machine, Frustrations, George Hurchalla, Scene reports: Czech Republic and Greece.

#277/June ‘06. “Is Business Killing Punk Rock?” business survey (Part Two), Imperial Leather, Boom Boom Kid, Vitamin X Asian Pacific Tour (part two), “How to Make It Big!” by the Phantom Surfers, Magrudergrind, Poland.

#278/July ‘06. Billy Childish, Death Token, The First Step, Ramsey Kanaan of AK Press, Headache City, Deconditioned, Under Pressure, Insuiciety, Instigators, Malaysia Scene, Bay Area Scene Pies.

#279/August ‘06. Mika Miko, The Fall, Cardiac Arrest, Digger & the Pussycats, Massmord, Insect Warfare, The Astronauts, Canary Islands Photo Spread, Four Slicks, The Fallout, PAWNS, Tajikistan, Uzbekistan, & Umeå, Sweden scenes.

#280/September ‘06. Hjerte Stop, Grupo Sub-1, Desperate Bicycles, Bill Daniel interview and photo spread, APF Brigade, Disconvenience, Southkore Fest photo spread, Rosenbombs, Up the Voltage, Euro photo spread, Svartenbrandt, Asheville, NC & world wide punk scene reports.

#281/October ‘06. Out With a Bang, Redd Kross, Derek Lyn Plastic, We March, Alan Milman, Rat Traps, Blood Robots, The Scarred, Gilbert Switzer, Japan & US photo spreads, Sweden & UK scene reports.

#282/November ‘06. The Feelers, PESD, Toxic Ephex, Auktion, Bruise Violet, Trust fanzine, The Homosexuals, The Effigies, Rat City Riot, New York City & North Carolina scene reports.

#283/December ‘06. Jay Reatard interview & photos, Crimes Against Humanity Records, A Touch of Hysteria, Doris Fanzine, Kvoteringen, ‘90s Punk Scumpit Part II, Black Chrome, The Dirty Water Club, photos, Tokyo scene report.

#284/January ‘07. Margaret Thrasher, 924 Gilman at 20 Years, Order of the White Rose, Regress, Subhumans (UK) Part One, Blank Its, Condenada, Genetic Control, photos, Syracuse & San Diego scene reports.

#285/February ‘07. Randy “Biscuit” Turner of the Big Boys & the early Texas punk scene, Lemuria, Ruin, Subhumans (UK) Part Two, The Blinds, Tranzistors, ANS, Riot This, La Piovra, Bay Area scene pics, Barcelona, Spain scene report.

#286/March ‘07. Best of 2006, Smartut Kahol Lavan, Electric Kisses, Holy Shit!, Lost Cherrees Pt 1, Go!, Kraljevo, Serbia, and Bakersfield, CA scene reports.

#287/April ‘07. Alicja Trout, Keith Rosson (Avow zine), Crap Corps, The Vicious, Scum System Kill, Lost Cherrees Pt 2, Restless Youth, SBV, Australia, Kyiv, Ukraine, and Pittsburgh, PA scene reports.

#288/May ‘07. Clockcleaner, Pisschrist, The Rats (Sweden), Conflict (US), The Viletones, Violent Tumor, Czech Republic and East Texas scene reports.

#289/June ‘07. Ultimo Resorte, Kursk, Masstrauma, Social Circkle, Final Approach, Post Punk Kitchen, Southern Death Cult, Portland Drummers, Timisoara, Copenhagen, and Pampanga scene reports.

#290/July ‘07. Stormcrow, Merkit, Solid Decline, Monster Squad, Sex Vid, Vivisick, Warkrime, Top Ten, We’re Gonna Fight zine, White Cross, Berlin scene report.

#291/August ‘07. MRR 25th Anniversary Issue. Martin Sprouse, Tim Yohannon, No Slogan, Ruidosa Inmundicia, Chinese Telephones, Vaseline Children, Anti-System, Dave Roche, 6-page retrospective photo-spread, Kawakami/ Disclose obituary, Brazil scene report.

#292/September ‘07. New Bloods, Chronic Seizure, Outraged, Geriatric Unit, Active Distribution, Gruk, The Mods, No Defences, The Fakes, Trashies Tour Report, Mexico scene report.

#293/October ’07. Punk and Immigration Theme issue w/ interviews, articles, and stories. Anti-You, Loser Life, Political Asylum, Olympia scene report.

#294/November ’07. The Hipshakes, Neverending Party, Punk & Immigration article, Finally Punk, La Lucha Para La Justicia en Guatemala, Leftover Crack, AOA.

#295/December ’07. Surrender, What If Gods Lie? The Crawlers, 2:20, The Joneses, Libertario Magazine, Bad Samaritans, Shrapnel, Untermensch.

#296/January ’08. Hellshock, Mario Panciera, Anathema, The System, Eddy Current Suppression Ring, The Voids, Cinecyde, Kyklooppien Sukupuutto, Punch In The Face, BSA.

#297/February ’08. Marie Kanger-Born, Thrillhouse Records, Contaminators, Oi Polloi, Obstruction, I Walk the Line, Utopia

#298/March ’08. Best of 2007, Autistic Youth, White Lung, Karma Sutra, Clusterfuck, Sharon Cheslow, Slaughter of the Innocent.

#299/April ’08. Government Warning, Age, Off With Their Heads, Guided Cradle, Go It Alone, Fy Fan, Daily Void, Hungarian Scene history.

#300/May ’08. NorCal Punk Special: Fix My Head, Black Rainbow, Tank Crimes, Young Offenders, Church Police, Traditional Fools, Six Weeks/Short Fast & Loud, Ecoli.

#301/June ’08. Underground Railroad to Candyland, Straightjacket Nation, Red-Dons, Spectres, Dean Dirg, Kola, Los Violadores, the Sears, Tentacles of Destruction, Antibodies, Head on Collision.

#302/July ’08. Giuda, Wasted Time, Reality, Sin Orden, Teenage Head, Antidote, La Urss, Canadian Rifle, Seasick, Israel & Japan scenes.

#303/August ’08. Double Negative, Burnt Cross, Masapunk, Chicago Clitfest, Intifada, Nuclear Death Terror, Raw Power, Unlovables, Waste, Chaos In Tejas photospread, Houston and Grand Rapids scene reports.

#304/September ’08. Raymond Pettibon, John Stabb of Government Issue, Cola Freaks, Measure [sa], The Press, XYX, Simply Saucer, Kulturkampf, Andy T, FPO, and Columbia scene report.

#305/October ’08. Pierced Arrows, Bum Kon, Deep Sleep, Diente Perro, IRA, Legion of Parasites, Reality Control, Riot City Records, Stations, Test Patterns.

#306/November ’08. Brain Handle, Assassins, Diodes (pt. 1), 97 Shiki, Black Dove, No Bunny, Shellshag, Sista Sekunden, Vivian Girls, Animals And Men.

#308/January ’09. Punks & Film Special with Target Video, Whatever Happened To Susan Jane, Cleveland’s Screaming, Mondo Vision, After the Salad Days, You Weren’t There, Botinada, Taqwacores, and more.

#309/February ‘09. Ooga Boogas,Mind Eraser, Cococoma, Extortion, Boyracer, Nixe, Mr. California, Deathcage, Squalora, Maniax, Null and Void, Think Fast.

#310/March ‘09. 2008 Year-end Top Tens. Health Issue Special–Interviews with Mikey Mind, Chris Colohan and Craig Lewis, plus tons of articles.

#311/April ‘09. Print Media special with Erick Lyle (Scam zine), Shit-Fi, Z-Gun, Terminal Boredom, Tales Of Blarg, John Holmstrom (Punk magazine), History of skate zines, Punk flyer art, and a dozen one-page fanzines.

#312/May ’09. Criminal Damage, Never Healed, Masonics, Screaming Females, Germ Attak, Petticoats, Condominium, Passion Killers, Pioggia Nera, & the second part of the health issue.

#313/June ’09. Cult Ritual, Acid Reflux, NN, Herds, Hunx and His Punx, Grass Widow, Project Hopeless, Defect Defect, Tom’s Midnight Garden, Existers and scene reports from Sydney and Boston.

#314/July ’09. Libyans, Coke Bust, Strange Boys, Turboslut, Vogue, Smart Cops, Zyanose, Dennis Dread, a History of Squatting in Italy, Tornonto Scene Report.

#315/August ’09. Zero Boys, Skin Like Iron, Punch, The Black and Whites, Insomnio, Resist, Blank Dogs, Etacarinae, Come On, London and Brest scene reports.

#316/September ’09. Amebix, Born/Dead, Divisions, Meatlocker, Something Fierce, Mutating Meltdown,Altercado, Anal Warnead, Nick Toczec, Cowley Club, Albany Scene Report.

#317/October ’09. Queer issue. with Nastyfacts, Gary Floyd, Limp Wrist, Jos Seein’ Red, GB Jones, Younger Lovers, Vaginal Davis, Josh Ploeg, Teu Pai Já Sabe?, Schwarzer Kanal, Bromance, Extra Tongue, and more.

#318/November ’09. Destino Final, Ratas Del Vaticano, Hex Dispensers, John Joseph/Cro-Mags, Explode Into Colors, Ratos De Porao, Stupids. Antidotum/Czosnek Tour Diary, Disco Assault. Fuera De Linea

#319/December ’09. The Fix, Slices, Nodzzz, Brilliant Colors, Positive Noise, Gun Outfit, Pink Reason, Scrotum Poles, Gandhi’s Cookbook, Goner Fest Photospread, Punk On Kuollut, Eläköön Hardcore: A Personal History of Finnish Hardcore

#322/March ’10. MRR Review Staff’s 2009 Top Tens, Japanese artist Sugi, Death, Dry-Roy, Druid Perfume, Kim Phuc, Defensa Absoluta

#323/April ’10. The Spits, Face the Rail, Battletorn, Scatha, Dadfag, Attentat Sonore, Partibrejkers, Mob Rules, Last Pogo, John Paull Williams from Really Red, Chuck Warner.

#324/May ’10. Bruce Roehrs memorial,, Kleenex/ Liliput, Necro Hippies, Isterismo, RVIVR, Iceage, Tubers, Rot Shit, Beefeater, Cairo IL.

#325/June ’10. X (Australia), Daylight Robbery, Ty Segall, Morne, Nü Sensae, Pollution, Th’ Inbred, Bad Sports, Wankys, Rakosi, Lotus Fucker

#326/July ’10. U-ron from Really Red, Slang, Bunny Skulls, Trash Kit, Sedition, High Castle, Marcel Duchamp, Street Eaters, Circle Pit, Mehkago NT, Random Conflict, New Orleans and Calgary scene reports.

#327/August ’10. Os Estudantes, The Curse, Pekinska Patka, Venereans, Thou, Italian Scene Report, Ratcharge Zine, and Culo.

#328/Mocktober ’10. Deathrats, The Conversions, Agnostic Front, Puffy Areolas, Super Wild Horses, Rape Revenge, Bernays Propaganda, New York and Czech Republic Scene Reports.
Report, Ratcharge Zine, and Culo.

#330/November ’10. Forgetters, Acephalix, Foreign Objects, Hank IV, Pheromoans, La La Vasquez, Credentials, Bukkake Boys, Negative Lifestyle, Tyranna, Katriina Etholen, Ireland Scene Report.

#331/December ’10. Kylmä Sota, Articles of Faith, Total Abuse, La Merma, Doña Maldad, Frankie Rose and the Outs, Little League, Versificator, Frankfurt Germany Scene Report, Belgium Scene Report.

#333/February ’11. The Welders, Touch & Go Fanzine, Rai Ko Ris, Dolly Mixture, Hitman, Straight Arrows, Eskapo Phillippines Tour Diary, Venezuela Scene Report, Olympia Scene Report w/Weird TV, White Boss, Milk Music, HPP, Hysterics, Son Skull, Rvivr, Hail Seizures, Broken Water, Gun Outfit.

#334/March ’11. 2010 Year End Top Tens, A State of Mind, Useless Children, Straight Arrows, Sober Living for the Revolution, DC Scene Report

#335/April ’11. Crazy Spirit, Siege. 1981, Mauser, Devour, Icon Gallery, Sunshine SS, Timmy’s Organism, Whitney House, Attention Span, Michigan Scene Report.

#336/May ’11. Kriegshög, Steve Ignorant, Teargas, Tantrum, Hygeine, Shoppers, Chris Walter, Adrenalin OD, Spastic Panthers, Hungarian Scene Report.

#337/June ’11. Destroy All Movies, John Morton/ Electric Eels, White Fence, Ydinperhe, Nux Vomica, Vanya Bonecrusher, Black Feet, Uzi Rash, This is LA not L.A.:’80s Hardcore Flyers in New Orleans, Buffalo NY Scene Report.

#338/July ’11. Zouo, Inservibles, Krömosom, Useless Eaters, Nightgaun, No Problem, Raw Nerves, Family Man, Lost Tribe, Gatillazo in Mexico, Czech Punk History pt 1

#339/August ’11. Head Cleaners, Midnite Snaxxx, Cokskar, Small Bones, Xcentric Noise Records, Grown Ups, Youth Avoiders, Tomek Lipinski/ Brygada Kryzys, Afternoon Gentlemen, Czech Punk History pt 2.

#340/September’11 Demokhratia, GG King, Ivan Brun, B-Lines, State Poison, Jeremy Hush, Love Triangle, Unlearn, Deaf Club Oral History, Final part of the Czech Punk History.

#341/October’11 Brian Walsby, Plates, Decraneo, Diet Cokeheads, Royal Headache, Ed Nasty & the Dopeds, Black Mamba Beat Tour of South Africa, Unfit Scum, Mongrel Zine.

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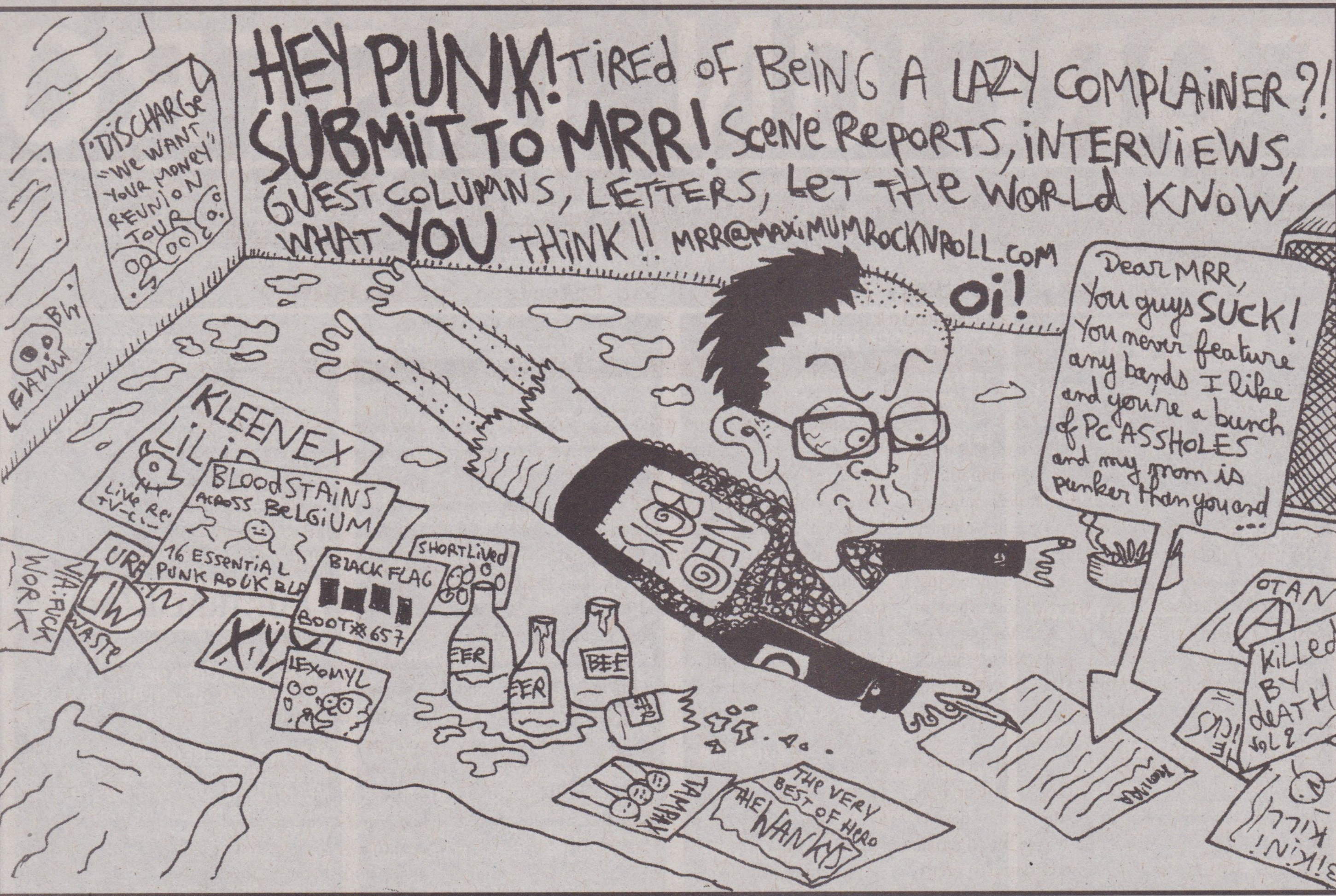
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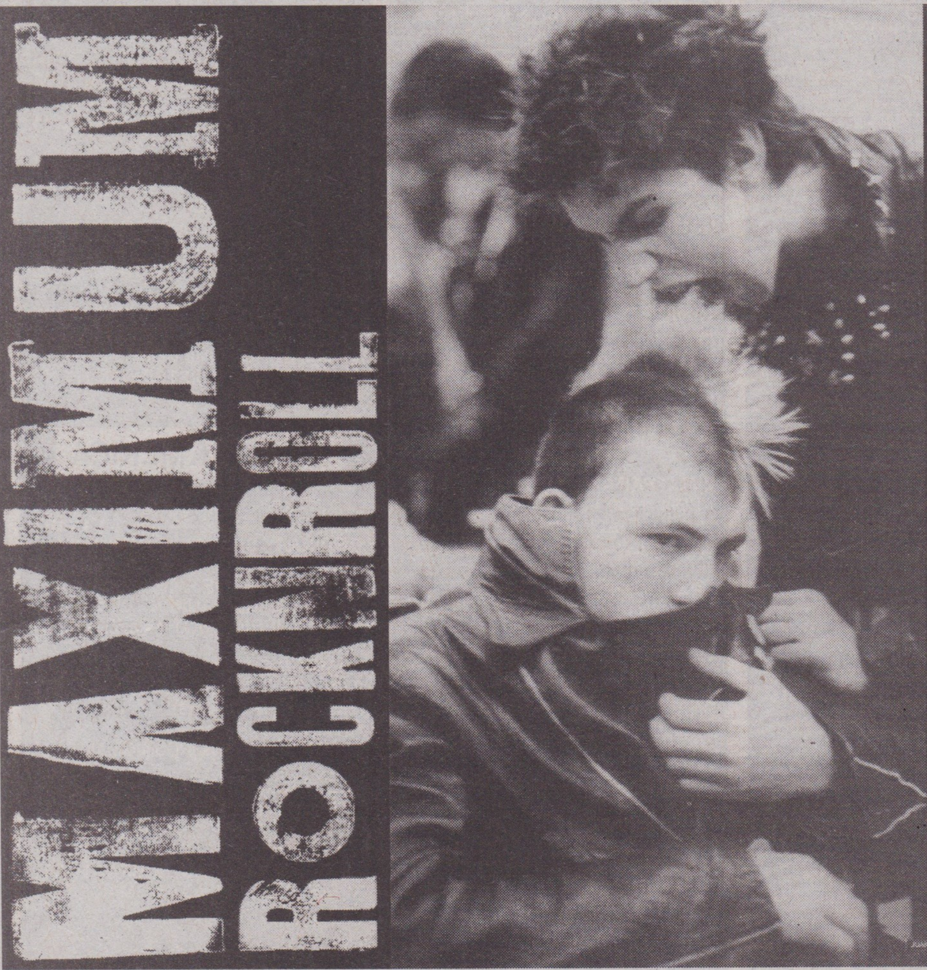
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LETTERS

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Dear MRR—

Kudos for the interview with the Algerian punk band Demokhratia in issue #340. It was totally inspiring and essential for them to get some exposure. To see people in a country like Algeria involved with playing in a punk band, trying to put on shows, organize tours, etc. shows just how dedicated they are. I don't think those of us in the West can really grasp what it is actually like to be so completely at odds with the local culture, culture and opinions. Well, we probably think we do, but the difference is that punk is generally much more accepted in the West.

I've been to Algeria twice on "vacation," and after spending time in the country (in Algiers as well as with the Saharawi refugees in the Sahara desert) it is even more inspiring for me to see an Algerian punk band. My impression of the country is pretty much the same as the description the band members gave themselves. Algeria is a nation where the people have little or no money despite huge reserves of oil, survival is a daily concern, there are frequent military checkpoints on roads, the population is monitored by a secret intelligence service, and the people seem to be wary about revealing too much about their opinions (especially political ones). I guess this is understandable in life under President Bouteflika (who got 90% of the vote in the 2009 elections. Uh huh, right). If anything, I think the band has downplayed the risks associated with their releasing of records, recording, and playing shows—just their existence is a threat to the government. And he government of Algeria does not mess around; history has shown just how harshly they have dealt with dissidents in the past. I have the utmost respect for Demokhratia and it's great to see them within the pages of *MRR*.

Sincerely,
—Jordan Menzies

Dear MRR—

Re:" In the Heart of the City" comic.

When I set out to write a piece about the neighborhood I live in I set out to do so with the intentions of giving it the most realistic feel that I could express through a comic strip. I have lived in San Francisco's Tenderloin for almost a year now and see the happenings shown in said comic regularly. I understand some sightings may not have fit into the PC realm of things but the Tenderloin is far from a PC-minded area. I think it is important to re-read the strip and realize that nothing is being portrayed in a negative light, never does the strip criticize people of Asian descent, if you'd like to say the way they were drawn is hurtful then maybe you should come down to Turk & Leavenworth and ask some of the Asian women I see daily why they dress that way. Never in the strip does transexual prostitution get torn a new one, instead this is a nightly happening outside of Diva's on Post & Polk, and is even one of San Francisco's oldest and most respected Trans Bars. If you really want to pick hairs I suppose the last block in the comic could be offensive to Mission hipsters, so if you live on 17th and Guerrero and enjoy having a Tecate tall can in Dolores Park, I am sorry if I offended you. Otherwise, anyone with any problem is more than welcome to visit me at Geary & Leavenworth and spend a few hours walking around and if I can't point out everything that I wrote about I will eat my hat.

—Vincent Martini

Dear MRR—

I see that a few people were offended by Avi Spivak and Vinny Martini's "In the Heart of the City" comic in September of 2011. I must admit that I could see how some faint hearted would be somewhat perturbed by it. Me personally I think it conveys a picture perfect display as to what you'll see in San Fran's Tenderloin District.

I do also want to point out Imar saying that "discrimination against sex workers, drug users and transgendered people" isn't punk. Well have you ever heard "Jet Boy, Jet Girl", "53rd and 3rd", and numerous other punk tunes from the late '70s till the present day singing about such subjects? Are you sure you've been listening to punk rock for the past however long?

Finally, I like to point out how Mariam had the whole "fuck it, let's see what happens" attitude and still reprimanded both Avi & Vinny at the same time. Oh and how you brought up a totally unrelated subject matter over "playing Skrewdriver" as well? That was done in poor taste Mariam. If you knew what kind of nonsense would ensue afterwards why did you run it in the first place?

As far as I'm concerned, Avi Spivak is one of the best artists punk rock has seen in forever. Myself, and many others have used his artwork to help promote restaurants, shops, events, album covers, zines, etc. all over NYC and the country. Those who dismiss him for what he did in September 2011's issue obviously has a bug up their ass. And if you didn't what to expect from Vinny Martini then I don't know what to tell you.....

—Jesse

Hey Jesse,

Thanks for your email. I have to tell you that from where I am sitting it was more than a few people that were pissed about the comic. But, there have been people in support, but not many…

I don't think that people that are offended by racist imagery or at the very least "questionable" imagery are faint of heart. It's quite the opposite. People that make noise when they are pissed about something are not exactly meek people. Also, I understand that some may see the Tenderloin in the way depicted, but to claim that "this is the way it is," insinuating that your point of view is the only one, is ridiculous. Yes, there may be situations described in the comic that happen every day, but the way that they were depicted and framed tells me more about the authors that the actual experiences themselves. The representations are obviously coming from people who are not directly affected by any of the negative effects they cause, nor have caused in the form of racism, sexism and other "isms," as you may say, that really do cause harm.

Now, if you are going to claim that "these are the mean streets of the TL, man…" Fuck that. There are meaner streets in meaner cities with the same problems where young urbanite white males do not enter… People live in the TL because it's cheap, sure, but also because it is SF and they are allowed by the people living there to exist there along side them. SF is so packed, wealthy and with an infrastructure that allows people with limited means to exist. Judge that the way you want, but to claim "real-ness" is not enough of a defense.

As far as my response, as far as I know, these two people who I consider my friends, although not close friends, but still friends, are people that I consider intelligent enough to not have to agree with me nor require me to agree with them on every matter. What I said was an honest assessment of the work of two people whom I do actually respect. BUT that does not mean they get a pass on shit. I also have to say that I expect an intelligent response from them. Do I hold them to a higher standard than the average garage dude or punk dude? Yes. Did I get the response I was looking for? Not really, but that does not imply that they have to agree with me. As for your question: What do I expect from Vinny? Controversy of course, but I also expect him to be able to answer for his work in an intelligent way and even have some sort of discourse. What I do not expect from Vinny is for him to be a coward or shy away from debate. I will say the same for Avi. He is one of my favorite comic artists right now and I will always be a fan of his work. He *is always welcome in my home and I will always consider him my friend, but he too has to be able to back his shit up.*

Lastly, I included the email between us because it is my less "diplomatic" response and a much more personal one to two people I know. Emailing hate mail and a shit load of posturing is not the way I speak to my friends or people I respect. Also, believe it or not, I do think that people can get along even if they are very different. That is done through mutual respect. My intention in running that email was not to defame Vinny and Avi, but quite the opposite. The Skrewdriver incident to me was an example that people fuck up (myself included) and that even though we are friends, I am not a friend that thinks that shit is funny. They respected that and I respect their freedom to listen to that shit if they want, ironically or not, just not in my fucking house. They respected me and I respect them more for it.

One Love,
—Mariam

[redacted]

Dear MRR—

In regard to the accusations of "Imar" in saying that the comic "In The Heart of The City" is "an offensive piece of garbage",

First off: the PC community does not understand the heart of satire: mockery. This is a very funny comic that is accurately, if cruelly depicting the Tenderloin for what it is: a nasty place to live. It's filled with drug addicts, prostitutes, clubbers, homeless dudes (not to say that homeless dudes are an uncommon feature of all of SF), and crime. I mean, that's just generally regarded truth in the Bay. If you live there, and you like it, more power to you, but it's not very pleasant to a great deal of people, including the average punk, who can be used to worse conditions than most. This comic is a funny, accurate depiction of life in the 'Loin.

Secondly, yes, the depictions of Asians and Mexicans courting trannies could be considered offensive, and there is a long debate to be had about that, but what is funny is also meant to be contraband in many ways. If Mel Brooks paid attention to what was considered offensive, he would not have written *The Producers* and *Blazing Saddles*, both films that uphold stereotypes about Jews and African Americans, but are hilariously funny satires and are considered classics. If David Zucker had paid attention to what was considered offensive, *Airplane* wouldn't have had a scene featuring two black men talking in "jive," which is *still* really funny for anyone watching. The artist is not portraying transvestites as bad or good, just kinda there. Transvestite prostitutes are in the Tenderloin, and from his observation, that is a constant aspect. One *could* argue that the Asian portrayal is offensive, but we do live in a city with a great deal of Asian immigrants who don't necessarily speak a great deal of English. One of the things I liked about the comic is that it's not really positive or negative, more world weary about what life is like in that section of San Francisco.

Political correctness is, at it's best, helpful and makes people get along. At it's worst, it makes life boring, an endless series of dialogues with people not acknowledging their differences and not even embracing them or playfully mocking them. The punk scene should lean towards the former, not the latter. Life can get very, very boring.

—Con

PS Black America is absolutely hilarious, what punk should be at times: sloppy, funny, strange, twisted, and stupid. There is room for Crass and there's room for the Replacements.

Hey Con,

Thanks for your email. My response to you is similar to that of Jesse. What I would like to point out aside from what I already have said, is that your use of the term "PC community" is pretty telltale about your opinions about these people with legitimate complaints regarding the racism in the comic. Look up the origin of that term and perhaps then you can speak to people and argue your claim without starting out with a condescending tone. Otherwise, your argument against Imar (not "Imar" in quotes, like it's some sort of fabricated name or weird food) may not be heard by those you are trying to reach.

Moving on, I have to disagree with your comparisons of Mel Brooks and David Zucker to the comic. Without turning this into an examination of all the movies you listed here I will say this: Specifically, you are over simplifying your analysis of Blazing Saddles *and its parallel to the comic that ran. Namely, in the movie, the black character is never depicted as a black caricature of white creation, rather, he is the protagonist who banks on the stupidity of the white crackers he is surrounded by. That is not in the same league as this comic.*

You are completely off regarding why the other parts of the comic are offensive to the people they portray.

Lastly, Thanks for explaining "PC," its function and how to have fun. Let me explain something to you, you have no idea what the fuck you are talking about. There is nothing wrong with being serious about things that matter to you. The key is not to take yourself too seriously. So, instead of running your mouth, why don't you listen for a change? Your condescending demeanor combined with your choice of words makes you sound like a foolish Archie Bunker throwback. You want to see playful mocking? You just became a parody of yourself.

One Love,
—Mariam

*PS The band Black America sucks. Their music is generic. They are just another group of white boys from the suburbs that throw the word "ni**er around because they want to be edgy and cool. That shit is tired. When I asked them about it, they were not so tough after all. Fuck'em.*

[redacted]

MRR—

May as well start this directly: Two friends of mine recently wrote and illustrated a cartoon which appeared in the pages of this magazine two months ago. I thought it was decent, though I was a bit surprised to see it in these pages, thinking it a bit too San Francisco-centric for a magazine whose readership is international. Some folks, however, took umbrage at the appearance of the word "Tranny" and the accompanying picture, and a panel depicting Chinese in stereotypical peasant dress going about their business. Now, I live in the Tenderloin, and while this comic was, and please, pardon me for being honest, terribly accurate in it's portrayal of the neighborhood, I can of course understand why others might not find it funny. Which is fine. Some things are funny to some people, unfunny to others, and to argue against that would be a waste of time and energy on anybodies part. In fact, I cautioned the comic's creators that submitting it to *MRR* would be a waste of time, and if by rare chance it was accepted and run, a headache not worth the effort. My great advice was, as is usually the case, unheeded and while I have no idea who decided to run it, or why, it's created a minor controversy that could have been avoided. I figured, too, that those who have never visited this particular neighborhood would perhaps be unaware that there is no fiction in the comic strip: There really is a trannsexual brothel on Post street, there really are a lot of quite inebriated Mexican guys picking them up on the street, there are a lot of Chinese people in rice-picking hats. That's reality, and reality is awful. The comic, in my opinion, was making light of the terrible truths that lurk on every street corner in this neighborhood. I found it funny—after all, it was a comic.

The real battle here, and I hate to say this, and really, I hate to type any of this, is waged over that old bad-times throwback, "Political Correctness". I'll be straight—I'm not so childish as to believe in the old "sticks and stones" line, not at all. Words can be just as hurtful and hateful as a punch in the snout, albeit if the puncher isn't very strong. But, in the last issue of this magazine, a certain guest column left a nasty taste in my mouth and electricity in my fingers. I am sad to say that I can elaborate no further as to the specifics of the column-I've been informed by the powers-that-be here at *MRR*, that discussion (negative discussion) in regards to other columns in this magazine is forbidden, at least in columns. I suppose I could write a *letter* to *MRR*, but that'd be about as ineffectual a thing as shouting out my window. The column that in fact this column was originally a response to, was poorly-worded, bitter, ill-informed, and, most grievous of all, ignorant. I despise ignorance, though I'm sure many would argue just the opposite is the case. But it's true, I hate it, can't stand it, and that article really set my spit afire.

Listen, I'm white. I'm a white person. I've got fair skin, a pale complexion; I'm descended from European stock. White. And I really find nothing wrong with this. It's been said countless times, but no one can choose how they're born, what they look like, if they're going to be gay or white or black or rich or poor. It's all a cosmic gamble, no one can choose the balls they're stewed in. that's fine with me. I like being myself. But so often, at least on the fringes of my life, I've heard things like "white privilege" and "white shame" bandied about, quite often by Caucasians (if any of the rest of you know what it's like to be lectured about being white by a person who is themselves white, then you know how surreal and hellish that conversation is), and I can't help but wonder what the hell all these people are talking about. I understand what is meant by "white privilege". I realize that white people, in some places, get a better deal than anyone else. Many of the things that "white privilege" entail could more realistically be described as class issues (and yes, I know that race and class are often entwined). But I'm not arguing that white privilege doesn't exist. I'm not arguing about anything, actually. What I'm saying is that when some bespectacled community college dropout comes up to me while I'm, say, complaining about some minor injustice that has occurred to me, and drunkenly belches at me about this "White Privilege", my head spins, my throat loosens and I want to plunge all these "aware" "concerned" pedants back to whatever obnoxious hell birthed them. To say that all white people are privileged is insane. That is something a crazy person would think. Something that an ignorant person would say, if I may be honest (which, as I'm sure I'll find out soon enough, find out I might not). I cannot stand wild generalizations like that, that serve only to elevate the writer or speakers suffering above others, or else help assuage some persons misplaced guilt. I feel no guilt for being white. To ask me to feel bad about the person I am is appalling. I realize there is terrible, insane injustice in the world, and that I, for the most part, do nothing to combat it.

Judging by the things I read and hear, I already know that I have a different world view than most people who read or write to or for *MRR*. I don't see the world through careful glasses, I don't view anyone who isn't actively oppressed as an enemy, I don't look for "bros" and "*VICE*" writers under every bed or in every closet. I don't care. Life is too short to worry about "safe spaces", or to write a letter to *MRR* about a drawing of some people in rice-picking hats. The truth is that the world is a pretty rotten place, a crazy and frightening place. Most people are not nice, truth is, most people are hidden lunatics with bad agendas and spirits of bubbling, violent insanity. You might accuse me of being able to say that because I am white and not starving to death. Being a Jew, which makes me (if I remember correctly) pretty much universally despised the world over, having no money, a job where I take constant, insane verbal degradations (in every language, from Mandarin to Russian, King's English to unintelligible swamp brogue), none of these things are virtues. You can't think of suffering as a game, with handicaps and points for skin color, finances, or who you fuck. Suffering is a universal truth, the human condition. "People of color" (a bizarre and ignorant term) cannot be deemed universally virtuous, much as all whites cannot be universally vilified. Ignorance is a devil, a crazed, weird devil that sits in a lot of people's guts, why? I have no clue. Likewise, I have no idea why these discussions and diatribes constantly appear in this magazine--readers of this magazine are likely the last people that an oppressed person would have to worry about. This is a punk magazine, but it seems, sometimes, that all the humor, cool madness and abandon that made and makes punk what it was and is, have been hijacked and replaced by stern-faced uptights with political agendas. But then, maybe I'm the problem. I'm attracted to the culture and, most of all, the music of punk, but repulsed by the way some use it as a base for identity politics, claiming that punk is somehow supposed to be this safe utopia for everyone and everything. It's not. Punk, as I know it, punk as I like it, is dirty and crazy, stupid and smart. Punk was never meant to save the world---it was meant to blow it up.

—Brace Belden

Brace—

As we told you, it is MRR *policy that we cannot run columns that respond to other columns, but we are running this in letters, because people do read the letters, no matter what you may think. Anyway, I am responding to you briefly here…*

The term "white privilege" is not always an exercise in elevating ones suffering over another, nor does it always serve as a function to feel superior to others. I acknowledge that sometime is used for that purpose, but you have to recognize that white privilege does exist. Skin color does make a difference as does ethnicity and these factors do interlace with class.

I can agree with you when you say that you are very different than most of the MRR *readers and shitworkers, because, guess what? I feel exactly the same way. I cannot remember a day in the almost two years I have been here that I have completely agreed with anyone around me. Personally, I do not preoccupy myself with looking for the evils in the world, because they are ever present and depending on your culture, skin and class, they are more present to some than others. Yeah, here I go again… claiming that suffering is a "universal truth" does not mean that everyone suffers in the same way nor does it mean that what is considered a threat of pain and/or victimization is universally the same. You said yourself that you do nothing to combat inequality and the like, so why can't you let people who do, have their say?*

Jumping from this point to wildly claiming that the term "people of color" makes those who identify in this way universally virtuous is a weak analogy. It is not a bizarre term, it is a term created with its origins to MLK as a term to connect those who were victims of racial discrimination and the common experiences they may have had. Also, it is a term created by people of color to counter terms like "non-white." Who the hell are you to tell people what they can and can't call themselves anyway?

Lastly, I agree that I don't want punk that is safe, that would bore me to tears, and I have never lived under the illusion that punk could ever be some sort of utopia for everyone and everything. This isn't about saving the world, because the world as I know it was never created to accommodate me, so I am gonna make it mine and if that means blowing some shit up and pissing people off, so be it. The punk I know and like is dirty and crazy, stupid and smart, *too. We share this opinion. But to say that punk has become boring and safe by people who care more about politics than the music seems pretty cliché to me. A lot of punks I know have made it dirtier and crazier, more stupid and smarter. The spirit of rebellion in punk, it's humor, creativity and critique changes form and will continue to mutate into great new expressions, musically and otherwise. I don't think that people of color being more vocal and laying shit out on the table is a bad thing. I also don't see why punk can't be a place to express some of that anger in creative ways. I don't think there is that much a difference in what punks want in terms of the freedom to express some frustrations they can't other wise, because of a shitty job they have or their situation that is ultimately dictated by class, color, ethnicity and so on. I don't think punks that identify themselves as something other than just "punk" want anything that different than what you want. I think the only real difference is that the punk you know and love may not be safe for you anymore.*

With Respect,

—Mariam

PS Snuky Tate forever.

Hey!

So the write up in issue #341 about San Jose... I could write to Rich, but that wouldn't solve what I'm trying to do here. After Rottenfux and Rukkus, I, Kelly, moved to Portland; and just like Rich wrote, I have a vegan diet and wear a leather jacket (so what? am I a super hero?). But (and scratch the record right here), we did go on to play stuff like that again! Phil (Rottenfux), Lance and Josh (Rukkus) formed Ghastly Chains which including San Jose-ian Hank and Tim (Dissonance) played shows around the Bay. On one occasion visiting from Portland, I got to see t.hem at Ramen! My memory failed me however, because I was drinking vodka all day that day. Steve and Chris (Rottenfux) formed Follow Blindly, which had a tape out and opened almost every Bay Area show. Moving to Portland, I formed Bloodsplatter with new and old friends here. We never recorded anything, so I can't prove it. After the ashes of that I formed Peroxide, which is totally current! I sent you guys our demo six months ago, and await every issue to not see it reviewed still! Do us, and personally me, some justice... will ya!

A San Jose punk rocker far from his hometown,

—Kelly

Hey Kelly—

I have asked all our demo reviewers and no one recalls seeing your tape, so I think it mighta gotten lost. Robert Collins asserts that he "would definitely remember anything Rottenfux related."

—Layla

MRR Letters Department—

While I enjoyed the August issue (#339)—particularly the Imants tribute and the Tabb column—I must raise objections to the absence of a few words in the LP review for my band Crappy Dracula. Those words are: Strident, C3PO Cereal, Funk and Belarus

Thank you for addressing the situation

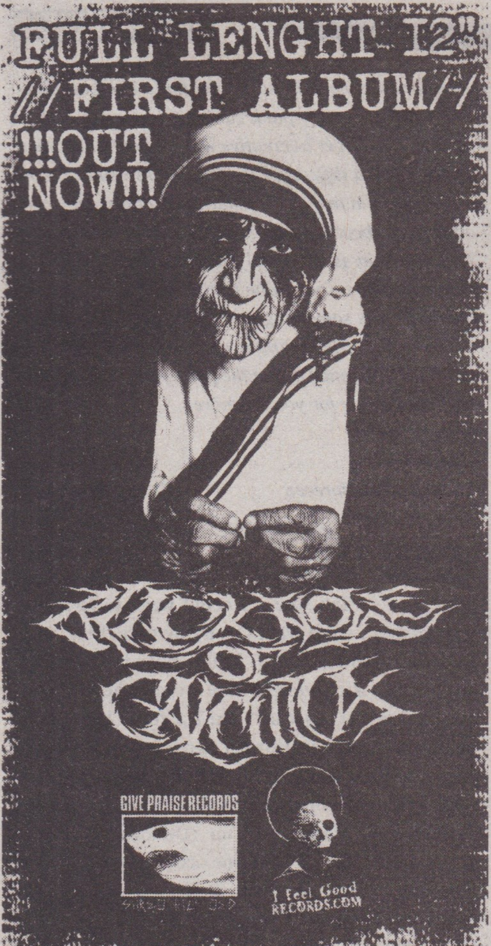
Regards—

Justin

Crappy Dracula Guitarist and Fan Club Secretary

Y B NRML?

—Layla



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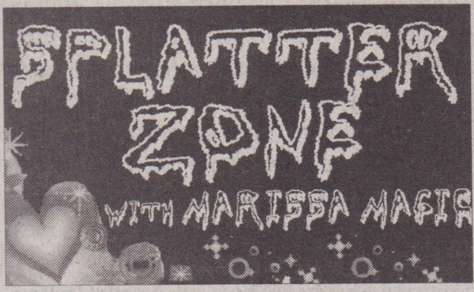


Just Admit It

I have this life long habit of occasionally grasping for credit in the straight world. The time I moved back in with my parents for six months and had a full time job. When I was in Olympia and packed up an office job at a place run by Evangelicals. That time I tried to go back to school. So on and so forth. You get the net. In this most recent bout, I found myself living in San Francisco in a nice house with square roommates, a well paying office job, nice new clothes, drinking at hip bars, possibly eating a sandwich on artisanal bread, actually dating a guy, you know, keeping up with the joneses and what have you. Then I left. I moved into a converted church filled with ex-Olympians in Oakland. Dyed my hair bright yellow. I've picked up a habit of wearing a tiara every day. You know, it makes sense.

I just had this moment where I realized I was paying all this rent to exist in a certain environment (San Francisco, nice house) that I never interacted with. Like, I never left my room. There were multiple people in Oakland asking me to move into their houses, all my bands were practicing there, whenever I didn't have to work the next day I just crashed in Oakland, and even that is only halfway true. Three days before the end of the month I made the last minute decision to actually move. Three days later I was sitting in my new room, back to what made sense.

Around this time I was talking to a friend who recently had moved out of a beautiful apartment and into the attic of a slowly decaying house. She said to me "you know, we just have to fucking admit it, we have to admit who are, we just don't want those things" or in one of Layla's columns from eons ago she said something along the lines of "we don't want yachts, what's the problem with me spending my money on a seven inch rather than a designer bag?"

But where I live, it seems almost like the kind of fucked warehouse crash pad that adults who know better should never end up in. I mean I can hear fucking everything. There are windows in my room but they go out to the living room, not to the outside. But, the fucked warehouse crash pad I live in is entirely populated by either those past or pushing 30. Like, we all passed the threshold and continue down the fucking gauntlet. We have just all admitted it to ourselves. What I mean is being a punk or a weirdo or whatever means a constant battle against a set of ideals, what you are supposed to do in life. This never stops as you get older; if anything it steadily increases. Though at some point, I realized if you don't cross toward the other side by the time you pass the 25 mark you're stuck for life. I mean when I was younger I really truly believed that I would get over it at some point, settle down, and get norm storms. But then I just got increasingly weird instead. For some reason, 25 became this marker for me. Like, if by then you weren't at least headed to the straight and narrow you would just never going to get there. Even my mom realizes that I'm probably never going to do what's socially expected. She no longer inquires about career, marriage, kids.

Though I do lead kind of a double life. I kept my sill office job where my coif being the same shade as big bird would have never worked. I considered showing up with my new do crying about how it was a dye job gone horrendously wrong and maybe they'd let me get away with it. But really I don't even want to dive into that conversation with my co-workers so instead I got a wig. That looks nothing like my previous hair. That is obviously a wig. However because of social do's and don'ts I will never be asked about whether it's a wig or not. I've realized I've even gotten to a point where when people at work talk to me about my hair I don't even quite realize that I'm lying anymore. This is the normal Marissa. The one with an office job.

Does that sound weird? I remember one time bitching about the fact that when I had a magenta bouffant I only got offered retail jobs, an area in which I have no expertise. I didn't look professional so I never got offered office jobs, which is weird because not only is that a type of work with which I'm extremely familiar, but also it's work where I don't actually ever have to deal with the public and no one actually sees me, so why do I have to look normal?

But enough about work.

My most recent excuse for all the weird shit that I pull is "because I'm an adult." Things like going to bed at 8:30 at night? I'm an adult. Wearing a tiara every fucking day? I'm an adult. Subsisting on cake and possibly grilled cheese sandwiches? I'm an adult. Sleeping with the wrong people? I'm an adult. Blowing off work to go to the beach? I'm an adult. Going to bed at four in the morning? I'm an adult. Chocolate cake for breakfast? Guess what? I'm an adult. And on to infinity.

My sister is the more square of the two of us. Started a career at 23, owns a house, has a cat, owns a car. That's fine because that's what works for her. She admitted to herself what made the most sense to her. I don't think my existence is any realer than hers.

I guess the point is, and sorry to get all Doogie Howser on you, but really, I'm glad that I just fucking admitted it.

Oh, and by the by, gonna just say a quick general fuck you to cops. Fuck you

ALL FOREIGN JUNK

I will endure charges of nepotism and patriotism and present to you summary findings from the introductory weeks of a glorious Australian spring. It was a lousy winter, the worst in years, just a terrible season of calamities and slow bleeding miseries. There's some promise in the weather now, and the TOTAL CONTROL US / EU shows are imminent. Here are some words about new Australian pop sounds.

I don't think there will be a song I hear in 2011 that will have a more potent affect on me than "Down The Lane" from the new ROYAL HEADACHE record. I've heard bits and pieces of this record in various stages of recording and re-recording, and still the impact was sudden and unnerving. There is a lot to be said about the record, and in many ways I might be a little too close to it to be able to give it the measured analysis that it deserves, so I don't want to attempt any kind of lengthy criticism or praise here. I'd like to ramble a little about "Down The Lane" because I think it's a very special song, and because this week I have been reading a lot of Raymond Carver and there is something about Carver's writing and the insistent need that this song expresses that has made me feel like writing for the first time in many months.

The first thing this song makes me think about is a time about ten years ago when I was in Sydney walking through the long train tunnel underneath central station, and hearing Shogun's voice singing a Bowie song somewhere in the distance. I was walking with a friend to meet him, and she told me that he'd probably be playing tunes with a guitar, and as we got closer there was a drunk guy walking away crying. I always thought that he was crying because Shogun can make a song you've heard a million times before on AM radio, stuck in traffic or at your shitty call centre job punching numerals into a database, and he can cut into it. That night he was cutting into it, and it was a pretty special thing to witness, a guy with a guitar in the street making a Bowie song sound beautiful because he heard it that way. In his own description, resplendent.

The other day I was at work, and the guy who I work with put VOID on, and I realized I've been listening to this band for fifteen years of my life and the guitar abrasion still affects me in a very real, a very powerful way. I've known Shogun and Shortty from ROYAL HEADACHE for as long as this, and met them through the weekly transits into inner city Sydney participating in the hit parade of late '90s teenage hardcore matinees. When I heard about RH a couple years back, I was excited to hear that they were playing punk music together, and expected nothing less than all guts, all glory. But to hear Shogun's voice delivering his own songs... to hear someone who has the delivery of a great attacking two-minute power punk tunes...

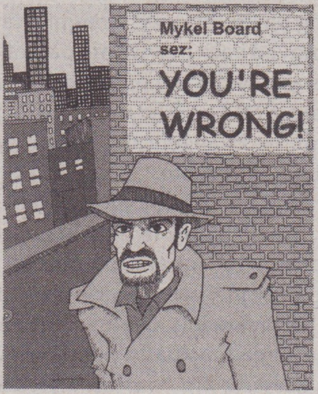
I guess they soared above anything I could have predicted.

To me "Down The Lane" is their finest moment, a very powerful song, and Shogun expresses worlds of feeling that most singers can't even scratch at. (I've done my best to ruin this song for people who hate OASIS by comparing his voice with Liam Gallagher, and I'm going to continue doing so, not to be a contrarian for the sake of it, but because people need to hear what is good in Gallagher's syllabic drawling, an English trait that can make a song soar. Shogun just might retroactively imbue him with nobility, deserved or not. I find this song also yearns for indescribable lost moments of serenity that you hear all through Ray Davies work, which may win it back for the OASIS haters if you know how truly meaningful "Life stinks / I like the Kinks" is.)

Also out this month is the DICK DIVER *New Start Again* LP. If you like the way the GO-BETWEENS or FEELIES embraced TELEVISION's romanticism, then you might like the way DICK DIVER has embraced each of these bands' debt to VU. For those who need the hurt, DICK DIVER has an air of menace that creeps in from time to time: lashings of Reed / Cale inspired guitar sizzle, sardonic Australian sneering that can take the bottom out of anything that takes itself too seriously, and right at the moment where you think they might be really, really serious. But, generally their approach feels good, confined within the same kind of sensitive guitar weaving and pretentious lyricism that made TELEVISION so colorful. Everything shimmers with the complications of a truly adventurous pop band who acknowledges the glorious ground zero of VU, advocating that same derangement of the senses: fearless, smart, humored. The name is perfect: a blunt gag to some... a brilliant Fitzgerald reference to those who struggled to not disappear into a world of woe when they turned the last page of Tender Is The Night... a sensual provocation to more... a way of life for all.

And finally, TWERPS will release their new LP tomorrow or the next day, a collection of tunes that Flying Nun suckers will wanna suck on if they also like a mouthful of the kinda brat punk BLACK LIPS or RED KROSS delivered (pre-KISS worship, I should qualify). Whereas a lot of bands in 2011 are capable librarians, taking armfuls of references shelf to shelf, learning from reliable comprehensive web sources, soaking it in like a well designed sponge, and dribbling a little out on each polite squeeze, Marty has unpredictable energy, uncontrived with studious devotion, guitar wreckery unmediated by reference pointing and smug nerd-dom that characterizes most attempts to express virility. The songs on this record rarely cross into the red, but blissfully slide around in a (CLEAN) mess of post-punk Australian / NZ pop tunes. Lust for life.

Love it to death: PO Box 239, North Carlton,
VIC 3054 Australia



"These self-anointed Protectors of the Overprotected endlessly yammer about breaking the "cycle of abuse," oblivious to the concept that imprisoning someone is a particularly vicious perpetuation of that cycle."
—Jim Goad

"Death begins in the colon."
—Sir Jason Winters

I'm fetally curled into a human comma. My arms are thrust between my legs. Those legs are pulled up toward my chest. A bubbling perks in my intestines. Bullump. Bullump. Bullump. I feel it along my right side... the side pressed against the naked mattress beneath my naked self. The bubbling moves. Up my right side, across my abdomen, down my left side. Bullump... Bullump... Bullump... the gaseous track of my large intestine. It presses rectally downwards... gurgling through the netherworld. Building pressure.

I cup my hands over my struggling sphincter... contract my stomach muscles... push... hard. *BLAAAAATTTTT*. Just a few millimeters north of a liquid explosion... whew! I blow pure hot gas into my hands. Now I raise those hands to my nose... inhaling my own smell. I turn them inside out. How is it that it smells so good? How is it that other people's farts stink to holy hell and mine out-roses any rose ever risen?

The fragrant gas enters my body. From my nose and mouth, down deep into my lungs. It's a physical, spiritual, metaphysical, cycle. That beautiful smell... leaving my body... entering my body, traveling through my body.

I drift back to sleep. BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! What the fuck?

The alarm clock. As beautiful a smell as my own fart... that's how horrible is the sound of the alarm clock. In the 1400s clocks had no minute hands, just an hour hand that lazily circled a Roman-numeral face. Then came the minute hand, and 8AM became 8:09AM or 7:59AM. It wasn't long before a someone added a *second* hand. In Union Square, you can get the time to five decimal places. Who the fuck needs five decimal places? My boss?

How can I lay in bed and enjoy my farts? There's work to be done. Time to get up.

I try to sit up. Pain shoots through my pelvis, down my leg. Excruciating. *Aaaaaaah*! My leg, my balls, my prostate. On fire. A burning mass of pain.

"*AAAAAAAAH*!" I cry out.

BAUM! BAUM! BAUM!

My neighbor bangs on her side of the wall. The universal signal for *shut the fuck up*! I lower my cry to a whimper.

From the waist down is pain. Everything hurts. Last night's beer bulges in my stomach. The sciatica presses against my back and legs. Unable to stand, I roll like a log until one arm reaches over the side of the bed. Then, pressing down, I slowly... painfully... drop my body on to the floor... knees first. Using the arm already touching the floor, I push myself up... stagger forward, grabbing a lamp for support... hobbling as fast as biology will let me... I enter the bathroom... fall ass-first onto the toilet.

Plow! I explode... just missing spurting brown down the back of my legs. But the usual bliss that follows a massive beer shit is lost.... buried in the pain in my back and legs... Is there a reason to keep living if you can't enjoy a beer shit?

News Flash: A court in Mexico has just found an American teenager, who goes by the nickname "El Ponchis," guilty of torture, murder, and kidnappings.

Edgar Jimenez, fourteen years old, was convicted of torturing and beheading at least four people and kidnapping three others. The bodies were found hanging from a bridge near Mexico City last year. The judge sentenced El Ponchis to three years in a correctional facility, the maximum permissible for a minor. He was also ordered to pay a fine of 4.5 million pesos, the equivalent of about $400,000.

Flash Ahead: My Mexican pals have invited me back. It's Old Punk Fest, in Agua Prieta, one of those border towns where fourteen year old Americans cut the heads off who-knows-who. I was there last year. Maybe you read about it. It's one of my favorite towns in the world. Home of Walmarcito and Burger Queen.

My Mexican pals have put together a cover band again. Sin Arte. I'll be "singing" and hosting an Old Punks night. La Merma, Grito, Pop Gestapo... Except for Beef, I may be the only non-Mexican in the show. I hope so. That's the way I like it.

When I started this column, I planned to write about circles. My fart leaving and entering my body. My return to Mexico. Old punk rockers rejoining and playing again. This column continuing the theme of the last, and one before.

I've changed my mind.

Going to Mexico will complete a circle. Like sniffing a fart. Last year, this year... but the circle is not round. Just as my beer shit lost its ecstasy in the pain of my sciatica, these circles too become less perfect, more jagged, over time.

My circle metaphor for life may be a spiral. Or something else. When Jim Goad talked about "the cycle of abuse" (check out the opening quotes), jail did something. It knocked that circle a bit. Stretched it. Made it even nastier than it already was.

The circle is such a nice metaphor. But it's wrong. The Zen circle is not a circle. Maybe it's shapeless... or shape-shifting like a vampire in a bad TV show... or an amoeba with no shape at all. Maybe it's a spiral... an ever smaller circle that ends in nothing. The neat package of this column has come unraveled.

With my metaphor gone and visions of headless bodies in the street... 14-year old Americans caught and those not caught... I board the plane to Mexico.

Endnotes: [email subscribers (god@mykelboard.com) or website viewers (www.mykelboard.com) will get live links and a chance to post comments on the column] -->One step forward two steps back department: In October last year, the National Portrait Gallery of the Smithsonian featured its first exhibition "to focus on sexual difference in the making of modern American portraiture." Pretty bold for a government gallery, huh? Not so fast, the Catholic League attacked one of the images in a video displayed in the collection: eleven seconds of ants crawling on a crucifix. Rep. John A. Boehner led the congressional threat to stop funding if the video was not removed. Within an hour, it was gone.

-->Sometimes bad news isn't dept: *Gay City News* reports that a recent court ruling, "may place nearly insurmountable obstacles" to porn producers suing illegal downloaders. The lawsuits worked in the past, because they'd embarrass the downloader as much as hurt financially. The way the porn companies worked in the past was to collect IP addresses (your unique computer ID number) of "violators" and then sue them as a group. Unless another court overturns the ruling, they can no longer do that. Awww too bad, right? Yeah, right.

-->Cause and effect dept: I've often written about how the US has the world's second highest *non*-smoking rate, and the world's highest cancer rate—showing that *not* smoking causes cancer. Now, the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration reports that the number of children killed in car crashes in 2009 was 9.6% less than the previous year. They also report that the number use of professionally fitted child booster seats also went down. So what are we to conclude? *Not* using a car seat saves kids lives. Seems reasonable to me.

--> If there were more profs like that, I wudda got my PhD dept: A former assistant professor of psychology at John F. Kennedy University in Pleasant Hill, CA, has sued the institution for sex discrimination. She says that she was fired for performing in an off-campus burlesque act.

Sheila Addison was hired in Sept. 2007 to teach graduate students under a one-year contract as an assistant professor of psychology. The following July she was awarded a two-year contract, which stated that she could be fired only for "just cause." At about the same time that she started working at JFK, she started performing under a pseudonym, Professor Shimmy, at the Hubba Hubba Revue, a burlesque show in San Francisco.

She belonged to a group of performers who sought to bring social commentary to their acts. Some of her performances tell stories, including one in which she performs with a classically trained male ballet dancer. He dresses as a snow fairy and she as the abominable snowman. When they remove their clothes, the audience sees that the fairy and the snowman are not the genders they're supposed to be. Yeah!

The university declines to comment on the case.

-->Completing the Circle Dept: The mercenary company Xe Services, which pre-scandal was called Blackwater, has brought shamed former Attorney General John Ashcroft on board in a new position. And what exactly is that position? Why, ethics chief of course. (I shit you not.)

-->Humane torture dept: Senator James Inhofe, told Fox News that torture victims in Guantanamo have it easy: "These detainees, they have things they've never had before. You know what the biggest problem in Gitmo is right now? It's obesity. They're eating better than they've ever eaten before."

-->Reality theme park dept: Parque EcoAlberta in the Mexican state of Hidalgo allows tourists to sign up for a three-hour trek that simulates a refugee's passage into the US. According to *The Progressive* magazine "Tourists must navigate craggy ravines and rolling rivers with only a flashlight—no food or water...The trek ends with gunshots as the would-be migrants are thrown into the back of mock US border patrol trucks." The cost for the trek is $20 a person.

-->Buy a liberal today dept: AT&T is plugging to buy competitor T-Mobile in a bid to out-monopoly Verizon. So how do they get support, especially from liberals who usually oppose corporatocracy? They give money! In 2009 alone, the NAACP received a million dollars from AT&T. GLAAD, the pro-Gay-censor-the-opposition group got $50,000 from the Apple-Loving Giant. I say (with palm out, facing upwards) Go AT&T! Buy that sucker! I support you! Is the check in the mail?

-->Cut! Print! It's a take dept: The Rumanian Doctors Union has criticized a decision to make a surgeon pay almost $200,000 after he lost his temper and hacked off a patient's penis during surgery. Surgeon Naum Ciomu had been operating on the patient to correct a testicular malformation when he suddenly lost his temper.

According to the BNI Newsletter "Grabbing a scalpel he sliced off the penis in front of shocked nursing staff, and then placed it on the operating table where he chopped it into small pieces before storming out of the operating theater." The doctors union objected to the court decision, saying "Doctors in Rumania earn too little to be able to pay amounts like this."

I say that if the doctor would only support the ATT T-Mobile takeover, he wouldn't have any trouble paying the fine.

So, no shocker, I have a bunch of Japanese records to talk about this month. At least they have many and diverse influences to draw from, hey?

ANDREW UNDERWOOD
COLUMN

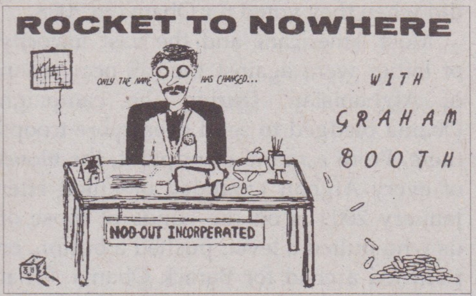
So, Overthrow records has two new releases, both by bands pulling their influences from very separate scenes. First off is the DESPERDICIO EP. Given that their record cover is a direct rip of the DESTRUCCION side of their split with SIDA, you have a pretty good idea of what this is going to sound like, and it is indeed a fantastic tribute to the retro Spanish D-beat sound. While the vocals are reverb-ed all to hell, the backups are clean and quite melodic. The total sound is very R.I.P. (the band, not the epitaph) as the tempos are moderate at best and the emphasis is very much on the vocal and the simple but epic riffing, though their drummer could reasonably be called the Charlie Watts of D-beat: simple but always there when you need him with just the right touch. This single isn't nearly as crucial as the original DESTRUCCION records, or the DESTINO FINAL LP or the SUDOR/CRIMEN DE ESTADO split, but if you are a connoisseur of the Spanish style, this is so fucking up in your wheelhouse it's ridiculous. "Crudo D-beat punk"? Absolutely. Get right the fuck on this if this is to your taste, because you know Overthrow isn't dropping a repress… (Overthrow Records, Maruta-palace #402 / 21-5/ Shimoshinshuku / Ichikawa / Chiba / 272-0102 / Japan)

Looking well North from Spain, HAAVA are total Finn-heads. Like the much-missed MÖRPEHEME, HAAVA take the Finland '83 style and add a little bit of their own contemporary twist that really makes the songs their own. All the classic elements are here, but like their split demo mates AVFALL they've matured enough in the songwriting that these are clearly contemporary compositions, despite the heavy reverb and straightforward attack. Sure, drop the usual names; KAAOS, RIISTETYT and you'll have a good idea, but this isn't so slavish a copy that it's skip-able either. I was more impressed with the new AVFALL single, but this is no slouch at all and really: shouldn't you own the entire Overthrow discography? I know I'm working on it (by the way, if anyone has an extra RABIA EP…let me fuckin' know).

I'll admit it, I kept you waiting for this one: yeah there's a D-CLONE/SYSTEM FUCKER split. It's new stuff, and it's fucking killer to boot. Are D-CLONE on a roll right now? Oh fuck yeah they are. Whatever you may think about the name and the presentation, they are dropping some of the heaviest most energetic D-beat hardcore in the world today and these tracks are no exception. The way they pound through "I Don't Wanna Become Weekend Punk"…I fucking believe them. Hard to swallow as a marginal weekend punk myself, but there it is. Having had the good fortune to see this band live on multiple occasions, I know that they put every ounce of themselves into everything they do, and that effort pours out of the grooves of the vinyl like sweat on a leather jacket. Fucking brilliant. SYSTEM FUCKER, coming off a great debut single on Crust War seem to have picked up the tempo and tightened up for this session. These tracks have a bit of a "Burning Spirits" feel under the noize, as the vocals are vicious and the drumming is more driving than your average Scandi-worship band. There's a fertile ground to be explored between the Japanese noise scene and the trad scene and because of this new approach I think I prefer these three tracks to the first single. From the intro's semi-mangled lead to the dual vocal verses "Absolutely Unshaken Strong Mind" is just a fucking flawless bit of malicious aggression that out-tough-guys the toughest "beatdown harcore" band. This is an early foray into vinyl for Malaysian tape label Black Konflik, and while the covers are a bit pixilated the record sounds fantastic and the whole experiment is a resounding success. This is a must-have split and easily one of the best of the year. Get this bastard yesterday! (Black Konflick, PO Box 28 / 27600 Raub / Pahang, Malaysia, www.blacxkonflick.blogspot.com)

So I've already had the pleasure of reviewing the ISTERISMO / KRÖMOSOM split EP, but I have to use these last few precious inches to encourage you one more time to invest in this timeless noise bomb. Whilst I missed ISTERISMO at Chaos in Tejas due to a number of factors, most having to do with my wife having family there and my unwillingness to make a first impression as a drunken Japanese hardcore manic, I can attest to the fact that KRÖMOSOM fucking killed in the city and both bands' dynamic sings out of the grooves of this split. ISTERISMO win the day based on the fact that they can literally do no wrong at this point, but their splitmates are definite contenders to the throne, and I urge you to check out the review for more thoughts. Suffice to say that it's a fantastic performance by both and if you have the slightest interest in noisy hardcore this is already your jam, whether you know it or not. (Hardcore Survives, www.hcsurvives.exblog.jp)

Fuck yeah, this was a true bounty of noize this month and I hope next month brings the same. In the meantime, send demos and copies of the RABIA EP, DEATH DUST EXTRACTOR 12" to me c/o *MRR* or send me an e-mail at agunderwood@gmail.com.



Wow, I never thought collecting records was going to make me feel so old. It finally happened this month. A couple weeks back the internets were all agog over a particular punk 45 auction for a reputed "KBD Grail" the OPUS *The Atrocity* 7" that sold for a staggering four digit sum. Despite the worldwide skepticism over the results, it appears that the sale went through and this lone mysterious copy that appeared in the most unlikely locale of Rural Tennessee has now shipped to greener pastures overseas.

Well, in my world, OPUS is most certainly a grail; A lifetime achievement kind of record that everybody has wanted ever since grumblings of its existence way back in the mid-'90s. A.k.a. *fifteen* years ago! That's around the time most of us early punk fanatics had jumped wholeheartedly onto the KILLED BY DEATH crazy train, providing, for me at least, a half-life of tortured amassment through a sleep deprived miasma of undercutting back stabbing gluttony. You know, *collecting*: by any means necessary.

Many are still with us; but many have since moved along. Friendships ended over too many lopsided deals. Insufficient funds effectively priced others out. Still others saw a window for a massive sell-off to capitulate their hard fought "investments." One thing was for certain; unless you had a bankroll or some heavy cards up your sleeve, there were some records you were never gonna get.

We saw the mail-order list/newsgroup era of the '90s slowly give way to the eBay era, and those who'd relied on trades, greased palms and first refusals of the past now had to face a new indiscriminate decider: Money. It was a harsh reality, but the real fiends found a way to play. And any collector who lived through the '80s/'90s can tell you, even with massive price bumps, eBay was a windfall for the hobby, saving millions of records from the obscurest depths of a landfill, putting them directly into the hands of collectors. Discographies doubled almost overnight as eBay became an international platform for phonographic geek research.

But as we also know, eBay also ensured most of us were never going to get *certain* records. It used to be luck, serendipity, maybe a $100 bill, but if you were in the right place at the right time, anything could be yours. I guess that's still possible nowadays, but it's a helluva lot more likely that eBay is going to enter the equation at some point. Yep, the dreaded game ender: eBay. I'm sure as hell glad I gave up on collecting Revelation Records minutia and crawled through the KBD opening when I did, I'd probably still be holding out hope for a BOLD 7" test press or that one limited RAY & PORCELL cover. I guess I've always gotten on better with closet record geeks than SXE record jocks tho, no offense meant (or taken from a wimp like me I'm sure).

So all these years, all us KBD dorks watched and waited for each of our most coveted pieces to come up on the auction block; and come up they did, one after another. Fortunes were shattered, like that first TREND *Band Aid* 45 topping $1000, and then around ten copies surfaced in the ensuing few years, cutting that pricetag in half. Or what seemed like what might be the last JACKIE SHARK & THE BEACH BUTCHERS 45 to ever appear way back in 2004 sold for nearly 2Gs, only to see a boxful surface some five years later. These were the bets we were making, all in the name of crossing off that wantlist, guessing, hoping others wouldn't soon see the same opportunity.

Where some lost, others rest assured. Early adopters prided themselves on getting in on the ground floor with the newest vintage '76-'83 discoveries, paying a fraction of the going rate after the inevitable price bump. Then there are those who guessed the right grail item to splurge on. ROCK BOTTOM & THE SPYS sits atop most early punk wantlists at the moment, but to think, a few years ago, a handful of copies exchanged hands on eBay for what is likely a third of today's going rate. The twelve or so current owners are sitting tight, knowing the chances of another copy surfacing anytime soon are slim to none.

During all of these years of endless posturing, this OPUS *The Atrocity* 7" was nowhere to be seen. *Nowhere*. Correct me if I'm wrong, but, rare sleeves and test pressings aside, I do believe OPUS was the *only* American punk record to *never* appear on eBay. This Los Angeles (Silverlake!) rarity has been the most unfindable American punk record in the last ten years. I still have the one and only printed mail-order list I believe OPUS was ever publicly offered in, Ingo Eitelbach's 1998 catalog #41, offering the OPUS for a minimum bid of 2500 DM (remember those?). Prior to that, I think all the copies were sorted through insider deals within a tiny cabal of collector illuminati. Since then I've watched one get pieced together from two different band members, and nothing else.

So then, earlier this month, a copy appeared on eBay. The price is ridiculous; you'll just have to Google it. For me, this is one of those definitive watershed moments. The KBD collecting era is officially in decline. Everybody's had at least one shot at everything. Sure, nobody's gonna quit collecting, but to me, there are no sacred objects left, no unsolved mysteries. Everything has a price. Prices go up, but it's all just money. "OPUS was on eBay."

I've been getting bummed a lot lately, thinking about the commoditization of records since I started collecting. When I started out, sure, records were "worth" money, but we're talking maybe $2-300 for the most expensive record you could get. It was much more about going way out of your way to get some killer super obscure music that you were stoked on. The kinds of shit that's so obscure, you can't even really talk to your good friends about it because they'll just get bored and think you're crazy. It was like this secret pleasure of personal discovery, and once in a while, you could share it with some like-minded person who stopped by your house. But that's it.

As the Internet has taken over, genres have been codified, people want the obscure shit they're hearing everybody else talking about, everybody wants the same things. So prices went crazy, often not even because something's great, but because it's rare. Now some records are worth $2,000, $3,000 dollars. Who even plays a $2,000 record? What if you scratch it? What DJ is gonna bring their $2,000 record to spin at a bar? Records have become this massive liability. The more it's worth the less it gets played, touched.

I don't really have any answers, but it sure has taken a lot of the fun out of it. I know some collectors who won't even play their records: if they want to hear something they'll just listen to mp3 versions via iTunes. Yes, they own the record, but they listen to it on the computer! I'm happy to report that I haven't sunk to that level yet, but I usually only break out certain things if someone asks. What used to be a cult hobby for shut-in loser types (Hi!) is now big business, and we've all had to adjust accordingly.

In reality, much of this doesn't really matter though. Most people will never get to own the original artifacts (which is maybe better), but they can still get most of the music for free on the internet (which is definitely better). In the spirit of free music, I will now point all of you towards online mp3s of the aforementioned KBD grail, OPUS *The Atrocity* 7". A rare record no doubt, but reviews are mixed; many think of OPUS as one of the more flagrant hype jobs on *KILLED BY DEATH #14* LP. I personally love the cut, it stands out as a frantic early LA punker with vocals recalling the PLUGZ, but you'll have to make your own decision. Our friend the punk business manager has managed to upload it on his blog (along with tons of other hyper obscurities) so check it out at: punkbusinessmanager.com/2009/01/11/opus.apx

Three years in, it's obvious to all but the most willfully obtuse liberals and progressives that their 2008 votes for Obama have not paid off. The president blames obstructionist Republicans for his lack of action on, well, everything. His blame-the-GOP argument would be plausible if not for one thing: before the Republicans swept the 2010 midterms, Obama had enormous political capital, a supportive media, and Democratic control of both houses of Congress. Had Obama wanted, he could have governed to the left. Far to the left. To the left of FDR.

Remember how scared we were? The economy was in freefall. We lost 600,000 jobs the month he took office. We would have gone along with anything he asked for, including a new WPA program and permanent jobless benefits. He didn't ask.

Obama didn't govern like a liberal because he didn't want to. He didn't want to because he's not a liberal. Many progressives are angry. They want to send Obama and his fellow phony Democrats a message next November. But they don't know how to counter the central argument of the two-party trap.

It goes like this:

"Voting for Obama sucks. He's just going to do more stuff I hate, like bailing out banksters and starting more wars while ignoring the terrible economy. But what else can I do? I can't vote for some science-denying, Bible-thumping Republican ignoramus who'd be even worse.

"Not voting? That's almost as bad as voting Republican. With so much at stake, there's no choice but to hold my nose and vote Democratic."

This powerful argument has kept liberals in the Democratic fold since 1976, when Jimmy Carter pushed the party to the right with his huge defense build-up. Fear of a GOP nation drove them to vote for Bill Clinton, even though his major accomplishments—welfare reform, NAFTA and the WTO—were right-wing.

There's always something at stake. Every election is "one of the most important elections of our lifetimes." As a result, there hasn't been a liberal presidential nominee for 40 years. Mainly, this is because liberal voters are willing to vote for right-wing Democrats. A lot of liberals, feeling even more conned than usual, are asking me how to counter the two-party trap argument.

Here's what I tell them:

First and foremost, your vote (or lack thereof) cannot and will not put Rick Perry or Mitt Romney or Sarah Palin in the White House. It's simple statistics. By definition you can only change one vote: your own. And no state's electoral votes have ever come down to a single vote. No election in US history has ever come down to one vote. Not even a local one.

Even in Florida in 2000, the outcome hinged on about 150 ballots. I don't care how big your family or circle of friends is—you are not going to change 75 or more votes one way or the other. Mathematically speaking, your vote is purely symbolic.

Point two: Democratic Party strategists take liberal voters for granted. Don't take my word for it; check out books by Washington insiders like former Clinton pollster Dick Morris and *The Political Brain* author Drew Westen. Democratic leaders obsess over "Reagan Democrats," "soccer moms," "security moms" or whatever catchphrase equates to "swing voter" during a given year—people who might vote Republican one election, Democratic the next. That's why "Democrats" run as—and govern like—Republicans.

As for liberals, progressives and leftists, Democrats ask: Where else are they going to go? Refusing to vote for Obama answers their question: If you don't stop taking us for granted, we will take our votes elsewhere—whether to the Republicans, a third party, or limbo, boycotting the process altogether.

Point three: Voting for immoral leaders makes you immoral. It's one thing to be duped, as liberals were by Carter in 1976. It's another to knowingly vote for a politician you know or at least strongly suspect will promulgate policies you believe are wrong—which is exactly what most liberals did when they voted for Obama in 2008.

Most Americans and the vast majority of lefties were against the US occupation of Afghanistan. During the campaign Obama pledged to send even more troops there. From a moral standpoint, the blood of every Afghan wounded or killed after January 2009 is on the hands of those of us who pulled a lever, pushed a button, or punched a chad for Barack Obama. (That includes me.)

Obama lied about other issues. He promised to close Gitmo, to push for a real healthcare plan (one with a public option), and to withdraw from Iraq. Now we know that he lied. Knowing what you know now, a vote for Obama in 2012 would be an enthusiastic vote in support for torture, extrajudicial assassinations, drone attacks, corporate healthcare, doing nothing about jobs, and staying in Iraq. Your eyes are open. A liberal who votes for Obama would be directly responsible for the torture, the killings, and the suicides of the desperately unemployed.

The two-party trap is the sort of sick game that sadistic concentration camp guards like to play. "I'm going to shoot this old man or this little boy. You decide which. If you refuse to choose, I'll shoot both."

There is only way to deal with ideological terrorists: Don't.

Let evil scum do what they like. You can't stop them anyway. If the guard shoots both the man and the boy, it's a terrible crime—but the blood is all on his hands.

For a progressive, voting for Obama is like asking the camp guard to shoot one person rather than two. In the short run, it seems like the right decision. In the long run, the man and the boy die—and it'll partly be your fault,

(Ted Rall is the author of *The Anti-American Manifesto*. His website is www.tedrall.com.)

MUTANT ROCK!
SHIVA ADDANKI

Within the amateurish journalism and shit-slinging festivals that make up the words of the current punk "community," you hear a lot of the same kind of jaded drivel (consistently from the voices of the elderly): whining about how band X is "just another flavor of the week," whimpering about how the internet ruined everything, bleating about how the old times were better and it's all been done before and blah blah blah blah blah.

This type of shit is of course always found in mindless catalog-description like banter in bad fanzines or on webstore pages or chain distro emails, or (best of all) message boards. I find quite a bit of humor in the fact that these decrepit slobs still find it necessary to add their worthless pennies of "wisdom" into the chorus of what they label as futile mindlessness, yet they still lean like vegetables against the crutch of a punk-themed support group, secretly hoping nobody ever kicks their toothpick-foundation of logic over. These leeches namelessly order records or post on message boards or feed off of the attention brought from whatever it is they chip in to the cesspool punk cult. The same logic much of this unified boring drawl uses to dismiss the current crop of bands—"it's all been said and done before"—could just as easily be flipped on its head and delivered right back to them. After all, they're all practically saying the same shit.

Sure, punk is different than it was 20-30 years ago, as is everything else in the world. I can openly admit I hold interest in the old stuff, I namelessly order records from online stores, I download music—all that dumb shit that makes it seem a little silly to still print fanzines, make records, and do anything that would attempt something tangible and new. One form of thinking could easily conclude that the epitome of the backward looking ideology I loathe so much is doing shit like this; grasping desperately onto something that appears to be quaint, cute, and rather irrelevant in the scheme of things. But despite the obvious pitfalls of releasing these things, like the rabid consumption-based internet dwelling that most partake in to obtain things like records, zines, and tapes, I feel like there is a more honest rationality behind it.

Feelings of hostility, anger, aggression, hatred, and anxiety are not exclusive to any generation. In a world where you are faced with the quick, barely gratifying, click-stare-disconnect form of expression, where any given thing you say or do is represented as a mere irrelevant figment in the vast throes of a complex web of virtual information, there is something to be said for putting every last effort into making something that you can hold in your hands and stare at.

The generation that created the initial blasts of 1-2-1-2 hardcore could not be given the credit of being nearly as helpless, for the obvious mode of expression was to do something like put out records and fanzines. To the generation born after records were already in the dust of obsolescence, this form of tangible expression is so much more gratifying. After being spoiled with the meaninglessness of instant gratification, frustrations and releases multiply as you come to terms with the irrelevance of your voice. To put something out there to be held in your hands means something a lot more serious to this generation than to those who were simply using the standard methods of communication. I see more fanzines worked on with rabid attention to detail, rigor, and with words pouring with enthusiasm now than I've observed from the past. The things I read from the past seem much less committed and obsessive and much more mindless than what you can find in zines like *Distort, Ratcharge, Got Myself,* or *Counterfeit Garbage.* So much more desperation comes from the expressions of tangibility in punk circa 2011.

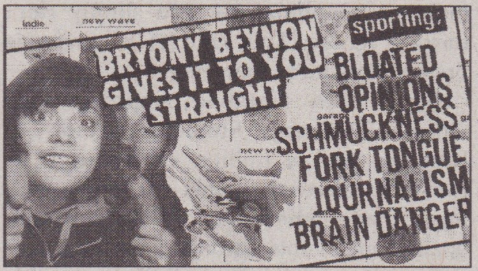
The best records of today, while they are of a slight minority in this regard, present themselves as a totality of expression, every aspect of the packaging, recording, lyrics, riffs, and sound working to express a unified state of being. This sounds cheesy and over analytical, sure, but that doesn't alter its truth. Like a select few bands from old times, you can't remove bands like Destino Final, Lebenden Toten, Crazy Spirit, Vile Gash, Crimen De Estado, Firmeza 10, Otan, Sudor, Hoax, Dawn of Humans, Hank Wood and the Hammerheads, or Perdition from their full context without losing much of the vitality contained within it. The image of the strange textures and metaphors and disgustingness of Crazy Spirit's aesthetic and lyrics is definitely a part of how I hear them. The distinctive darkness of Destino Final's artwork and approach is closely intertwined with the way each of their songs cascades out of my speakers to make me feel like I'm suffocating in a storm cloud. I could make the same claims for more than a handful of bands battering their instruments in these times. What I'm basically saying is that punk in its current state is about more than the music, but not as in the piss weak mode of social ladder climbing and hand-holding throughout some contrived autonomous community of "like minded people" (sheep); but rather that the best punk bands are the ones that represent more than the complex simplicity of writing good tunes. What makes punk distinct from the rest of music to me is not in politics or in some easily swallowed formulaic standard. Rather, it is the complete immersion of rabid expression being thrown in front of you. It's not simply playing something that sounds good, it's making something that you simply can't fucking ignore. This kind of mentality is present now more than ever.

Bands like Negative Approach, the Stooges, Discharge, Shitlickers, Void, Die Kreuzen, and a million others used as constant reference points for new punk music made some great noise with hostility oozing out of their grooves, nothing over the movement of time will beget this achievement, but these bands are simply a jumping off point for the music that has been mutated out of its influence in modern times. You constantly hear murmurings of specific golden ages, from 19fucking whatever to 19 fucking bullshit, but that's all a complete load of self-pitying dribble. If you look over the history since rock 'n' roll wrung out its first chords and punk made it more true to its purpose, there has never been any hiccup in time where *nothing* worthwhile, distinctive and unique was being created.

Take the '90s for example, the archetypal downfall of all things pure and visceral in punk music, or so it's said, and then let the H-100's, the Darvocets, Gloom, Inmates, and Cider knock your ass back to reality. I've read writing that states plainly that punk has no remnants of the local-distinctiveness anymore, but this is again plainly false. Have you ever heard any bands that come close to possessing the same approach as the NYC bands of today? What about fuckin' Barcelona, Madrid, Cleveland, LA, Osaka, Boston, Rochester, or London? There are probably more cities I'm forgetting or whose punk sounds I'm not even aware of yet, but you get the point. The fact that this distinctiveness exists (and you'd be a fool to ignore the fact that it does) puts me in a state of bewilderment.

In the age of all the dismal easy-access bullshit we use every day, there is still that same untouched sense of localism. This column probably seems like a rambling, blithering mess at this point (they always do), but there's a point to all of this. I'm sick of opening *MRR* to read some jaded dimwit submitting a guest column about how fucked and irrelevant punk is now, I'm sick of hearing whining old brats voices over the voices that deserve much better to be heard. If you are so jaded and disillusioned then go the fuck home, if it all sucks anyway then why is your opinion such a golden beacon of truth and relevance? Stop whining and make room for the people that are actually doing something worthwhile, or get your head out of your ass and make something worthwhile yourself, something that you put every last drop of your attention into.

c/o: eggmangel@gmail.com for whatever.



I wanted to write about punk rock this month. I always *sort of* want to, but this time I really did. I tried. I gathered up some recent ephemera and spread it across my bed, taking tonery pages in hand, scrutinising for something to comment on. I even spun a few new records and tried to rate 'em, hate 'em, whatever. Obviously this is because I value my position as rambling nigh-on-unreadable-due-to-untranslatable-British-slang überwensch of this magazine, plus in the ninety page contractual document all *MRR* columnists have to read and sign (what?) there is a legally watertight minimum service level agreement based on at least some semblance of keeping it hardcore. Honest. Sometimes life gets hardcore, though, in the traditional sense, heavy things happen that aren't riffs, sometimes enough to make all music seem like a useless abstraction, and this month that is what has happened, for a bit.

I don't know about you, but there are a few songs I have to hear normally just to get through an average day, compulsive listens for humdrum dumb dumb mornings, lunch hours, nights. The Eyes –"Topological Lies," a quick earworm of a scuttering B-side anthem for walking to the bus stop, unbridled joy and optimism, a song I play like others pop a vitamin pill. Or X-Dreamysts "Dance Away Love"—ominous pop from Belfast never-really-weres, a must play for all bleak moments. X – "I'm Coming Over" for any time I am excited, Las Vulpess – "Me Gusta Serra Una Zorra" for standard issue bedroom dancing, anything by GISM when feeling sinister. Go-to songs, you know the ones.

Anyway, so Ben is the dude in my header photo, the one backing up my banana hold-up. He's a real cool guy. We live together with four other winners, make bands, and eat all the foods. Recently we found out that his father, a man more in his thoughts than in his day-to-day life for a myriad of reasons, but nonetheless his father, was dying, in hospital, dying, and now everything I attempted to stick on the record player by way of distraction sounded stupid, infantile, weak. Ben went back to when he grew up and did the dutiful son shuffle on repeat for endless hours upon visiting hours. I'd started a new temp job so I couldn't go with him, retreating into myself instead in sympathy grief (as I'd only met his dad once, but knew the impact of a childhood shuttered only partially from relapses and addiction through sideways glances, resulting in straight edge for a good reason on his part, insistent questioning on mine). I maintained radio silence between me and my records, shutting off the speakers and hoping hoping, hoping for a change of fortune somewhere in the ether that might turn this around, de-clog his liver of poison, flush those years of abuse from his kidneys, anything. So it was that for I guess around four days, I didn't play any music at all.

In the morning, multiple organ failure and pneumonia killed Tony, and in the evening, I was putting on a show, and of course Ben's new band, Hunger, were billed to open, their second ever gig. The more I told him not to feel he had to do it, the clearer it became that they would play, that he wanted to do this. Hunger: Ben plus best friend making an inspired racket hewn from the inside of our garage, where he'd taught himself drums over the last few months. A quiet chap at the best of times being a massive understatement, he was obviously not up for responding to casual "How's it goings" with "I'm devastated thanks, how are you?" or variations on that, while my own head spun with the strange kind of militant affection and protection instinct that sad sacks like me feel for everyone they love who is suffering. I even found myself rejecting beer in some sort of mix of repulsion and solidarity that night. Fumbling about with the P.A I thought about what it means that we cover our tracks so desperately to avoid making things "awkward," the lengths we will go to for that preservation of social status quo, and how that can kind of mean never really dealing. The feedback started as Sam tunes up with his back to everyone, a signature stance. They both have microphones, both the kind of punks for whom performing is not a natural tendency, in fact quite the opposite, but functions as a necessary ordeal to stay half-sane. I know this to be true, with trembling hands on the sliders, and I'm raised up at the very back looking down slightly on the area where they're standing, about to start.

"This song, well, this whole set, is for my father, who passed away this morning. He was 53...let's play."

No drama, no pity party, no point-scoring, just a note of honesty delivered by someone who usually holds his cards pushed violently into his chest. The announcement preceded a gapless barrage of stomping bass-drum / shrill feedback hiss / droning shouts. It was objectively sick. What they could not see from where they played, but what I saw from this raised platform (where I sobbed fairly uncontrollably into the soundproofing curtains for a good part of the first song like a schmuck) was how most of the crowd staring agape at each other in that one pause. How strangely blessed we are to have the opportunity, the encouragement to be heard by anyone at all, even those of us who could barely stand up in class to read aloud through fear, shame, and shyness. I wipe my stupid face with the curtain and smile with curious pride and some kind of weird relief.

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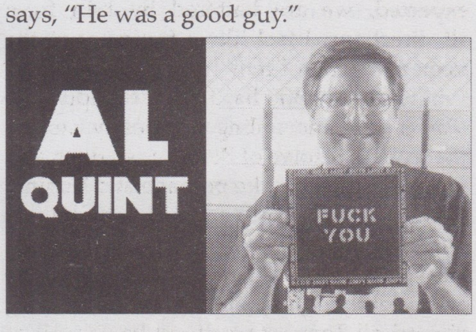
Not too many days later, I'm stood outside a crematorium in the heart of Kent. This is Billy Childish country, the heaving, greying-tattooed bosom of the Medway towns. There are more people here than expected, we are battered by rain from all directions. I feel like a fraud sat in the front row when I met Tony only once, but I'm holding hands hard and attempting to play it cool and failing hopelessly next to the tearless resolve of Ben in crisp linen and brogues, smelling like pomade and ironing. A life condensed into a series of highlights and rich vignettes by a curiously likeable vicar/orator in a purple robe, a vicar who had clearly done his research, calling around all Tony's favorite pubs as well as pulling no punches about who he really was, and for today is even happily leaving out the God/heaven parts as instructed.

I can hear the quiet whistle of heavy, even breathing through a broken nose I know, as well as the voice of a different, shaking man speaking quietly from the pulpit. This is Duncan, who took Tony in for Christmas every year since his parents divorce, whose composure cracks a little as he concludes "and I was proud to call him my mate." Long, clean hands folded over mine squeeze in secret code as, in this retelling of a life lived in pubs, for fun and kicks, the Man of God name checks Black Sabbath and taps his foot for Mick and the Stones as "Jumping Jack Flash" begins to play, distorted through tinny white, wall-mounted speakers. I listen to it intently as though hearing it for the first time. Sometime into the second chorus I transcend my easy tears and the warmth of the song and the vicar seems to be floating for a second. "Jumpin Jack Flash it's a gas gas gas." Maybe this was one of Tony's go-to songs. Maybe it wasn't. Later on I will listen to stories from his old mates of how he drove them all back from a Genesis concert, letting them pile in under the tarpaulin of the articulated lorry he drove for a living for many years before he lost his license. As the song draws to a close and the Man of God makes a quip about how Tony would have probably wanted that turned up a lot louder, I think about how he must have flown up and down motorways as the sun was coming up so many times, probably smoking a fag out the window at the helm of a giant petroleum tanker, in contravention of a thousand health and safety rules yet giving not one fuck as he drawled along with Mick in syncopated South London syntax, glancing down at photos tacked to the dashboard then back up at the horizon, gold sovereign rings clattering on the steering wheel.

Afterwards, lost in the creaking procession of too-hard hugs and pats, I hear "You don't know me, mate, but your Dad always made me laugh." Ben responds with a pause and then in a loud, firm voice says, "He was a good guy."



Lunch With Bob

As I've mentioned many times over the years, I worked at a record store called Rockit from '85 to '93. Since then, I've stayed in touch with some of my co-workers, either through email or on Facebook. There were two Rockit stores—the one I worked at in Saugus, MA and another one up in Nashua, NH. After the Saugus store was sold in 1993 and I was unceremoniously shown the door by the new owners (one of them being a backstabbing former co-worker, but I won't go there), the two stores were no longer affiliated with each other but each one made it until the early '00s.

A woman named Patti, who worked at the Nashua store, recently set up a Facebook page, "Remembering Rockit Records," for which a lot of people came out of the woodwork. I'd already heard from some of them on my own page, but this was a nice way to trade old stories and photos. There were also customers who came on and wrote about how much the store had meant to them and how the staff helped them discover new bands. Rockit carried a lot of imports and indie label stuff, and there was a great metal selection. Before I worked there, the "buds at Rockit" (as Boston cult artist DREDD FOOLE called them on a thanks list on one of his records) would always recommend stuff to me, glad to throw a record I was interested in on the turntable.

There was a 20-something gentleman who worked there named Bob, aka Metal Bob. When I saw the album *Kill 'Em All* by a young band called METALLICA sitting in front of the new releases, he said I should check it out. He knew that I not only liked punk and hardcore, but that I had never lost my love for metal, and that the "new breed" of bands definitely appealed to me. I was immediately hooked by that album. The same thing happened when he played me the *Haunting the Chapel* 12" by SLAYER. Bob knew his shit—in fact, all of the staff there knew their shit. I'm still honored that the owners and manager of the store thought I had enough musical knowledge to work there.

Bob stopped working at Rockit a couple of years after I started. He'd still pop in from time to time but moved on and became a car salesman. In fact, I bought a car from him in the early '90s and it lasted five or six years so at least it wasn't a lemon. I lost touch with him around that time and, over the years, people have asked if I knew what happened to him. I was always curious myself so, when a customer mentioned on the Facebook page that he'd love to find him, I decided to go to work. I was able to track him down within fifteen minutes and immediately shot him an email. He emailed me his number, I gave him a call, and it was like the past 20 years just melted away. We got together for lunch a couple of weeks after that and it was a good time (made even better by the fact that he treated). His life has been relatively conventional—married, two kids, long-time sales job, home in the suburbs—but he's still remained interested in music so when he asked me about new bands I liked, I directed him to my radio show and blogs.

We talked about the store a bit but I forgot to bring up one of his peculiar habits, spinning stuff around on his finger. Not just records, either. One time, he tried to spin the cash drawer and you can guess what happened next. It took them quite awhile to find all the coins strewn around the floor.

Record store workers are often more than a *little* idiosyncratic. Bob and I talked about an employee named David who used to stash all the records by the JAM that came into the store. His reasoning was that only certain people were worthy of purchasing those records (and other artists he liked) and he wanted to make sure they ended up in the right hands. David did turn me on to some cool bands—THAT PETROL EMOTION and NEW MODEL ARMY, in particular. Speaking of the JAM, I was there the day David got fired after a loud, rancorous discussion in the back room between him and Rich, the manager at the time. I was seriously tempted to put on "Smithers-Jones" from their great *Setting Sons* album. I mentioned this to Rich after David left and he thought it would have been appropriate.

Goddamn, we did some goofy things there. Here are a few of them: *Poster Baseball*—with the rolled posters as a bat and a crumpled poster as the ball. *99-Cent Record Demolition*—that is, flinging 99-cent records against the wall when things were slow. I remember the person that I succeeded as manager partaking in this activity as well. *Office Chair Rides*—well, this only happened once when one of my co-workers, on his last day, took the owner's chair for a ride in the parking lot. *Tuesday Morning Sketchy Music Singalongs*—OK, I'm not too proud of that one but when another co-worker and I were checking in records on Tuesdays, we'd sing along with some rather sketchy songs I had on a cassette. Sometimes it was done a cappella. My co-worker did an incredibly accurate impression of the infamous, deceased vocalist immortalized on MDC's "Nazis Shouldn't Drive." Yes, it was a terrible thing to do but there are times when I can't explain my sick sense of humor and I know quite a few of you would never find it funny, period. I could chalk it up to youthful indiscretion but I was already in my early 30s. And I'm completely reformed—honest! It's past history.

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Non-Sketchy Music:

Sorry State continues to be a prolific

label, with a wide variety of bands. I recently received a large package of label head Daniel Lupton's latest releases. First up is a pair of new 7" singles from DOUBLE NEGATIVE, *Hardcore Confusion Vol. 1 and Vol. 2*. There are two songs on each disc, and I imagine that there will eventually be parts three and four, because if you put the covers together it shows half of the Double Negative logo. Ever since their first album, DN has continued to evolve—or maybe it's devolve—as their sound gets increasingly intense and continues to move away from their COC inspiration. Considering that their home state of North Carolina just got hammered by a hurricane, maybe I should avoid such hyperbolic descriptions as "a tidal wave of hardcore fury" or "a sonic typhoon" but, in all honesty, that's the effect here. "Writhe," the A-side of *Vol. 1*, batters its way to a numbing, repetitive conclusion while "Cunny Hop" is a brief, straight-ahead blast. For the second volume, "Fat City Address" shifts the cacophonous intro into pure rock fury and "Face Jam" also operates in a raucous rock mode. This isn't hooky music, it's bombast with an inescapable grip.

Speaking of Double Negative, I ran into their bass player Justin not too long ago and he said WHATEVER BRAINS's self-titled album is different from any other Sorry State release. He's got that right. For want of a batter term, this is inspired weirdness. There are definitely some FALL-ish tendencies (especially on "Withnail" with the keyboards and jabbing guitar), although the vocals have a snarly, adenoidal cadence as opposed to Mark E. Smith-uh's style. "Math" has a synthy vibe coming across like what you'd hear on the first TUBEWAY ARMY album. "The Future Of Porn" is direct in its jackhammer repetitive punk riffing but still unconventional. Edgy rockers, music that sounds like it could come from a keyboard store in the mall, and other aural delights

I have a friend who currently lives in Kansas City, the home turf for DARK AGES, and he can't wait to move back. Being that he's a hardcore leftist, he's felt more than out of place living there. I'm not sure how DARK AGES relates to their middle-America surroundings but given their anti-authoritarian message, it might not always be so pleasant. Whatever the case, their debut 12" *Can America Survive?* showcases a dynamic hardcore band. The title track is actually divided into two separate songs—an ominous instrumental building up to a thrash eruption. DARK AGES is high-powered throughout although there are a few changes of pace—the catchy, nearly anthemic mid-tempo pace of "Power" and "Why," as well as a cover of "Easier to Die" by CHOKE (I'm not familiar with the band or song) that dirges it out for over five minutes, ending with a numbing mantra of the phrase *"easier to die."* There are plenty of '80s hardcore influences here, but from the mid-'80s as opposed to the early stuff. Mid-period BLACK FLAG, DIE KREUZEN's first album, and CHRIST ON PARADE come to mind. A lyrical muse of someone pushed to the edge, wondering where life will take them and also wondering if there's any sort of future to look forward to—will they and/or America survive?

There's always been an air of shtick with the Italian band SMART COPS, with the matching outfits but they also delivered the goods with a snotty old school punk/garage/hardcore sound. For the Cops' debut album *Per Proteggere E Servire* (their first release in a few years), the punk jab remains, although this is a slicker, more polished effort that largely eschews the speed while playing up their rock 'n' roll side a little more. Sharp and catchy songs; I guess I never realized there's a little bit of the CELIBATE RIFLES in their sound. There's even a bit of a "freakout" jam section of "Nella Giungla" and UFO-type sound effects on "La Soffiata." I miss the roughness but it's still enjoyable.

Finally, there's a split LP from two Swedish bands, GLÖM DÄ! and MAKABERT FYND. It's straight up Swedish mayhem from both of these bands, with a familiar sound. Loud guitars, harsh vocals, and a fast pace abound. GLÖM DÄ has a clear, old school influence, inspired to an extent by the unfettered blaze of ANTI-CIMEX, albeit with cleaner production. MAKABERT FYND features a dual-vocalist tandem and one of 'em is Poffen from the late, great TOTALITÄR. Don't expect anything on that level from MF—I'd probably give the edge on this split to GLÖM DÄ!—but they hold their own in the burn department, while adding some rockin' guitar licks. You pretty much know what you're getting here. (1102 N. Greensboro St., Carrboro, NC 27510, www.sorrystaterecords.com)

How does one describe NASA SPACE UNIVERSE? How about abraso-core? On their *Across The Wounded Galaxy* LP on Shogun Recordings, NSU hitch high-flying hardcore to gnarled 'n' gnashing post-punk. Jarring and kinetic, with Kevin's vocals sounding like he's just imbibed an acid cocktail, they also come on with a nastier MINUTEMEN inflection at times. I forget the name of the Jeopardy category where phrases are combined in a clever fashion but there are a few here—"Tiny Tim Allen Wrench" and "Denzel Washington DC." Neither song apparently has anything to do with the actor mentioned in the title. The lyrics just seem like a collection of random thoughts and prose, done in ranting fashion and meshing well with the band's barbed attack.

One other Shogun release is a self-titled 7" by CRIPPLED OLD FARTS. Needless to say, I'm drawn to this Paris band's moniker since some have accused me of being an old fart at times, and I imagine the crippled part might occur if I ever come out of semi-retirement from the pit (not likely). Standard hardcore punk on this seven-song EP, with one side spinning at 45 and the other at 33. "Like A Disease You Chose To Ignore" is the best of the bunch here, with a catchy mid-tempo pulse and "For The Worst Or The Best" connects in similar fashion. Fairly typical, overall—good, not great. (3 Rue Du Lavoir, 51140 Bouvancourt, France, www.shogunrecordings.com)

Back in 1981, there was a loose collective of bands called Propeller that released a couple of 7" compilations and one cassette compilation. If there was a musical commonality, it was a wiry post-punk sound of different shades and permutations and, although they weren't part of this group of bands, MISSION OF BURMA was certainly kindred spirits. While the tape comp was more than a bit uneven, the lead off track by ART YARD, "The Law," was by far the standout song. A driving song filled with strong hooks, jabbing guitars, and bass-line carrying the melody, it was all poppy in a unique way. I liked this song so much that I got permission to release it on one of the *Suburban Voice* CD compilations around a decade ago. Now Ride the Snake Records has released a single with both of their songs from the cassette comp. The flip, "Something In Your Eyes," is slower and gorgeously haunting—a ballad if you will, but one with a strong and warm presence. This band, featuring 3/4 of the membership of early Boston punk band THE MAPS, came and went very quickly but left behind songs that have remained in my consciousness for three decades. Now it's your turn. (www.ridethesnakerecords.com)

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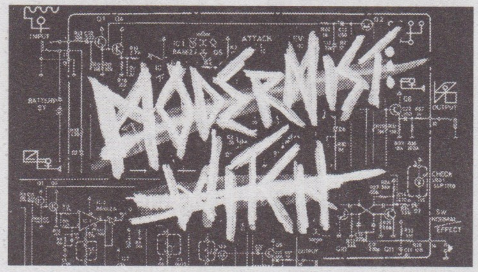


I've been thinking a lot about performance lately. What makes watching a band enjoyable to me? Can you break it down beyond the visceral impact a performance has on you, how much the music resonates, the energy of a performance? Is it even worthwhile to do so? I find that as someone who plays a lot of shows with her own band(s), I find myself trying to understand what makes a performance enjoyable.

I like watching people who are obviously having a fucking great time playing together. There are some musicians, few and far between, who can transfix me with the sheer inventiveness and power of their playing ("What is that person *doing* and how did that person *do that*?"), but that's not necessarily what I'm looking for. Punk isn't prog—it's not about musicianship all the time. That's a given. I've seen some truly sloppy, poorly executed sets that were done with love and were enjoyable in their own way to watch, and some perfect sets that bored me, and some sloppy sets that were done because you could tell the band knew they could get away with it. (By the way, I'm not thinking about any specific bands as I'm writing this, I'm thinking about impressions over the last 20 years of going to shows. Not trying to call anyone out or onto the floor here).

A half-second secret smile between band members, or that little curl of the lip when you're watching someone play a part they love — that's the thing that'll cause my heart to flutter. To watch people loving what they're doing and giving it their all is something that will never get old to me. I'm definitely guilty of playing shows where my heart wasn't entirely in it, because there was other stuff going on in my life and I wasn't able to set that aside for the moment, and that's something that happens to all of us, and something I don't blame anyone for. At least for me, though, when you stop really loving the band you're in and the music you're playing, it's time to move on.

This all brings me to a discussion of sincerity. I find a generally honest, sincere approach to life — relationships, actions, so on and so forth — useful to me because I really don't have the energy to throw up the kind of moving images and shades around myself the way I did when I was younger. Plus, fewer people get hurt. I'm not advocating the kind of New Sincerity I've seen articles on — bluntness for bluntness' sake, not caring who your words hurt because You're Just Being Sincere — that's just being rude and thoughtless and egotistical under a banner of righteousness. Nor am I advocating for a life free of irony and indirectness, because I think that irony is a useful tool for getting at truth sometimes and poetry is found in indirectness. But I find posing to be pointless and being as direct as possible while also being considerate and applying critical thinking to everything you do and encounter to be a pretty good way to live. It's serving me well at the moment.

It's one of the things that always drew me to punk, honestly, and keeps drawing me back — the no-frills ideal. Do your thing, do it without pretense: here's the space to do it in. There are few other cultures/subcultures out there that even nominally support that kind of approach, and the ones that do have some historical and/or current relationship to punk. We also know, though, that pretense abounds in this space and always has, and that the same jockeying for position, cutting other people down to get ahead, so on and so forth that happens everywhere else in the world happens here. It's easy to get your ego all tangled up.

Being someone who gives a lot of her energy to social justice means, honestly, that it might be easy to look at me and doubt my sincerity. Everyone's had experience with activists who just like to talk a good game but not be involved really beyond that (again, not calling anyone out here, just talking general situations; the nonprofit world, for instance, is full of these sorts). Those of us who lived through '90s hardcore encountered a mix of genuine people with good intentions and people who were just going along with whatever was popular (and people who didn't know where they stood or didn't get involved). Trust me when I say that real activist work is hard and it wears on you a lot, and that I don't blame anyone for not having the energy or resources to help do some of that work but that it is greatly frustrating to be one of two or three people actually taking responsibility for a project that tons of people will spend energy talking about but not that much energy actually doing the shitwork for. Again, it takes a special kind of commitment to do that work, and I don't blame anyone for not being able to make that commitment, but if you're talking big I expect you to help and will be disappointed if you don't.

As it is with activism, so it is with music. If you talk a big game, you better bring it. If there's a lot of hype around your band, cool, but if there's nothing there to back it up, no heart, no interesting songwriting, if it feels cheap and half-assed, I won't buy it. And I don't ever want to ignore or discount bands that get little to no hype, because there is any number of reasons for that. The hype machine is fickle and often market-driven (and market value has never been a reason for me to evaluate a band as good or not). If there's something there—if you're bringing it regardless of how big you talk—I'll probably be interested. I like music that challenges me as much as music that has a direct and emotional impact on me.

As I've gotten older I care less and less about being cool and more and more about living my life in a way in which I'm accountable to myself and my community, and I think that's a pretty common trajectory to take. When I was younger I threw up a lot of beautiful moving images around myself because I was deeply depressed, hated myself and didn't have a fucking clue where I was going; those images were where I maybe wanted to be, not who I was. I keep talking about energy here, but seriously, I don't have the wherewithal to do that any longer, nor do I have the desire to. I like who I am these days; I got to a place that I'm both comfortable in and can grow with/from. I couldn't ask for anything more.

I still greatly enjoy aesthetics (I mean, I don't think any of us would be this involved with a community that is so focused around creative products in their various forms if we didn't?). I like playing with fashion, problematic as it is. (I'm fine with liking problematic shit as long as I can think critically about why it's problematic, recognize it as such, and not blow others' critical thought about it off as bullshit from People Who Just Can't Enjoy Themselves). I enjoy and seek out certain and specific aesthetics, some of which happen to be pretty popular and trendy right now. But I also prize sincerity, respect, and directness, and I don't think that process and product, intent and end, can be separated.

I genuinely don't give a shit what people think about the things that I like; that's why they're my passions. And if we share them, awesome! There's a thing to connect on. But if we don't, who cares? You can form an opinion about me based on such things, and that opinion might be right, or it might not be. If we're coming from similar enough places, our aesthetic preferences don't really matter all that much if they don't match up entirely. Sure, I'm judgmental about people I don't know who are into x thing or y thing based on my experience with fandom of x thing or y thing — that's how human society works. But I'd never let their passions get in the way of my getting to know them unless those passions are really divergent from my own and I feel like there's no place for us to connect.

We live in a big old grayscale complicated world, obviously. Binary thinking might help get us through, but it ultimately does us a disservice, throwing people and experiences and actions and objects into immutable categories that we then have to dissect and tear apart. A distanced stance isn't that helpful either, where we view everything from the point of view that there is no truth, no heart, no reality. Our senses tell us that's not right. Postmodernism only works up to a point. Long live the new modernism, where there are core realities, core truths—they're just complicated and have many angles, so they might not appear to be truths or realities from the get-go. Long live the new modernism, critical and thoughtful, honest and open, a world in which progressive change has happened and will continue to a happen, a world in which there is music that catches us underneath the breastbone so our breath is suspended for a moment, a world in which aesthetics can hook us, a world in which performance has meaning.

Go Team, Smash State!
Seattle – Bangkok – Praga
Nizza -Washington– Montreal
Windsor --Melbourne
Cancún- Quebec
"Lefty" Hooligan - What's Left?

The jukebox was playing rock—music for civilizations to decline by, man.
Ross Macdonald, *The Ferguson Affair* (1960)

Steve Allen used to do this bit on his show in the early '60s where he would recite the lyrics to rock'n'roll songs as if they were serious poetry. Just imagine The Beatles "I Wanna Hold Your Hand" treated thusly to realize how vapid the words to most rock music are. Allen was the liberal side of the attack on rock music in those days. He personally despised rock'n'roll, considered it juvenile and untalented, and thought it beneath contempt as music. Rock wasn't art, nor would it endure the test of time. Yet this was a far cry from the conservative perspective that saw rock'n'roll as immoral, evil, and a threat to the fabric of society. Rock's overt association with sex and drugs were a particular anathema; an explicit attack on American civilization born of the devil.

Today, of course, rock blares from fundamentalist Christian churches, and family values politicians illegally appropriate rock songs for their electoral campaigns, until sued by the musicians who created them. Roberto "Tax" Farano, guitarist for *Negazione*, wrote music for the 2006 Turin Winter Olympics, and *The Clash*'s "London Calling" is now the official jingle for the 2012 London Olympics. Not only is rock no longer a threat to the social fabric, punk rock has become, not representative of "the decline and fall of western civilization," but a stellar example of its commercial success.

Me, I used to take pride in being a "barbarian at the gates" in the days of sex, drugs, rock'n'roll, and anarchy in the streets. I would have seconded John Sinclair's contention that rock was the weapon of a thoroughgoing cultural revolution, if only to throw the fear of god-knows-what into my elders. Emotionally, I resonated with nihilism, which proclaimed the need to "annihilate the idea of God, or there can be no freedom; annihilate the idea of right, which is only might; annihilate civilization, property, marriage, morality, and justice; let your own happiness be your only law."

I've grown up a bit since then, and I've come to appreciate many things about the American society I call home, as well as to respect much bestowed upon the world by the Dead White European Males held responsible for Western Civilization. Yes, I understand the sentiment of Gandhi who, when asked what he thought about western civilization, answered: "I think it would be a good idea." After all western civilization is based upon rape, plunder, devastation and genocide. Show me a civilization that isn't. But as for Buenaventura Durruti's famous quote:

We have always lived in slums and holes in the wall. We will know how to accommodate ourselves for a while. For you must not forget that we can also build. It is we who built these palaces and cities, here in Spain and America and everywhere. We, the workers. We can build others to take their place. And better ones. We are not in the least afraid of ruins. We are going to inherit the earth; there is not the slightest doubt about that. The bourgeoisie *might blast and ruin its own world before it leaves the stage of history. We carry a new world here, in our hearts. That world is growing in this minute.*

I have come to take his nonchalant attitude toward such wholesale destruction with several grains of salt.

I have no interest in seeing Beethoven's *Eroica Symphony*, or Van Gogh's *Starry Night*, or Rodin's *The Kiss*, or Joyce's *Ulysses*, or Welles' *Citizen Kane*, or the Chrysler Building obliterated, even if their destruction would herald the arrival of a stateless, classless, communist paradise. Images of Mao's Red Guards rampaging during the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, gleefully smashing the precious artifacts of China's past, now sicken me no less than news footage of Afghanistan's Taliban solemnly dynamiting the Bamiyan Buddhas. That existence is emptiness means that everything is interconnected and mutually dependent. That life is meaningless demands that we create its meaning. Death and destruction are incredibly easy. Anything else is painful and hard.

An SF movie that I like is Cuarón's *Children of Men*, based on the P.D. James novel of the same name. It's 2027, and no children have been born anywhere for almost two decades. In the face of humanity's impending extinction, the world is fast collapsing into riot, terrorism, and environmental catastrophe. Britain alone survives, a bastion of stability, but at the cost of having become a police state that rounds up and imprisons immigrants seeking asylum. Nigel, the cousin of the film's protagonist, Theo Faron, is a minister in the British government who is obsessed with collecting as many of humanity's great artworks as possible, despite the fact that in less than a century, no one will be around to enjoy them. Michelangelo's *David* stands in his foyer, with one leg shattered and splinted because Nigel was unable to snatch it before rioters attacked it. Nigel and Theo dine beneath Picasso's *Guernica*. And out a window, amidst a landscape of industrial smokestacks, floats one of *Pink Floyd*'s inflatable flying pink pigs.

PERSONAL PROPAGANDA... To find out my real name purchase my book, *End Time*, from AK Press (POB 40682, SF, CA 94140-0682) for $10. The book is called *Fim* in Portuguese and can be ordered from Conrad Editora (R. Maracaí, 185, Aclimação, 01534-030, São Paulo-SP, Brasil) for R$ 24,90. I can be contacted at hooligentsia@mac.com.

WALKING ON WATER
LOGAN DEAN WORRELL

I just don't understand the West Coast. Entitled fucking beach Yankees. Sure it's full of some top notch shit, but hey man, it was time to move a little east. Last stop in the Northwest was Vancouver, British Columbia. Canada is a pretty safe, clean country. Instead of fighting most people will just talk a bunch of shit and try to scare ya, and the cocaine is sometimes pink. No idea why, but a buddy tells me it has something to do with it being from Asia and not South America. Regardless. Vancouver is one of the only few major Canadian cities that is *fucked*. Crack heads everywhere. Pathetic zombies walking around in a drug daze asking for change and breaking into cars. Now Iceage's experience was not the same as your normal run of the mill DIY punk band. Instead of playing a youth center or a house gig, Iceage ended up a playing a swank little boutique hotel called the Waldorf. As a man with discerning tastes, the Waldorf helped fill the void that being on the road had left inside of me. It had been about two weeks. Pneumonia was still buzzing around inside of me and the realization that I no longer had the back of a teenager had made sleeping on floors almost unbearable. Part of our deal for playing the show was that the venue had provided a few hotel rooms upstairs from the bar. This being one of the few cities where the boys could legally drink, gave us the impression that it was gonna be a big night. By the third bottle of whiskey things seemed to be getting a little dark. The venue had three levels. Shit maybe four, I don't know. One level was bands playing, another was some kinda dub reggae bullshit with the last one being a full on '80s dance party. My home girl Moe told me once that " '80s night is like a strip club, you go in sober and can't stand being there, but once you get drunk you never wanna leave." Boy did she hit the nail on the head. I don't remember a whole lot except for me and Christiana trying to ask homeless people at the bus stop to find us some pink blow which of course ended with me making out with someone and falling asleep naked on the floor.

We had been driving these kids pretty hard. Seeing as they had gained a great deal of popularity since the tour had started, a great deal of press, instores, etc was required to help make back some of the extremely high tour costs. Iceage are cool dudes. They only wanna play DIY gig at warehouses and drink booze on rooftops. Talking to some dickhead about, "What you think about the States" is far from their idea of a good time so in an attempt to break the tension not the mention the mind numbing monotony of the 23 hour drive to Denver we stopped at the café made famous by the television series *Twin Peaks*. Come to find out it wasn't the actual diner, thus wasting my fucking time. However there was a sick waterfall nearby. Not a total bust.

Yes fast food is gross, but I'm not about to tell you what everyone else preaches like, "Go to a local organics grocer and get some fucking oranges and shit to insure top health on tour." Fuck that. I say embrace the high sodium levels and off the charts fat content. Now, that doesn't mean Mickey Ds on the regular, but what I'm trying to say is don't fight it. Whataburger was a big favorite of the Danes. Subway is a ripper. And how could we forget the ever-controversial Chick Fila. All those fuckers wanna eat is goddamn chicken and hot dogs so I once dropped some CF on em' they were stoked. Yes, Chick Fila supports anti gay organizations, and yes one of my best friends, Lugs, slapped the shit out of me for eating it, I will tell you this, I love chicken and I will eat chicken from whoever offers the best product. It's not my fault.

"Logan, do you think they sent you on tour with us because we act the same age?" Europeans can speak five languages yet cant for the life of 'em read a goddamn sign. "Hey Logan, are we in Minneapolis?" Mother fucker there are signs everywhere saying where we are, not to mention, we've been driving for six hours and are currently stuck in traffic on a city street. "Logan, I'm hungry." Well then eat goddamnit. What the fuck do you want from me? It got to a point where every time we went into a restaurant, I would just end up ordering for the entire table. Mostly getting the same thing, except that Dan would always opt for the chicken dish and depending on how many burgers we had been putting down in the days prior Elias (my special little guy) usually went for a salad. Oh yeah, and of course Johan would always get a chocolate milkshake for breakfast. Get ready asshole because your metabolism will slow down, and just like me you will get fat.

In Detroit, yes Timmy convinced me to go back there again, we played a festival on top of a bowling alley. It had been a long couple days, so after a few games of bowling I retired to the van for a little rest and passed the fuck out. The dreams I had during that nap were insane. For some reason or another I was playing bass in Richie Valens' band. Killed it by the way. It all made sense when I looked up and all of Iceage was in the van chain smoking, drinking warm PBR and listening to "La Bamba" on repeat over and over again, not saying a word. How fucking cool is that?

This tour taught me a whole bunch of shit. For one, never trust a person under five feet tall unless the have a medical condition and for another, if you are sick yet nevertheless keep drinking as much as possible, eventually it will all work out. Take that science and medicine. They taught me not to be so jaded about life. Spending time with teenagers is annoying as fuck, however everyday feeling the energy of youth does get contagious. I didn't get nearly enough sleep and the money could've been better nevertheless I wouldn't have traded it for anything. Thanks guys. I leave you with this last few words from Uncle Lolo...

Johan, you are a good man. Well not yet, but someday you will be. Don't take no shit from no one and remember, you got a good looking girlfriend so shit's probably gonna be fine. I will miss our night drives.

Dan, you are a strange little man. You don't say much, but when you do it's usually a curse word or something equally as poignant. I will miss you talking shit to me in Danish.

Anton, you talk way too fucking much, however contrary to popular belief are smart as a mother fucker and probably one of the kindest people I've ever met. Here's some advice from my father, "Don't tell em everything you know." Thank you for fully embracing out secret handshake.

Elias, you are my special little guy. You are gonna get laid a lot in your life. Enjoy it, but remember, the bakery ain't closed till everybody gets their cookies. Also if those fuckers keep calling you names, hit em, eventually they will stop. Wrap it up. You are the sickest DJ ever.

Jakob, you are my favorite. Don't stab anybody with that knife I gave you. I got priors. Slab Af!

TRY HARDER

by Ariel Awesome

Watching from our porch, the shadows of rats scurry across the power lines against the twilight sky. Desperate, they run a 20-foot-high tightrope to get at the sweet, ripe, wild grapes that have wound themselves up to the highest of the oak branches. Stray a little and they fall splat. Start again.

"We've got to cut the grapes down tomorrow, or they'll be none left to make wine," I say watching the rats' swift shadows. Paul turns an ear toward the rustling of jumping rodents as the trees nod.

It's gonna be another hot night. The sound of the freeway is roaring into the open windows, as we are try to cool down the house. I'm pacing, my thoughts jumbled, feeling a little cornered and stretched thin.

Rat on a tightrope. Running.

I'm on the phone with my brother. He needs surgery—he's uninsured, out of money and can't get government help because he is too young, or too old, and he was making too much money on unemployment. Unemployment ran out, and still they say no. "I'm really scared," he says. He tells me a story he read in the local paper about a man his age with the same condition. This man, so desperate and frustrated, forced his hernia to rupture so that he could go to the emergency room. He tells me they didn't get him to the hospital fast enough, and the man died. A wife and three small kids mourn him. "I want to live," he tells me, his voice swelling into the phone. Now I'm scared too. Even with a sympathetic surgeon to help cut down the costs it will cost $16,000. That's more money than I've lived on in the last two years. I place my head in my hands, and wait for a way out to reveal itself.

Mom calls to let me know she's alright, and I admit I hadn't even heard about the bombing. I turn on PBS to get Aljazeera English, but it's already finished and a rerun of *Rick Steve's Europe* is on instead. He's taking a cruise in the fjords of Norway. "It's not cheap, but it's worth it," he smiles. I flip through channels looking for some mention in the news about what is happening in Bagram, but the news is full of analysis of the Republican presidential debates. Rick Perry is shown calling social security a ponzi scheme, and my rightest-of-right-wing Republican father lowers his paper and raises his eyebrow at me. I shake my head and return my full attention to the phone. I listen to her describe what happened a few times. With each telling she is more calm, more numb sounding. "If I had been a few minutes ahead of schedule I wouldn't be talking to you now," she says in a measured way, wondering over it without surprise.

I don't tell my mom how desperate things are getting at home, or that I'm scared and worn down. I tell her to be safe. I turn the word Bagram over in my mind, I find it on a map so I can visualize where she is. She was so crisp on the end of the phone, it's hard to keep the idea of her far away in my mind.

When the phone rings again I am tempted not to answer. I'm right: more bad news. After years of waiting and negotiating, my other brother is losing his house to foreclosure. He seems more relieved than sad, more resigned than beaten. "It's been a long time coming. I made a mistake—we all did, I guess." The house that was his is on a cul-de-sac far out in central California farmland. A subdivision among almond orchards and cow fields. My mother and both brothers bought houses in the same cul-de-sac. They all paid three times what their houses are now worth. Their little corner of rural suburban bliss is falling apart. He called to ask our dad for advice. I hand over the phone, but doubt he'll get much out of it.

Dad, now in his 89th year, has been forgetting things lately. He asks the same three questions again and again and again. The same thoughts coming in cycled waves throughout the day. He shares these little fragments with me, each time with twinkle of discovery in his eye, as if this thought is new and exciting in the world. He gets most of his news from vitriolic talk radio and from tea party newsletters in the mail. He's afraid immigrants are going to steal his money, he's afraid his Halliburton stock will fall, he's afraid someone will notice he's slipping. Sometimes I help him balance his checkbook or double check his math when he is feeling unsure of himself. Last year he gave more money to right wing hate tanks than he spent on his mortgage. He's not a hateful person, but he is feeling frail and vulnerable. He is afraid of the world, afraid there isn't a place for him in it anymore. When tea party crackpots tell him the barbarians are at the gate he is ready to believe them.

I sleep and am relieved to dream of nothing.

In the full, bright sun of the next afternoon I hold the ladder while Paul snips heavy bunches of wild grapes off the vines. I carry away bucket after bucket. The highest bunches are too high for the tallest ladder we have. I think of the scurrying acrobatic rats and smile a little smile for them.

The little grapes are sweet and still warm from the sun. Paul crushes them by hand in the kitchen, and I eat the sweetest ripest ones off every bunch. As I do I'm making a list of things I can do to make things a little better, for me and for the people in my life.

These are desperate times, and its tempting to just throw our hands up in despair, but a simple positive act can turn things around.

For me it can be as simple as making something from scratch and proving to myself not everything has to be bought or sold. Soon the grapes we picked and crushed will be bottles of wine for us to drink and share with our friends. Life isn't any easier, the way isn't any clearer, but feeling capable to meet the bad and hope for good may get me through.

mor eNOiz
e
HARDCORE
charade

I hate Sweden and I love Sweden. The first part is fairly easy to say, but the second part is much harder to say after a lifetime of punk and radical anarcho / leftwing beliefs that dictate that any nationalist or patriotic (or emotional) sentiments for one's country is strictly forbidden. But my life is too complicated for one-way thinking. Case in point: living with a Polish woman (love of my life) in the adopted homeland commonly referred to as London always equates to a three-way compromise, at best. This is globalisation on a personal level, of course, rightly and wrongly. But I do like going to Sweden on holiday. Since last column my girls and I spent two weeks cycling through forests, swimming naked in cold lakes, doing lewd acts in the moonlight, and getting wasted in subcultural drinking houses among beautiful people that don't read *MRR*. What I did not do was score some Swedish hardcore punk bonzers! And this is a major oversight. This summer I ploughed through hundreds if not thousands of records metres in Swedish record shops but I have not found a goddamn record worth buying! Well, I did find a few small-time bonzers, but with the exchange rate SEK vs. GBP having gone through the roof it wasn't worth thinking twice about buying some third-rate Swedish punk 45 rpm for £30 or hell even £50. My theory is that excessive foreign interest in Swedish HC bonzers drained the country of HC bonzers.

This time I managed to trek out to see Mr. Ola Beglert, who lives in a grand old country house in the Midwest. Ola and me inevitably got to talking about fanzines and not before long I insisted on having a look at his zine collection. Follow me, he said, and out we went. All the way out to the barn, where besides a future rehearsal room, a future bar, and a future workshop, the space once inhibited by livestock will soon have a mini-ramp. You have to respect the DIY attitude evident in this ambitious countryside estate planning. Self-reliance! Gah! We climbed up a couple of old ladders, up several levels, until we came to a stop up on a ledge next to an old barrel. Flip the lid and inside it there was what seemed like hundreds of old punk zines. One of the zines at the top was my old zine from back in 1993 or some shit (I'll return to this zine some other time), underneath it I spotted classic Swedish HC zines from the 1980s and 1990s. I insisted that we haul down the damn barrel full of fucking punk zines, heavy as fuck, down the goddamn ladder, and we managed to do this without fucking dying. Then we rolled the barrel up the small hill and straight in bang through the doors of his house and slam into his living room.

Once inside, Ola put on a CONFLICT LP. Then we began; sorted out a million dead insects and kilograms of rat poison and paraphernalia of past drug abuse, all stuff stuck between the covers of the old zines. Then we arranged the zines into piles. One pile for zines I already have at in my massive fanzine archive back in London town, another for zines that aren't worth even looking at (i.e. in our definition any zine with excessive Swedish trall-punk content) and another for those with historical and archival value (e.g. any zine that mentions a classical band, be is G-ANX, SVART PARAD or BRUTAL PERSONAL). Out of this last pile of zines I was allowed to "borrow" some 50 or so zines and take them with me to London, under two conditions: one, I had to write about the zines in this *MRR* column, and two I had to promise to return the zines on my next trip to Sweden (likely to be in the autumn as my sister's due to pop a baby girl sometime come September). The first instalment of my sporadic history of Swedish DIY hardcore fanzines, circa 1983-2002, starts in my next column. I told you I had tons to write about, so the zine thing starts from next *MRR*, OK?

Well, the other massively important thing that has happened since last time is the London riots and looting and arson attacks. I suppose it's inevitable that others will talk about it in this issue of *MRR* and that nerds are interested in my experiences of it as well so here goes: Yes, I witnessed some of it in my area, but it was mostly on the night before it all kicked off all over London. In my area it was quite small-scale, shopping centre and high-street smashed up and looted, a bank had an ATM machine thrown through the front windows out on the street. But overall it wasn't at all as bad as elsewhere. The day after, however, there was rioting in Hackney and it was right on our old flat's doorstep. It was funny to see on TV but it would probably not been so fun to watch from up on the second floor, particularly as the kids were setting fire to all the shops and our old flat was directly over one of the shops they lit on fire! But despite all the news, these things do happen in London from time to time, the only thing that set this aside was that it happened at so many different places at the same time. I mean, during the summer you see burned out cars and scooters everywhere in London—people get mugged and beaten up and murdered, houses gets lit on fire, the police kill a few people, you know, in the larger scheme of things it was pretty much business as usual.

When I first came to London it was a massive culture clash, you know, to see people with bad teeth everywhere, people in NHS prescription glasses from the 1970s, enormously fat and ugly people, the massive divides between the rich and the poor, often living side by side, the virtually decriminalised or near-liberal official attitude to drugs, and the infiltration of narcotics into every fibre of London life, the literal filth you see on streets everywhere, the poorly constructed houses and the extreme lack of a drive to realise the potential for better living conditions, which pervades all aspects of London life. I could go on. But basically decade long observations of scruffy London and its scruffy peoples meant that the riots and its causes, as well as its consequences, were all but too predictable, obvious, so much yesterdays news, and *ugh*. Excuse me, but honestly, you'll have to be a non-Londoner to get all worked up by too much exposure to daily fucking news. The funny thing is that I know Swedes who have lived in London for a decade who are now planning to move back to Sweden, because of the riots you understand.

As for my views—well, I don't think the riots were the work of a criminal conspiracy nor was it a political uprising in the classical mode of containing politically aware working-class people responding to the economic recession or economic austerity. As I say, it was something much more everyday: bored London kids doing what bored kids everywhere do in the summer. My friends and I used to set fire to shit when we were kids. We certainly stole as much as we could. And we hated the police (ACAC). I mean, I don't want to try to minimise the real danger from 25+ large fires in London at one time with police and fire dudes all occupied elsewhere. You know, considering the history of London and the numerous fires that have destroyed the metropolis in the past. 1666! The Blitz! Or something. But just the idea of a massive fire spreading to engulf all of London is quite mind-blowing. But I don't think the crisis quite reached a level where there was a real risk that the fire dept would not be able to contain the fires. As for the looting, of course it was ugly. As many others pointed out, the looting was a pretty appropriate real life symbolism of modern day capitalism, but at a grassroots level. Not to mention the parallels between politicians running amok with expenses for the last decade or longer and the banks forever reaching for short-term gain while it's the head of the average working man and woman who'll have to pay for the fall once it comes, and finally the parallels with how the government (of all parties) have rejected the legitimate calls from its peoples at the numerous demonstrations of the 2000s (the invasion of Afghanistan and then Iraq, the student tuition fees, stop the cuts demonstrations etc). After the summer of hate 2011 how could anyone sanely claim that the UK is a democracy where everyone is afforded the right to speak? No wonder the kids just went with it at the first opportunity. Riot's where it's at! But when you've fucked-up, and everyone knows it, there is no other way to escape humiliation than to continue to lie and cheat. Weaker minds will immediately start to believe in you and if you scream louder lies others will swing around and once you've convinced a lot of people you will start believe yourself! The political establishment's response to the kids smashing up the shops for fun and for greed has of course been exceedingly draconian. Kids have been sent to prison for years, and this is for crimes that normally carry sentences of just months. It is bleedingly clear to me that the government, the police, and the judiciary simply went in for revenge. And that, my friends, is a billion times uglier than bored teenagers smashing high streets. The funny thing is that one of my neighbours was caught looting. The police raided their house last night and found 100s of Nike trainers and other aesthetically gross apparel. But as I write this I can hear a police siren outside on the street, pfffs! Riots and looting—that's nothing new. London's economical and cultural decay is obvious to any visitor.

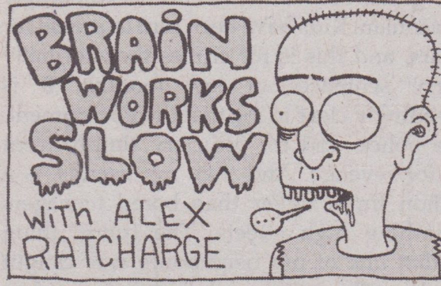
I suppose you're burning to hear about my latest musical exploits? The KRIEGSHÖG CD that HG:Fact put out is an amazing companion to one of the best Japanese hardcore bands of the last five years. The LP is, of course, amazing. Don't let anyone tell you otherwise. But the CD is essential because it contains an alternative take of the 7" EP that is more lo-fi sounding, with a sort of demo sound that is exceedingly charming to listen to while kids smash up your neighbour's car. This is absolutely essential listening!

16 BLÅSARE UTAN HJÄRNA, from Sweden, is a really underrated hardcore band that was around for most of the golden years of Swedish hardcore but still

seems to be largely glossed over by Swedes and foreigners alike. I think the band is kind of like a interesting mix of the dominant themes of Swedish hardcore between 1985 and 1990, but there's also some death rock and even goth in there as well. A very unique mix! I intend to write more about this band in my zine *More Noize*. For now, rumour has it the key dudes from the band have started a new project that continues on the same path as 16BUH. Meanwhile you have to buy the brilliant demos collection CD put out on some US label.

There is a new *More Noize* out. Well, it's been collecting dust since April, but it's definitely fresh from the printers. I've done another zine, which will be printed soon as well (maybe by the time you read this). If you want a copy of either you should check out the international DIY hardcore punk scene, where copies are to be found from the usual suspects. The sixth issue is a meagre effort but contains a KRIG I HUDIK interview and mostly the usual throw-away stuff (*"Throw-away material is what makes them zines!"* – Alex Ratcharge.)

P.S. Last time I mentioned becoming a manager—well the band sacked me! Nice friends I've got. Never trust a friend. Ha!



Wow, guess what happened to me this month? *Nothing at all!* I don't know about your city, but summer in mine has a reputation for intense boredom. Everybody tends to leave on holidays, including the people who usually organize gigs or are good to hang out with, so those who stay end up with nothing to do but melt under the sun next to the river or hang out at home with cat'n'computer, daydream about leaving the country, write throw-away fiction, watch movies, complain about nothing'n'everythin' and make plans for what to do when fall knocks on the door. As it happens, by the time you're reading this column, Summer 2011 will be gone and we'll all have started complaining about the weather being too cold and how there's just too much stuff to do in the city. It's overwhelming y'know?

However, not everyone has been as bored as I have this summer — the English, for instance, have been busy destroying the fuck outta London, burning cars, shops, cops, and whatever else was in their way including some big-ass warehouse where some "independent record labels" tied to Sony Music (someone has to explain to me how a label distributed by Sony gets to be called "independent") stocked countless impossible to sell CDs and are now gonna get tons of money from their insurance company to be able to put out tons of new shitty CDs. Ain't life beautiful? As always when big riots happen the shit-talking machine gets in full swing both in the streets and in the media, with reactions ranging from "I don't understand why they destroyed my friend's shop" to "I don't understand why they destroy anything at all" to "Let's put all these bastards in jail and teach 'em not to mess with England!" and the ever priceless "These people are just savages. It's their fault if the world's such a fucked up place." This morning I read a reaction to the riots by long-time political prisoner Mumia Abu-Jamal, who was reminding us what Martin Luther King said about such phenomena during the '60s — "A riot is the language of the unheard." I think it's a great, simple quote. Indeed, words don't need fanciness to explain why those riots aren't "wrong" or "immoral."

I'm always shocked at people's reactions. Seriously—mass riots are happening all over the world, east'n'west, north'n'south, more and more frequently, with more and more intensity and more and more repression on the part of the state, and to think they're just the result of people being "savages" is beyond dumb. If you treat people like caged animals, they're gonna react like caged animals, and with no end in sight to the disaster that is the neoliberal system, with more and more unemployment the world over, mass-repressions, lack of social everything, banks stealing millions from the people and no reason whatsoever to think things are gonna get better, it's no wonder people's only way of making their anger heard is to fuck shit up in the streets. You still believe in politics, you still believe in changing things from "within the system"? Good on you, but is it really this hard to understand a lot of us don't? I'm not talking from a "punk" perspective here. Sure, Anti-Cimex said this system's a raped ass, whatever the hell that meant, and Discharge urged us to fight the system, fight back, but people less inclined toward glue-sniffing basically say the same things with different words. French sociologist Alain Bertho, who specializes in worldwide riots from the '90s until now, reports that there have been about a thousand riots in the world in the first half of 2011 only, including twenty that resulted from the murders of young people by the police, just like in England. The reasons can be summed up pretty easily—from China to England, people are suffocating and can't take this shitsystem no more, period. And to those who say the riots are justified but will nonetheless result in an intensification of control and repression from governments, you're right, but what other reactions do you suggest? Riots aren't well thought-out political actions, they're the result of intense frustration and helplessness, so they explode in random, unpredictable ways, making 'em hard to predict, and thus more threatening for everyone involved. Which side are you on?

Anyway, apart from checking the news for videos and facts about a bunch of savages and Sex Pistols fans destroying shops for no reason at all, one of the few exciting things that happened to me this summer was the coming of Spanish anarchist punkers Absurdo and Crosta to tear down the walls of a new local squat called the Rock'n'Roll Vengeance. The place is a bit too chaotic for my current tastes (getting older folks, getting older) but young local punks'n'skins seem to really have fun there, and the fact that their garden actually is a giant forest gives the place a bit of charm. Also, seeing a local sixty-year old grandpa crowd surf and pogo with more energy than most people my age was quite something, and definitely made me feel stupid for ever complaining about getting older like I just did, but I'm digressing. Both bands are from Barcelona and were touring together, and both bands killed it. I had already seen Absurdo a year before, then listened to their first tape a dozen times, and their mix of '80s Spanish HC and early '00s thrashcore ala Life's Halt didn't disappoint. They're not retro at all—just simple riffs, loud bass, and pure energy; this is the sound of *now* so get into it and stop bitching about the good old days of Black Flag and the Circle Jerks, 'cause we don't care and we'd rather live in the present, thank you. Crosta's set was slower but just as intense, bringing to mind the darker Crass Records bands, like a rawer, more straight-up version of The Mob maybe, somewhere between two-chords post-punk and anarcho-death-punk; monotonic, hypnotic yet intense drumming, simple guitar riffs, melodic bass lines, and a lot of lyrics sung by all three members, giving the impression they were telling a well-crafted story rather than throwing around a bunch of empty slogans. They sung in Catalan, not Castellan, which led to an interesting discussion with their drummer afterwards. They had a demo tape that I quickly got my hands on but they warned me it was an old recording and they had changed a lot in the meantime. This is true—the tape is more classic Spanish raw punk, still great if you ask me, but it might as well be a completely different band. They also gave me a CD-R with two pre-mixes of songs from their upcoming, self-released LP, which I'm looking forward to, as you should. These two songs are amazing and very close to their live show. Last but not least, they were handing out leaflets to the crowd with their lyrics translated to English, and they had a bunch of free punk zines at their distro table, with killer drawings, pictures and articles about the likes of OTAN, White Boss, Las Otras, Deny It or Crimen De Estado, fuck, these things don't happen often anymore and it's a real breath of fresh air to see they still do, which makes me want to start doing free zines to distribute at gigs again. You can listen to a couple songs by each band at these addresses: absurdo.interrupciones.net and crosta.interrupciones.net.

So that wraps it up for this month, kids. If you fell asleep while reading, here's a quick rundown: summer in Lyon sucks ass, Spanish punks know something you don't, riots are unavoidable reactions to a fucked up world, Mumia Abu Jamal is still in jail, and French sociologists have something in common with Anti-Cimex. And I thought nothing was happening...

Thanks for reading! ratcharge@gmail.com

BASEMENT SCREAMS

Annnnd I'm back. The last thing I wrote as a short bit about modern mastering vs. what you'd hear on a record 20 or 30 years ago, specifically as that pertains to "pyunk" and other extreme music. As we march on into the ever-loudening future, it has become harder and harder to find much of anything mastered at what would have been considered an acceptable "loudness" 20 or more years ago. The sound quality suffers, the nuances of the recording are eroded, and your ears are abused—all of this you've probably heard before, both in this column and just about everywhere else.

Beautiful synchronicity presented itself to me again just after sending that last column off, I was asked to give my opinion on what version of DISCHARGE's first five singles would be best to use as a master for a re-release. Hopefully you're familiar with these records (because they kinda fuckin' shred), and if you are, you're probably aware they've been perpetually available in any number of re-packagings on any number of media formats since they were first thrust in their afterbirth from the gash of brutality called Stoke-on-Trent. This is not unusual for artists that are considered highly influential and of cultural value. Relatively speaking though, there are not too many artists in punk/hardcore/underground-shit-noize to which this honor is afforded. In the plain 'ol rock 'n' roll world, it's not unusual for there to be any number of master copies of a recording in existence. In the case of DISCHARGE, these tapes are either missing or unavailable to the band (I'm unsure if there is a label that may be holding these hostage somewhere, or if they are merely buried by the sands of time).

This is where the obsessive-compulsive tendencies start to kick in. The reason it's important to give a fuck about things like how a record is mastered upon its initial release, and to be aware of the differences in subsequent re-releases of the same music, is because there may very well come a day when the actual master tapes are no longer accessible and you have to choose from the best of what has been commercially available up to that point for use as a master. At this point I suspect that all the trend jumping, chaos-strapped bebe-punx have all dropped off this page, and not even writing DISCHARGE again is going to bring them back. Much too much talk about things that neither pertain to fashionable leather clothing, or which brand of paint gives the best huff for your (parent's credit card's) buck. In the end they will sell their cruddy noise core records for pennies on the dollar whenst they drop out, and we will flip these piles of crap and use the money to purchase more things of certified bonzer status.

Back to the nerd shit…

In many cases in the past, vinyl has actually proven to endure better for archival purposes than original master tapes, which if not stored properly, will deteriorate much faster. A number of now classic KBD type bands have had their material harvested off of stock copies of original singles and then used for repressing. As noted before, Discharge has had all of their important material perpetually in print, so measures this drastic aren't quite needed. Nevertheless I did review the original Clay 7" vinyls as sort of a baseline for this endeavor. In addition I reviewed the 1990 CD pressing of *Punk and Destroy* on the Toys Factory label, the Protest and Survive 2xCD on Clay from 1992, and the Castle Music pressings from 2003, which split the singles tracks as bonuses between *Why* and *Hear Nothing* CDs.

Not surprisingly, the older releases are better because they're from a time before loudness was not valued above all else. The *Punk and Destroy* CD essentially plays like a pretty close replication of the original vinyl Clay releases. The cleaner digital translation does smooth over some of the roughness that the vinyl cut most likely took on when the master plates were made, but it still maintains a good amount of headroom, a balanced EQ, and the full range of the stereo field heard on the original releases. This is surely the best available copy of this music. Surprisingly the Clay 2xCD from only a short time later is louder, much more shrill, and generally quite shitty sounding. Not very much like the original releases at all. As a side note, despite the fact *Punk and Destroy* was released as a CD in 1990, the contents of the CD probably come from the original release in 1984. The Castle Music versions are a bit more blown out and have the most noticeable narrowing of the stereo field, but also sound overall better than what's on the Clay double CD. It seems like these are most geared at "modern" audiences, as they seem specifically geared towards making the songs sound more guitar heavy by pushing them more into the center, and adding more gain to the overall sound. While it doesn't necessarily sound bad, it's a bit counterfeit.

Why do anything to *update* the sound of *Realities of War*? To many people it might not matter. To them it's the same mix, mastering is just some shit they do after the fact. These are probably the same people that press records off of MP3s and watch the versions of Star Wars with the added CGI scenes. I cannot abide. Maybe it's nerd shit, but constantly revising and updating classic records, which are like sacred objects to some of us, seems like the antithesis of how music—at least in punk—should be handled. Obviously it's not something that everyone is going to be wary of, but I hope that at least a few people out there care, so that not quite everything gets bastardized in the future. Just saying.

MRR: Do you got a
George Tabb sez
Take my life, please!

I got a couple of CDs in the mail from my pal, Chris Barrows, a few months back. I should have mentioned them earlier, but my Yorkshire Terrorists have been busy running around with the TV and stereo remote, so all I ever get to listen to is *Jingle Dogs: Greatest Hits,* meaning I never got a chance to hear them until now.

One from the Pink Lincolns, is amazing, incredible raw Floriduh punk rock fury. It's called *Background Check*. The songs kick ass, but what's more, they play a couple of covers along with a song called "Ex-Lion Tamer." Say no more, wink wink, nudge, nudge.

Then there's the one from the Spears featuring Chris from the above mentioned band on vocals, Sam Williams, Rob Rampy, and Gary Strickland from Hated Youth on bass. If you never heard or saw Hated Youth, you only missed the tightest, meanest, funniest, nicest thrash band, ever. And from Tallahassee, Floriduh. So check these albums out.

But why am I mentioning them? Because a few weeks ago I got an email from a sort-of-under-age girl in Erie who told me she was sorry to hear I was ill and all, but wanted to remind me of what good times she had with me and my band, Furious George, back in Erie, PA, some years ago. Especially at some bar called Norb's.

Of course, she's grown up a bit now, and would probably even be legally allowed into what became a night of X-rated drunken stupidness. That night reminded me of my oh-so-stupid and wonderful Floriduh days with Roach Motel and these bands (or versions thereof), so, here's to you, Susan, really, thanks for the mammories!

***

"Should we?", I asked Evan, bass player of Furious George, as we stood on stage at IQ Records in Erie Pennsylvania.

"Yeah," said Evan. He knew what I was talking about. Not missing a beat, Michael, our drummer, went into a strip-tease rhythm as Evan and I got completely naked.

"What song ya wanna do?" asked Evan, as he stood before me, and about two hundred kids, really hairy, and completely exposed.

"I dunno, Sonic Reducer?" I said, not so hairy, and not as exposed, because I was able to hide behind my guitar. My big, white, guitar.

"Okay," said Evan, as he took a Styrofoam cup, and put it over his dick. It just stayed there.

"Amazing," said Michael, from behind the drum set.

"Incredible," said Rob, our stand in bass player for the song.

"Absolutely incredible and amazing," said Matt, from Dick Army, who was in the audience.

"What?", I asked, "that his wiener can hold a cup in place?"

"No," said Matt, "That he's an American Werewolf In Erie!"

We kicked into the song, and Evan chased around the crowd, screaming and naked, putting GG Allin to shame. He reminded me of that Dr. Pepper guy when he turned into that big dog in London, and went around biting off people's heads. Only Evan was scarier. He rules.

***

"Didja have fun tonight?" asked Rebecca, the girl from The Go-Go Rays who booked the show. "It was a blast," I told her, her newly permed hair, and her boobs, which were at eye level as we sat on stools at Norb's, a local redneck bar in Erie.

"Really?" she asked, with that little girl excitement in her voice.

"Really," I said. "It was great getting to play naked in forty degree weather, and having people see my penis the size of a deflated children's party balloon."

"You really couldn't see it," explained Rebecca, "I mean, your big, white, and studly guitar did a good job hiding it." We both laughed as Matt, from Dick Army, who played on the bill that night, walked up to us and asked us if the drinks were free.

"It's karaoke night," said Rebecca, "no bands are playing, so we don't get free drinks, but we do get to sing if we want to!" Matt and I looked at the stage in the back of Norb's. On it was two television sets, one facing the audience, and one facing the Karaoke DJ, who was busy loading up his CD player with disks.

"What kind of songs does he let you sing?" I asked Rebecca. "Oh, anything," she said, "but mostly it's C&W."

"Isn't that a television station?" I start to ask.

And as if by cue, some guy in a denim jacket, missing a bunch of teeth, but owning a crutch, walked on stage and started to sing along to "God Bless Texas." He was awful. He was great.

"This rocks," I said to Rebecca, soaking in the local culture, and feeling superior that I live in a real city. "You think so?" she said, with a sort of evil grin on her face.

"Yeah," I replied, "I do. This is more fun than the Mars Bar. And I thought that place was hell on Earth." Or the last stop before! "Then go sing, big shot," she told me.

I told her and her hair and her boobs that I would.

I walked up to the DJ guy, and asked him if I could sing a song. He couldn't understand what I was saying because the toothless guy was busy wailing away about big pickup trucks, big guns, and whatever.

"I wanna sing a song!" I yelled at the D.J. "Fill out a form," he told me, as he handed me a little colored slip of paper. I looked at the form. It asked for the song name, number, and my name.

"How do I know the number?" I asked the guy.

"It's in this book," he said, as he handed me the Karaoke Bible.

I opened it, and to my amazement, it had thousands of songs. It was incredible. Not as incredible as the hair on Evan's back, but close.

Finally I picked a song, "Sweet Child Of Mine," by Guns & Roses. I filled out the form with the song name, number, and my name. Furious George.

"Thanks Furious George," the DJ said to me as I handed him the form, "I'll play if for ya in a while, we got a shitload of people waiting to sing. See all these papers on top of my CD player, these are people before you."

I looked, saw the huge pile, nodded my head, and asked him how much he wanted for me to sing the song. "It's free, buddy," he explained. "The bar makes such a killing on these Karaoke nights."

"Cool," I said. I returned to the bar, and told Rebecca and Matt what I'd done. They told Rob and Rob, from Dick Army and The Go-Go Rays. Who told Evan and Michael. And suddenly everyone was up front filling out those damn forms.

About four beers, and ten lame country songs sang by hicks missing various body parts, later, the DJ announced me.

"Will Furious George please come to the stage?" he said in his smooth AM DJ voice. I ran up front as the opening notes of "Sweet Child Of Mine" began.

"Do you mind if I change the lyrics a bit?" I said to the DJ as the words to the song began to appear in white on a blue screen in front of me.

"Go for it, dude," he replied.

Then I opened my mouth to sing. The whole place got quiet. I guess they weren't used to a Jewish guy in a leather jacket, ladies stretch jeans, bleached blonde hair, and who had all his body parts. Well, most, anyway.

"She's got tits, as wide as a yard," I sang in my best falsetto, "you know she makes my dick hard, whoa, sweet child of mine!" Boos and cat-calls.

"She drives around in a pick up truck, that girl loves to butt-fuck, whoa, sweet child of mine," I continued. They began spitting beer.

"Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, sweet child of mine," I sang. More beer.

As I sang, I looked at the crowd. They were furious. Middle fingers up everywhere. Then I looked at the D.J. He was smiling. I think he liked me. Or liked the fact that finally he was getting some action.

I continued the song, with lyrics that could have gotten me killed. At one point, some long haired hippie with a faint resemblance to Johnny Ramone ran up to me and told me, "dude, if you don't stop now, you aren't going to make it out of the club alive."

I told him not to worry and finished the song. Afterward, the DJ asked everyone to give me a hand. They gave me spit and broken beer bottles instead. Johnny Ramone told me that tonight was the night that all his friends would kill me. I thanked him.

Next up was some girl with real tight jeans. Real tight.

She started to sing that song "I'm a bitch, I'm a whore," or whatever. All us punks up-front started cheering wildly. She smiled at us and I actually think she liked us. When she was done, and walking off stage, I told her she was great.

"I know," she said, with her nose and ass in the air.

"Coming up now we have Evan," exclaimed the D.J.

Evan ran up on stage in his black leather jacket, sunglasses, and men's jeans. Pussy. He sang "Highway Star" like a real man. The whole time we kept yelling for him to take it off.

A couple of rednecks followed, then it was Matt Army's turn. He sang ZZ Top's "Sharp Dressed Man," only he sang, "Every girl's crazy about a Punk Rock Man!" We all sang along, with our fists in the air. After Matt was through, the DJ asked us where we were from.

"New York," I told him, "We just played a gig here, us, being Furious George, Dick Army, and The Go-Go Rays!"

"All you bands are from New York?" he asked.

"Yeah," I said to him. I had had too many beers to explain that The Go-Go Rays were local. "Well, my name is Fred," said the DJ", and it sure is an honor to have you punk rockers sing here at Norb's!"

We thanked him, and told him he ruled for letting us sing. He told us that we were pissing off the locals, and that was a good thing. We smiled. "Next up, from New York City, we have Rob!" announced Fred, and Rob Army walked on stage.

The music began, and I looked at Evan. Evan looked at Michael. Michael looked at Rebecca. Rebecca looked at Matt. Matt just shrugged his shoulders. The music that had begun was "Kiss" by The Artist Formally Known As Prince.

Suddenly the dance floor in front of us is packed with what seemed like every girl from Erie. Rob starts singing the song. And he does it right. Just like that dark little midget sings it. And the girls go nuts. They dance around like crazy, and Rob starts making those moves like The Artist Formally Known as Prince. All our jaws drop to the floor. Fred just smiles, and starts to grove with Rob. Who knew?

When the song was over, all the girls cheered, and Rob walked off stage like a real rock star. All the girls fawned all over him like he was The Artist Formally Known As Prince. Granted he's at least three feet taller, but, whatever. Maybe in Erie they didn't know the difference.

Fred then calls me again to the stage. I am now so drunk that when the song starts, I don't know what it is. So I just rant and rave about pick-up trucks, men with beards, women with beards, and how I hate my life. The audience again starts to boo, and, again, Johnny Ramone runs up to me to tell me I'm a dead man. I tell him to cut his hair, and continue to rant about how I'd rather fuck the exhaust pipe of a Toyota pickup than anything in Erie. When I exit the stage, three guys with beards tell me that I won't make it out of the club alive. I ask them to define "alive."

"And now it's time for Michael, one of our New York friends," announces Fred, "doing Minnie The Moocher!" Drummers.

Michael takes the stage, hears the beginning of the song, and tells everyone it's not the Cab Calloway version. Rebecca reminds him that it's Erie.

"Oh," says Michael, then sings the song pretty damn well.

The night continues, and we drink more and more. I fill out one more slip, for "My Way" by Frank Sinatra. A parade of rednecks grace the stage for the final half hour of the karaoke party, and after they leave the stage, they all tell us that "You New Yorkers are dead!" I smile. The rest of the bands want to kill me.

"Well," announces Fred, "it's about the end of the night and we got one more song!" I walk on stage, expecting to sing "My Way".

"Not yet, Furious George," says Fred into the mic, "I'm gonna do one!"

"All right!" we all yell.

"This one's for all my New York punk rock friends," yells Fred, with true rock star potential, "and it's by Green Day! Basket Case!"

Fred sings the intro to the song, and we all bop up and down. When the song kicks in, so do we. The next thing that happens is that there is a huge mosh pit on the floor of Norb's. A Punk Rock Karaoke Party. We all slam into each other, as Fred, in his button up shirt and nice slacks, sings just like Billy Joe.

As Fred continues to wail away, someone knocks over a PA speaker, but no one cares. Except for some rednecks. They break into the mosh pit and start pulling us apart, yelling "no fighting!" Fred stops singing, and nicely tells the white trash "this is their way of dancing! This is their way of expressing themselves!" The rednecks nod their heads, confused, and let us slam into each other again. Fred continues to sing till the end of the song, and we all go nuts, whistling, clapping, and slapping his hand. He ruled.

Suddenly the notes to "My Way" begin, and Fred calls me up to the stage.

"This is truly the last song of the night, ladies and gentlemen," explains Fred, "and Furious George from New York is here to sing it for you. My Way!"

"And now, the end is near," I sing, with all seriousness, "and so I face, the final curtain." The place gets dead quiet.

Instead of singing the next couple of lines I invite all of Dick Army and The Go-Go Rays on stage to sing. Most of them join me.

"Regrets, I've had a few," we all sing, as we put our arms around each other's shoulders, "but too few to mention." We continue to do the song, and jokingly, I invite all the rednecks and hicks to join us. They do.

Suddenly there are about twenty or so of us on stage, arms around each other's shoulders, singing Frank. I look over to Fred, who just shrugs his shoulders, puts his arm around the nearest hick, and joins in. I look over at Rebecca. Two huge guys with beards surround her. Evan and Michael and Matt are also shoulder-to-shoulder with some of the guys who were telling us they were gonna kill us earlier.

"And I did it, Myyyyyyyyyyyyy Waaaaaaaaaaaaaaay!" we all sing at the end of the song, and then for some reason, hug each other. "Let's hear it for The New York Punk Rockers and their friends," yells Fred into the mic, and everyone in Norb's cheers wildly.

We all bow. Us and the rednecks. Arms still around each other. "You guys are welcome back anytime," Fred says to us. I look at all the locals on-stage with us. They look back at me.

"Awww, what the hell," says one of the big guys, "you guys visit again, huh? And with that, he gave me a big bear hug. His beard got all in my face and stuff. But it felt great. I hugged him back. Hard.

As we all left the stage, and made our way out of Norb's, we received a standing ovation. Even Johnny Ramone gave me a pat on the back. Once outside, we said goodnight to Fred, and the rednecks, and told them we hoped to see them again. Soon.

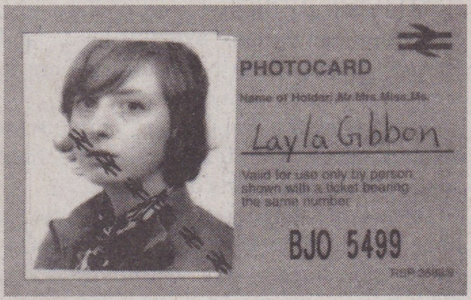
"Ya'll coming back for another punk rock gig?" asked one of the locals, mustache, flannel shirt, and all. "Fuck the punk rock," I exclaimed, "Karaoke!" Everyone cheered. Then hugged.

We'd made new friends. My way.

Take My Life, Please!

Endnotes:

1. Have fun no matter where or what you are doing. It's what makes life worth living. Sermon done for this month!



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SKATE FOR FUN OR NOT AT ALL

One of the things that sucks about coordinating this magazine is sitting down at the end of the month, after working a seven day week of zillion hour days making sure the magazine is OK to get in to the printer on Friday AM, then having to pull a column outta that brain freeze malaise collapse. Things that have been occurring round these parts include staying up until the morning with oldest and best Bay Area friend and others yelling about music discoveries via the internet as opposed to older more "authentic" ways such as having to hang out with creepy dudes so you can tape their record collections when you were thirteen. The idea of punk being the possibility of DIY, the olden days of kids in Poland and Brazil making their own shit because of rumors and random discoveries as opposed to instant MySpace style connections and message board battles. But not like one is the good thing and the other is the bad... also the idea of punk as being something that you make and do, not something you dress as. Not who you know or what someone says about you behind your back, but what you fucking do! The this that presents itself to you is an adventure, freedom from boredom and a possibility or is it a rulebook, tyranny of expectations, dress codes and D-beat is the only beat. You know the eternal conversation. Off the pigs!

People who think punk should just be an outfit and a specific replication of a sound from 1982, 1976, 1979, 1992 people who think punk should be without content just an image they can adapt to their needs... Listen to "Bullet Proof Nothing" by Simply Saucer with coffee'd out brains and wooden fingers and wonder what it all means. If anything at all. If you exist for reasons other than being a fake GG or Wattie or all of the Seeds at once. Brian Jones hair cut, winkelpickers, bad breath, early death. "Dust to dust, dust to dreams, noise to stone." If you exist to make sure the authentic Sports Bar Bro mentality is present in all situations you run rampant in, to make sure that girls are aware that they are only welcome if they can pretend to laugh at your jokes and let everything slide because they are cool like that... Weird attempted Raymond Chandler/Raymond Carver constructions, a street light flickers, cigarette ash falls, the myth of the private eye, the Hubert Selby Jnr character that'll kill us all for being weak or indifferent, of identity and a vision that is not your own. Just an imagined take on grittiness with all those that make up the grittiness wiped out and recreated as ciphers. Tabla Rasa. The word "hipster." So grim, it's all so meaningless. Talking about punk constantly. Outlining what it is and isn't, what the possibilities are and aren't. Making it less and less appealing until one day you find yourself listening to Esplendor Geometrico and Psychic TV and wondering what that phase was all about... Can a punk get a break? When the ground is taken out from under you and you get defensive remember that that is what it's like for punks of color and lady punkers on the regular. On the defensive, having to back up everything with fifty nine pieces of evidence because what do you know man, you're supposed to be "cool" so things don't get "weird." Relax babe.

I got a hair cut, in the *MRR* courtyard, by columnist and general delightful human Ariel Awesome, my last hair cut came courtesy of another columnist Bryony Beynon, when she was visiting from das UK. Homemade hair cuts in desperate times! What is the reason for all this... endless discussion of not very much. The continued existence of mankind. I am leaving the country for a month, so the next issue of this mag you are reading is gonna be all Mariam Bastani creations... Edited, laid out and finalized by her fine hands. In other *MRR* news, we have a new distribution coordinator, Fred is handing over the reigns to Amelia, who just moved here from NYC and is not quite ready to give up the studs and spikes for Birkenstocks and the Grateful Dead... And we started figuring out the next photo issue, it's gonna be mostly "classic" era punk photography, and we have some doozies lined up along with some that took killer pix but get no modern day recognition so watch out for that next year. I am gonna leave these bouts of insanity and give you a top ten of sorts!

1-See my review of the Vixens demo in the demo section this month. Band blew my brains out and didn't bother to put em back. Vixens.bandcamp.com

2-Staring Problem tape: I feel as if I am gonna fall into a lake of my own hyperbole but this is totally great nervous sounding post-punk that's quiet and unsettling, Allison Stratton vocals and really, the person that is writing these words out is so psyched that there are ladies making sounds as transcendent and rife with possibility / fear / otherworldliness as this. Moderntapes.bandcamp.com

3-*Ke Mal Vivimos* tape: Beautifully put together compilation of obscure '80s world punk from Uruguay's INSURRECCION to Norway's TERROR, lots of classic Basque punk, in short this is a ahem, world class compilation of punk and hardcore, it's not for sale, rather you have to make Teo a mix tape or send him a tape of your band's noise destruction and he will send you this in return. Do it or lose! bastardosucio@hotmail.com

4-Household are gonna have a 12" on Dull Knife and a tape on Wild Isle, and you should get both. Even though they are done as a band, their music is so good, like Christina Billotte bands, seriously, Autoclave!!! Who can capture the unease of post-punk girls with their own identity and take on the ideal, it makes me psyched to know such band ideas exist! And also Talya from Household is in a new HC band called In School that is gonna be by new band to lose my brainz over I can feel it. Household.bandcamp.com

5-Brainwaves tape! Also in demos section, just so good...

6-The song "I Don't Wanna Work For BA No More" By Scissor Fits. Why fly for free when complaining creates such works of punk? Kill yr boss.

7-"Bullet Proof Nothing" by Simply Saucer. Outer spaceful.

8-The song "You Take Time" by Bleached from LA. I have to say my fave post-Mika Miko band is Crazy Band, who just put out a killer LP if you like falling apart punk made by snotty FU skater girls from LA. But this song is so good! Jennifer and Jesse Clavin's new band. "You take time / To go nowhere." Like a punk girl's take on "So tired / tired of waiting/Tired of waiting for you..." by the Kinks with added Zeros/ Ramones dreamy snot...

9-Alex Ratcharge! Visiting columnist attack!

10-The song "Milo Minute" from the last Grass Widow 7". Not a huge fan of this band, but some of their songs are just transcendent... I know they get this comparison all the time but it has the sense of wonder that some Raincoats songs have…

whatwewantisfree.blogspot.com
Layla@maximumrocknroll.com

THE DICKTATOR

mariam bastani

Hi Ya'll! So the cartoonist, columnist and zine maker extraordinaire Alex Ratcharge is visiting here from Lyon, France which means we have been doing lots of touristy shit, drinking beer and making jokes about French people. It's true, *MRR* roommate Danny and I have been poking fun at him about being French. He has, by choice, been surviving on a steady diet of burgers and we correct him when he orders to make sure he says "Freedom Fries." We made him recite a few lines of the "Le Poisson" song and when he didn't do it "French" enough we made him do it "Frencher." We played the song several times to make sure he got it right. We were constantly laughing in a "French" way and using a fake accent. We took a cab one day to the pier to go to Alcatraz and the cab driver was a sarcastic old SF native that kept fucking with Alex because he is French. What followed was a completely sarcastic political discussion about "France" and how the US is better. I know you are thinking, "Poor Alex he must have been annoyed." Maybe he was taking the abuse because he is a polite European (that's racist... kidding), but he didn't seem to mind. As a matter of fact, at one point we became concerned that it was making him uncomfortable and told him that if it's annoying that he should tell us. He laughed and said that he thought it was funny, then proceeded to make fun of us for being Americans right back.

What is the point of all this? During a drunken hang out with Alex, he said to me, "It's good to hang out with you this way, see you partying and getting drunk." I was utterly confused. "What do ya mean?" I asked. He responded, "After reading your columns for this long, you seem so serious, I just didn't expect this." Alright so my columns do not come across as fun and maybe I seem hard line, but this column is not about me convincing you that I am a fun or nice person. The function is to highlight that there are tons of people like me who take racism, culture, inequality and things of that nature very seriously, but that we are not hardened, boring, or single minded people. Also, to let people know that if you didn't know it before, people who take these things seriously do have a sense of humor. As a matter of fact, people of color have been using humor since the beginning of time to deal with issues of racism, sexism, etc… I am not saying that it always yields positive or virtuous results… Look at Kat Williams and his recent anti-Mexican diatribe or George Lopez and some of his homophobic material… ouch. Regardless, we, and I mean POC in the sense of people of other ethnicities and ethnic backgrounds that have the shared knowledge of experiencing racism, have been using humor through different means of artistic expression that some people deem "inappropriate" for a long time.

Now, we can probably agree that public and private forums make a difference, because they do. While my roommate Danny and I were hanging out with Alex, it was very apparent to us, even though unspoken, that the jokes we were making were that about national identity. We are friends and the jokes were silly, maybe a little offensive, but not threatening in any way. If you think about it, a first generation American of Persian and Mexican decent and a queer first generation Korean Happa and a straight white French dude fucking with each other as pals is kinda crazy. If Alex were a dark skinned gay Frenchmen of Algerian decent, the comedy probably would have gone down the same way. Do we notice these differences? Sure, but not in the way I described. We do not "catalog" difference when we meet others, but it is natural that your point of view informs your sense of humor. I guess that is why the comic that was run in *MRR* a few months ago struck a chord with so many, because the point of view presented was arguably satirical, but it was indeed racist. Now are Avi and Vinny racist? I wouldn't go as far as to say that, but the comic was and it was their vision.

There is a difference between humor with cultural overtones, and there is a difference between "racist" humor. The way you see the world may be "true" in your eyes, but that doesn't mean it's not racist. It's logical that the lens in which you see the world could very well be tinted by racism. I decided to ask Danny what her thoughts on the comic were. A mini interview:

MRR: Do you think the depictions of Asians in this comic are racist?

Danny: Yes.

MRR: Why?

Danny: (Laughs)… First of all, who has "Fu Manchu" mustaches anymore? Well, Besides white hipsters… And who wears their hair in an "ironic" bun like that? Except white hipster girls… And, Avi, Your mandarin is not even spelled right… Ironically it actually spells, "Fuck you Whitey."

MRR: In an Asian accent of course…

Danny: But of course. (In Asian accent). Yeeeees, Mr. Bond… (In an even more Asian accent).

MRR: So would you say that this is racist because…?

Danny: Because it follows historically offensive Asian stereotypes. It is reminiscent to me the way old movies in the '30s and so forth used white actors to depict Asians. Like white people in blackface. Shit, I don't even know what he is talking about, I never see Asian people in the TL.

MRR: So you are actively looking for Asians in the TL?

Danny: I even created a blog called Asian to Asian connect.com or "How did you get my number.com." Its sole purpose is to help Asians find each other when we are not wearing our "rice picking hats." I guess sometimes we are too busy putting on our dragon make-up for the full moon festival.

MRR: What about the teeth of the "Asian" in the comic? Does that offend you?

Danny: Let me explain… Well, when I got my front teeth knocked out in a bike accident when I first moved to SF a year ago I had to have them replaced with veneers. I actually insisted that the dentist go ahead and upgrade my teeth to a larger size model.

MRR: Was it for fear that your Asian community wouldn't recognize you with the colonizer model of the front teeth your orthodontist was trying to "white-ify" you with?

Danny: Yes. And for fear that my mother would disown me, because there is a long held myth in Asian society that the bigger your teeth are, the bigger your brain is. I think there is actually anthropological evidence to support this claim.

MRR: Interesting. So one could say that this comic is unknowingly telling Asian people that they are smarter than the authors of said comic?

Danny: I believe that is correct.

MRR: Thank you for the brief interview: "Korean Woman: A Perspective," Danny.

Any last words?

Danny: "I'm sorry if I'm alienating some of you, Your whole fucking culture alienates me."

There is another very important aspect to the argument—Art and the freedom to express unpopular views. When Avi responded saying that he drew the comic as true to the nature of the text as he could, it made me recall an interview with Art Spiegleman (a big deal editor, artist, etc… in the comics world, the guy that wrote Maus) in the *Comics Journal* by Gary Groth. (Warning: Nerd Alert…)

Spiegelmen is asked about Robert Crumb's *Self-Loathing* comic as a work and about the racist imagery he uses and creates. Spieglman critiques it as a great comic, but goes on to say the following:

Spiegelman: [Crumb] actually made it a project to observe what happens when nothing's happening…. [Crumb's work has a] relentless intensity of inhabiting those moments that don't have anything in them. That makes it really for me, great stuff. But you asked me if I thought Crumb was a racist. I think, after all is said and done, yeah he is, but so what?

Groth: [laughs] Hmm…

Spiegelman: He's not a racist like the neo-Nazis who republished his material. One can kind of beg the issue and say, "Well, he's more of a misanthrope than a racist, and he hates himself more than he'll hate any other group." I should also say that I'm willing to recognize racism in myself. So I'm not sure how stinging a review it is to call him a racist in that context.

Groth: That's what I was going to ask because if you say that virtually everyone is a racist because everyone harbors some sort of racism, the term's meaning tends to diminish.

Spiegelman: But I think once you take it on as a subject, you're responsible to do more than just give in to it. That feeling of responsibility isn't something that can or should be imposed from outside. He doesn't feel it. And I think that's where my problem with those aspects of Crumb's work lies, rather than with whether or not he's racist. Not like he's responsible to make the world a better place, but he's responsible to dig deeper into what it means to mess with this particular brand of dynamite.

For the most part, I agree with this sentiment. Anyone can decide to use or include imagery and language that is inherently racist, sexist, transphobic, etc., in their art. No one can really stop anyone from doing so, but whether or not you agree, there is a level of responsibility involved when an artist decides to tread those waters. This is where the real fight is. Can you take it on when you do use material that you know will rile people to the core? Or will you hide away? Blame others? Pass the buck?

After long conversations about this in which people condemned Layla and I and praised Layla and I for running this comic, we decided that we will never run anything of this nature without a commentary attached right along side it or if we do run something like the comic, it can only be something we can whole heartedly defend. The issues that the comic raised are important ones, but it is true that *MRR* is a music magazine first and foremost as it should be. I wouldn't be part of *MRR* it were anything different, but it can also be a battle ground for some of this… there is room. So I want to apologize to those we alienated, and I want to thank the people who responded on both sides. I know where I stand in matters of racism and I hope that this discussion made people think about where they stand too.

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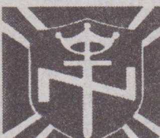
!TEST YOUR RACIST SYMBOLS KNOWLEDGE!

There has been a spike in White power group membership and activity in SF as of late. I recently had an altercation with a "punk" on the bus with a White Power tattoo on her neck (number 15) and when I described the incident, a fair number of the punks around here did not know of this symbol or it's meaning. "How odd," I thought, "aren't we supposed to be punks?" So with the help of Southside Chicago's ARA, I have created this fun match game to educate and test your knowledge. Enjoy! Check out southside.antiracistaction.org for more info!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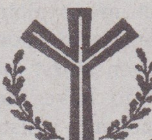
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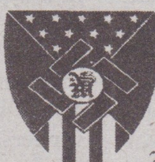
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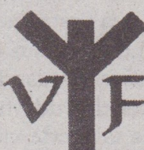

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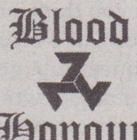

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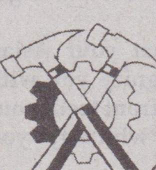
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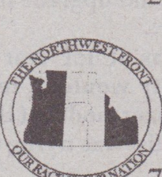
THE NORTHWEST FRONT
OUR RACE IS OUR NATION
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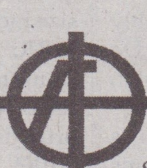
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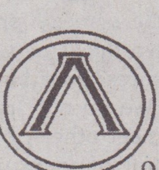
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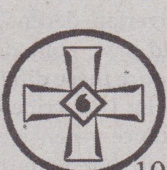
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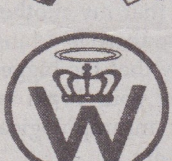

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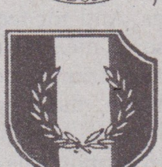
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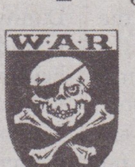

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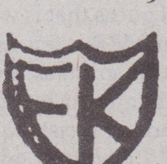

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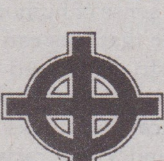
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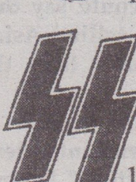
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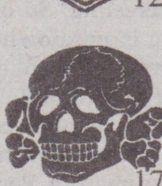
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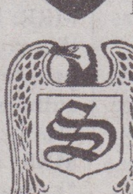

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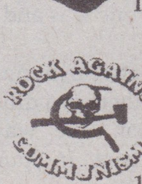

19

14/88
WPWW 20

A) Creativity Movement (formerly known as "World Church of the Creator," or as Dan G described "like an art class, except you only paint in one color."
B) White Aryan Resistance
C) Rock Against Communism (Abbreviated as RAC, a far right and racist music genre).
D) Volksfront (also appropriates Algiz Rune.)
E) SS bolts (used by members of the SS in the German 3rd Reich)
F) Northwest Front
G) American Front
H) Totenkopf ("Death's Head" symbol used by the SS.)
I) Aryan Nations
J) Vinlanders Social Club
KKK) White Revolution
L) Sample Neo-Nazi Codes: "14/88" stands for the fourteen words, a racist motto ("We must secure the existence of our people and a future for our white children,") plus 88, an abbreviation for "Heil Hitler" ("H" being the eight letter of the alphabet, so 88= HH.) "WPWW" stands for "White Pride Worldwide."
M) Celtic cross (appropraited by racists to signify white pride.)
N) National Alliance (Algiz of "life rune" with laurels.)
O) Hammerskin Nation
P) Ku Klux Klan
Q) European Kindred (heavy presence in Oregon prisons.)
R) Blood & Honor (logo features "rolling Sevens"/ triskele favored by white Afikaner racists.)
S) Nationalist Socialist Movement
T) Skrewdriver (a popular band in racist/"RAC" music.)

1-I, 2-N, 3-S, 4-D, 5-R, 6-O, 7-F, 8-G, 9-KKK, 10-P, 11-A, 12-J, 13-B, 14-Q, 15-M, 16-E, 17-H, 18-T, 19-C, 20-L

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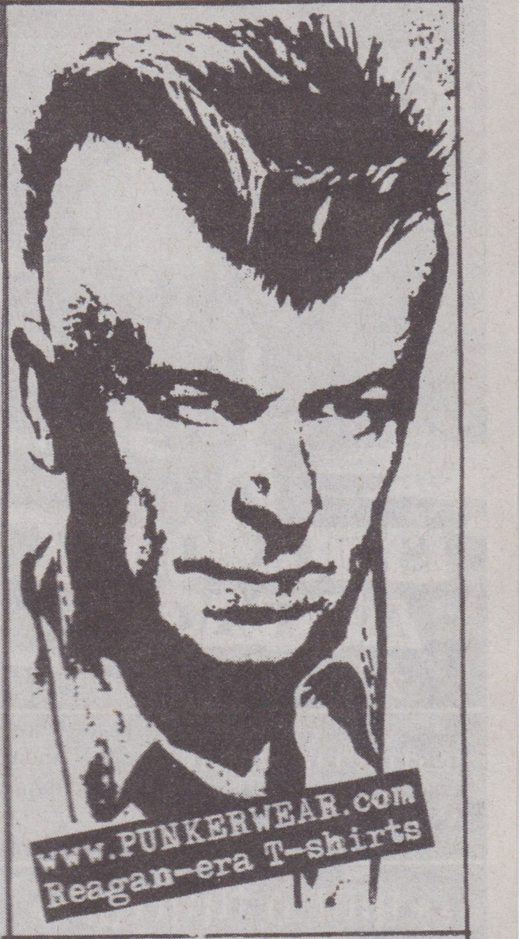

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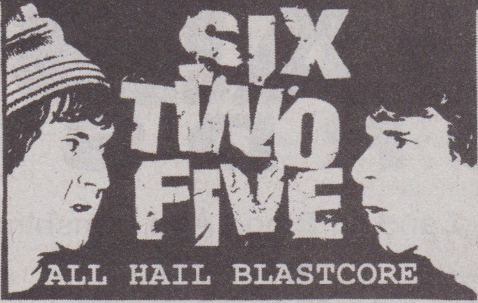

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APT. 213 CD:Clevo power-tool-violence
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SECOND OPINION CD:Fast HC - Demo/EP/Live
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DISCARGA 3rd LP/CD:Ballistic Brazilian HC
SLIGHT SLAPPERS-2nd LP Tokyo violence
ATHRENODY CD: Early 90s Death/Grindcore
NO TIME LEFT 10":Buffalo straight on HC
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CHARM - Shikami EP: Insane Tokyo fastcore
CRUCIAL SECTION/HIT ME BACK-EP:Int'l HC
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IRON LUNG/SHANK LP/CD-Audio Brutality
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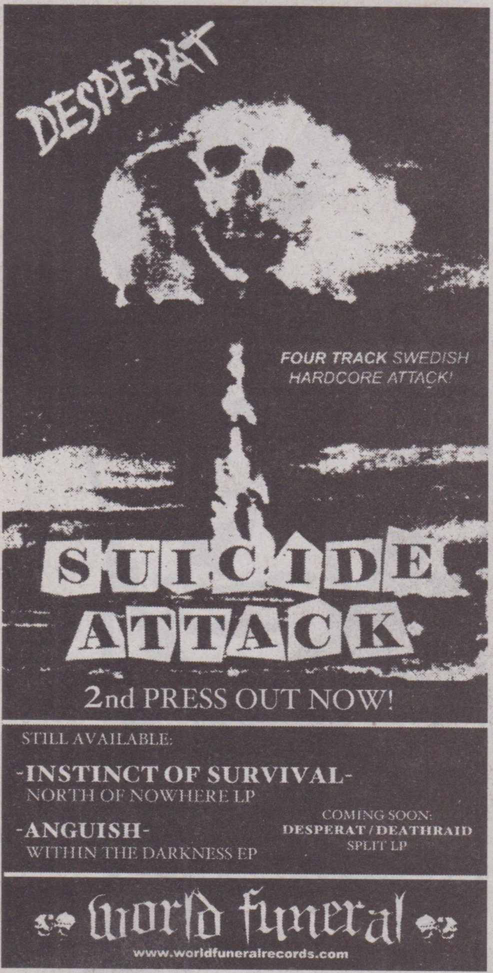

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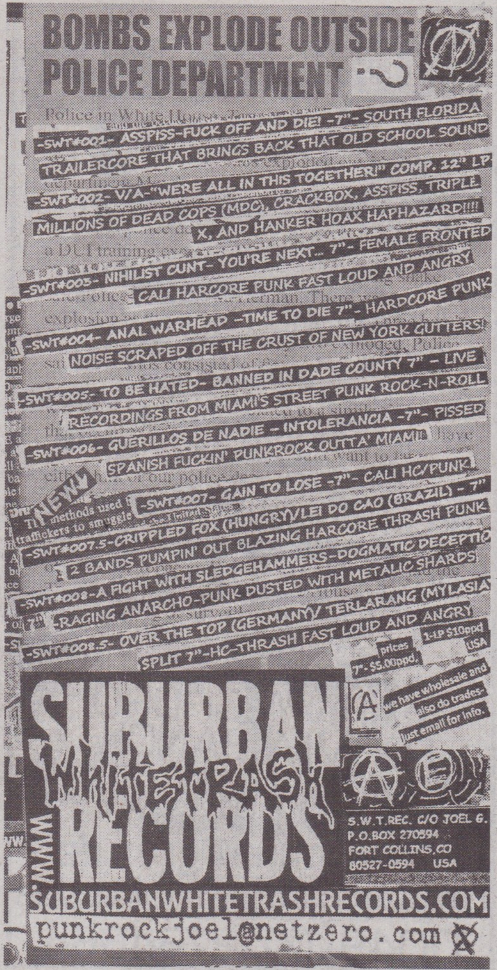

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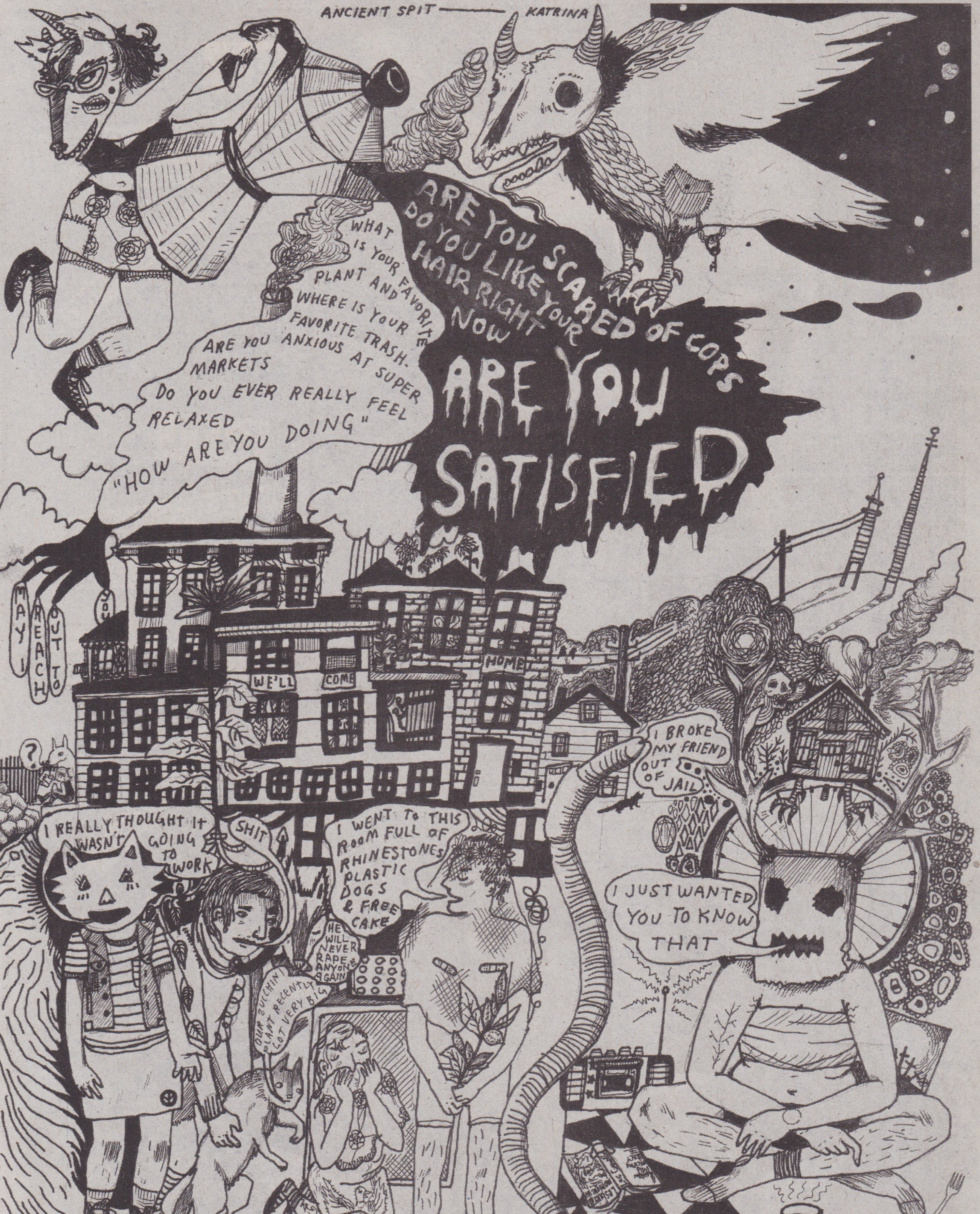
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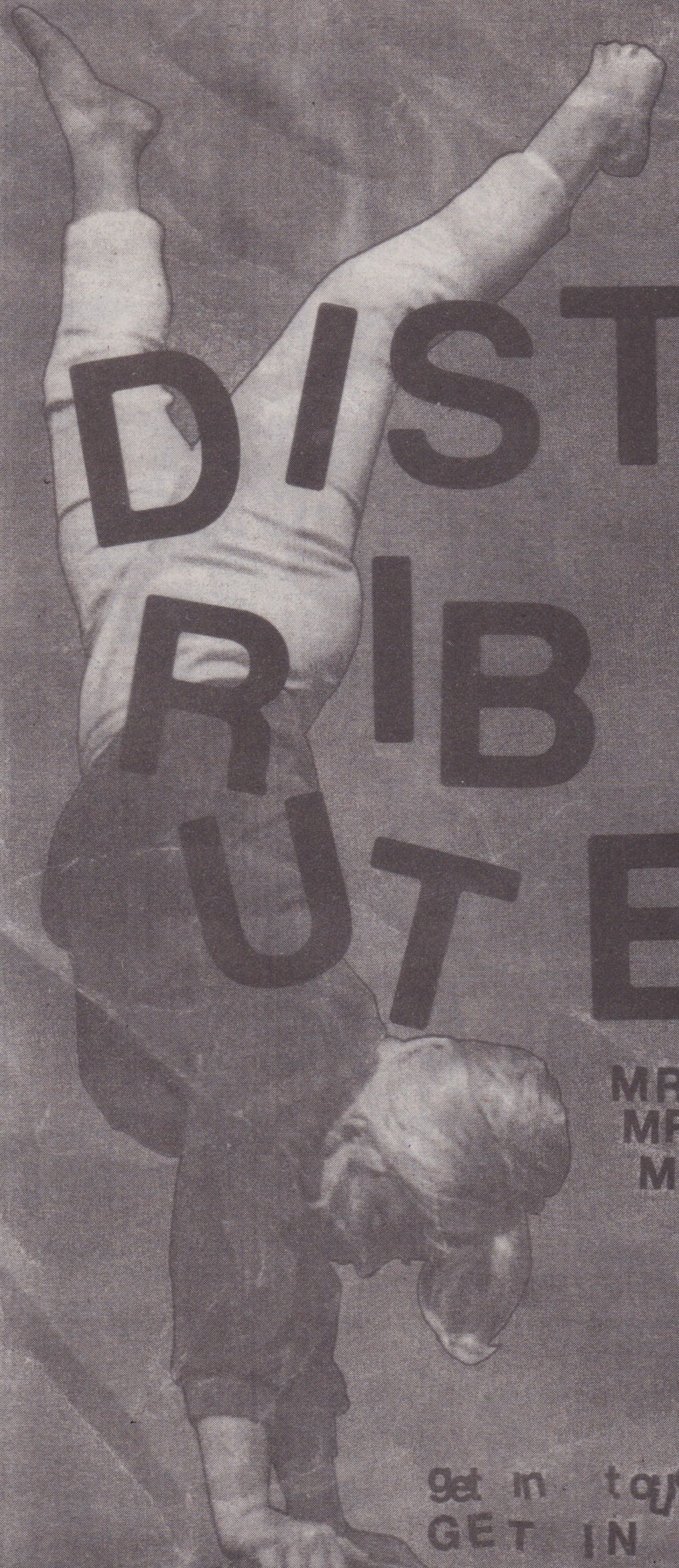

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NEWS

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THE REVOLUTION BEGINS AT HOME: AN OPEN LETTER TO JOIN THE WALL STREET OCCUPATION

By Arun Gupta

What is occurring on Wall Street right now is truly remarkable. For over 10 days, in the sanctum of the great cathedral of global capitalism, the dispossessed have liberated territory from the financial overlords and their police army.

They have created a unique opportunity to shift the tides of history in the tradition of other great peaceful occupations from the sit-down strikes of the 1930s to the lunch-counter sit-ins of the 1960s to the democratic uprisings across the Arab world and Europe today.

While the Wall Street occupation is growing, it needs an all-out commitment from everyone who cheered the Egyptians in Tahrir Square, said "We are all Wisconsin," and stood in solidarity with the Greeks and Spaniards. This is a movement for anyone who lacks a job, housing or healthcare, or thinks they have no future.

Our system is broken at every level. More than 25 million Americans are unemployed. More than 50 million live without health insurance. And perhaps 100 million Americans are mired in poverty, using realistic measures. Yet the fat cats continue to get tax breaks and reap billions while politicians compete to turn the austerity screws on all of us.

At some point the number of people occupying Wall Street—whether that's five thousand, ten thousand or fifty thousand—will force the powers that be to offer concessions. No one can say how many people it will take or even how things will change exactly, but there is a real potential for bypassing a corrupt political process and to begin realizing a society based on human needs not hedge fund profits.

After all, who would have imagined a year ago that Tunisians and Egyptians would oust their dictators?

At Liberty Park, the nerve center of the occupation, more than a thousand people gather every day to debate, discuss and organize what to do about our failed system that has allowed the 400 richest Americans at the top to amass more wealth than the 180 million Americans at the bottom.

It's astonishing that this self-organized festival of democracy has sprouted on the turf of the masters of the universe, the men who play the tune that both political parties and the media dance to. The New York Police Department, which has deployed hundreds of officers at a time to surround and intimidate protesters, is capable of arresting everyone and clearing Liberty Plaza in minutes. But they haven't, which is also astonishing.

That's because assaulting peaceful crowds in a public square demanding real democracy—economic and not just political—would remind the world of the brittle autocrats who brutalized their people demanding justice before they were swept away by the Arab Spring. And the state violence has already backfired. After police attacked a Saturday afternoon march that started from Liberty Park the crowds only got bigger and media interest grew.

The Wall Street occupation has already succeeded in revealing the bankruptcy of the dominant powers—the economic, the political, media and security forces. They have nothing positive to offer humanity, not that they ever did for the Global South, but now their quest for endless profits means deepening the misery with a thousand austerity cuts.

Even their solutions are cruel jokes. They tell us that the "Buffett Rule" would spread the pain by asking the penthouse set to sacrifice a tin of caviar, which is what the proposed tax increase would amount to. Meanwhile, the rest of us will have to sacrifice healthcare, food, education, housing, jobs and perhaps our lives to sate the ferocious appetite of capital.

That's why more and more people are joining the Wall Street occupation. They can tell you about their homes being foreclosed upon, months of grinding unemployment or minimum-wage dead-end jobs, staggering student debt loads, or trying to live without decent healthcare. It's a whole generation of Americans with no prospects, but who are told to believe in a system that can only offer them Dancing With The Stars and pepper spray to the face.

Yet against every description of a generation derided as narcissistic, apathetic and hopeless they are staking a claim to a better future for all of us.

That's why we all need to join in. Not just by liking it on Facebook, signing a petition at change.org or retweeting protest photos, but by going down to the occupation itself.

There is great potential here. Sure, it's a far cry from Tahrir Square or even Wisconsin. But there is the nucleus of a revolt that could shake America's power structure as much as the Arab world has been upended.

Instead of one to two thousand people a day joining in the occupation there needs to be tens of thousands of people protesting the fat cats driving Bentleys and drinking thousand-dollar bottles of champagne with money they looted from the financial crisis and then from the bailouts while Americans literally die on the streets.

To be fair, the scene in Liberty Plaza seems messy and chaotic. But it's also a laboratory of possibility, and that's the beauty of democracy. As opposed to our monoculture world, where political life is flipping a lever every four years, social life is being a consumer and economic life is being a timid cog, the Wall Street occupation is creating a polyculture of ideas, expression and art.

Yet while many people support the occupation, they hesitate to fully join in and are quick to offer criticism. It's clear that the biggest obstacles to building a powerful movement are not the police or capital—it's our own cynicism and despair.

Perhaps their views were colored by the *New York Times* article deriding protestors for wishing to "pantomime progressivism" and "Gunning for Wall Street with faulty aim." Many of the criticisms boil down to "a lack of clear messaging."

But what's wrong with that? A fully formed movement is not going to spring from the ground. It has to be created. And who can say what exactly needs to be done? We are not talking about ousting a dictator; though some say we want to oust the dictatorship of capital.

There are plenty of sophisticated ideas out there: end corporate personhood; institute a "Tobin Tax" on stock purchases and currency trading; nationalize banks; socialize medicine; fully fund government jobs and genuine Keynesian stimulus; lift restrictions on labor organizing; allow cities to turn foreclosed homes into public housing; build a green energy infrastructure.

But how can we get broad agreement on any of these? If the protesters came into the square with a pre-determined set of demands it would have only limited their potential. They would have either been dismissed as pie in the sky – such as socialized medicine or nationalize banks – or if they went for weak demands such as the Buffett Rule their efforts would immediately be absorbed by a failed political system, thus undermining the movement. That's why the building of the movement has to go hand in hand with common struggle, debate and radical democracy. It's how we will create genuine solutions that have legitimacy. And that is what is occurring down at Wall Street.

Now, there are endless objections one can make. But if we focus on the possibilities, and shed our despair, our hesitancy and our cynicism, and collectively come to Wall Street with critical thinking, ideas and solidarity we can change the world.

How many times in your life do you get a chance to watch history unfold, to actively participate in building a better society, to come together with thousands of people where genuine democracy is the reality and not a fantasy? For too long our minds have been chained by fear, by division, by impotence. The one thing the elite fear most is a great awakening. That day is here. Together we can seize it.

RIP DYLAN WILLIAMS

Dylan Williams passed away on September 10, 2011 from complications due to cancer. He was 41 years old. Dylan was a cartoonist, a comics historian, co-owner of the Portland-based DVD/bookstore The Bad Apple, and founder of Sparkplug Comic publishing.

Sparkplug introduced a new style of business into comics culture, one that managed to meld comics purism with punk ethics and provided a home for developing young artists and old weirdos alike. Dylan's consistent focus, and the catalyst for starting a publishing company in the first place, was to put out work that he loved and felt deserved a wider audience. Publishing based on sentiment rather than on perceived market demand may not be seen as the best business model, but Sparkplug was successful by consistently being a community presence and by releasing some of the most interesting books in independent comics. Dylan cared about the work foremost and truly wanted what was best for the artists he published. To gain some insight into the profound effect that Dylan had on others, one only has to turn to the dozens of personal tributes posted in every corner of the internet since his death.

Dylan was a person who was surrounded by love and his goodness was acknowledged and celebrated while he was here. He leaves behind his wife, Emily, his family, and many friends. I feel lucky to have known him and will miss him.

At the time of this writing, it appears as though Sparkplug will continue to operate. Please support them by buying comics:
www.sparkplugcomics.com/

"The thing is, if people are going to exclude you then fuck them. Do it your way. And if you are ever in the position to exclude others, try not to. Encouraging people is like the greatest feeling in the world. It gets rid of all that selfish shit that just ends up hurting everyone. I mean, don't get me wrong, I'm a bitter old asshole but I feel like I fight it at every turn."
—Dylan Williams
(taken from an interview on Jason Miles' Profanity Hill website).

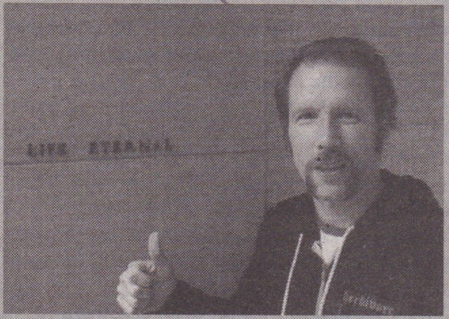
photo: Theo Ellsworth

THE DIMMING OF THE DIMMING OF THE DAY: REMEMBERING KATHY JOHNSTON OF THE MYDOLLS

By David Ensminger
excerpted from *Houston Press*

Sometimes people come into our lives with the force, elegance, and nimbleness of water. Musician, photographer, and patient advocate Kathy Johnston invoked those traits. "Kathy was such a huge part of our lives. We already miss her intensely," band mate and friend Trish Herrera is quick to testify.

My own heart filled with crows when I heard that she passed away barely beyond midnight on Sept. 4th, due to a longtime bout with leukemia, which stirred an outpouring of sympathy on www.punkwomen.wordpress.com where Tracy Richardson noted, "Kathy was a talented musician, animal lover, friend and humanitarian. I am one of the many who will miss her. She helped me be a better person."

A bit estranged after returning to Houston after my stint in Oregon a few years ago, I soon encountered the Mydolls. Fortunately, they opened their arms and welcomed me. I began snapping photos of the band, documenting their lore and ephemera, curating their archives (mydolls1978.wordpress.com), and evening substituting on drums for original member George Reyes when he was stuck out-of-town.

The band was already legendary in my mind, ever since hearing them in the mid-1980s on the *Cottage Cheese From the Lips of Death* compilation. Being their companion only increased my awe as they helped me organize gigs benefiting victims of heart disease and cancer and led efforts to popularize, promote, and teach at Girl's Rock Camp Houston. Kathy Johnston, the iconic fifth Mydoll married to Dianna Ray, was a heartfelt, diligent presence during all these activities, bringing her wit and honesty to the forefront.

"In the 1990s, we had a couple of short-lived bands. Women with Instruments (WWI) and Black Dresses with Kathy. WWI was a crazy fun band with an euphonium player!" Herrera recalls with glee. "Black Dresses was more of a folk-oriented type musical endeavor, and we wrote wonderful songs, helped raise money for animal rights activist groups, and played out a few times, but never really got it off the ground. It was then we discovered how talented Kathy was at guitar, who led most of the creative power behind the Black Dresses combo. The late 1990s brought Mydolls back together to perform occasionally, and we asked Kathy to join us."

This past summer, Johnston joined my band No Love Less, featuring half of the Mydolls, at Sugar Hill Studios, where she acted as a dependable, acute ear as we re-cut songs for our first EP. She teased me about the homemade smoothie I kept at my side, which she thought might be chock-full of calories. Such easygoing humor was a distinct trait.

"There are models for the person who you would easily welcome into your trust," tells Bob Weber, drummer for Really Red and Anarchitex. "It was obvious at the first moment that I met her, many years ago, that Kathy was loving and honest and tender and vibrant. I was merely lucky to have known her due to my long time friendship with Dianna, and honored to be present at the ceremony of their partnership. I am not a poet, so what should I say except 'I loved her.'"

Singer Mary Manning has not forgotten the tenderness that Johnston provided guests at her home as well, "Kathy was the consummate care giver—always concerned about the comfort of her friends. When I used to stay with her and Dianna, she always took care that the bed was made—with the cleanest sheets, lots of pillows, plenty of blankets—and always a stuffed animal, just in case you needed it!"

On stage, when I played with the Mydolls, Johnston would effortlessly pound her percussive bells alongside me as I tried to mimic Reyes' Latin and tribal-infused drum wizardy. More so, her guitar work, nuanced and willowy, made the Mydolls' tunes richer and more deeply woven. "She and I had a private language when we played, and it made the experience so earthy and grounded having her there. In Kathy's honor, Mydolls is gonna record "Don't Fucking Die." With fierce love forever, Kathy. Fuck Cancer! Oh Cancer UP YOURS!" angrily remonstrates Herrera.

Determined to play live music even in her days of sickness this past scorching summer, Johnston became an emblem of punk fortitude and perseverance, resilience and passion. The Houston community will miss her deeply and fondly. In those chords forever buzzing, others will come forth to build a new nation, in which no lovers, anywhere, should be at the mercy of unjust laws.

Johnston and Ray married in 2005 and lived without bounds; others are not so lucky. Her memory will keep generations focused, and keep the beat pulsing to a revolution worth dancing to. As Keri Knott recounts, Johnston's "energy stretched across the room" when she met her. Now, that energy stretches forth, tirelessly, connecting the spheres, as Walt Whitman once wrote, "Till the bridge you will need, be form'd – till the ductile anchor hold."

RIP REDSON POLLI 1962-2011

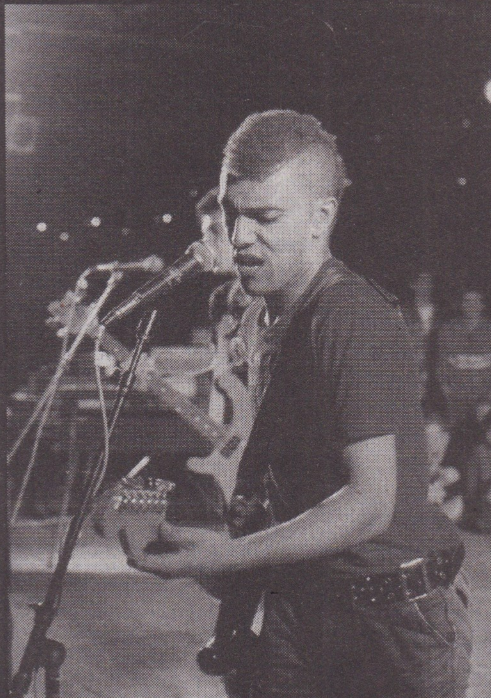

Photo by Maria Da Piedade Moraes

Redson Pozzi, founding vocalist and guitarist of one of Brazil's oldest punk bands, Cólera, has passed away at 49. The musician, who co-founded the band in 1979, recorded more than a dozen releases including albums, EPs and live sessions with the band over more than thirty years. A full obituary will run in the next issue of *MRR*

Interview excerpt from *Yeah* skateboarding magazine, 1987.

Do you have any messages?

Pierre: Demand more, especially culture-wise, because that's one of the main problems in the country. We lack space, even for bigger bands, not only Cólera and bands like us. Since I arrived here I haven't seen any shows by bigger bands.

Redson: Skate, 'cause it rules! Buy our new record, 'cause is great. Go to our shows, 'cause they're very pogoable and read, because it's good for you. A lot of strength and health for everyone who reads *Yeah!* magazine.

Val: I'd like to say, especially for the people in the alternative scene, that they should have more conscience. I'd like everyone to go to the band's shows (not only punks). To thiss youth that's rising now with a lot strength, I hope they always create new things: fanzines, magazines, make tapes and give them to your friends, but work for the music, do something for our music..

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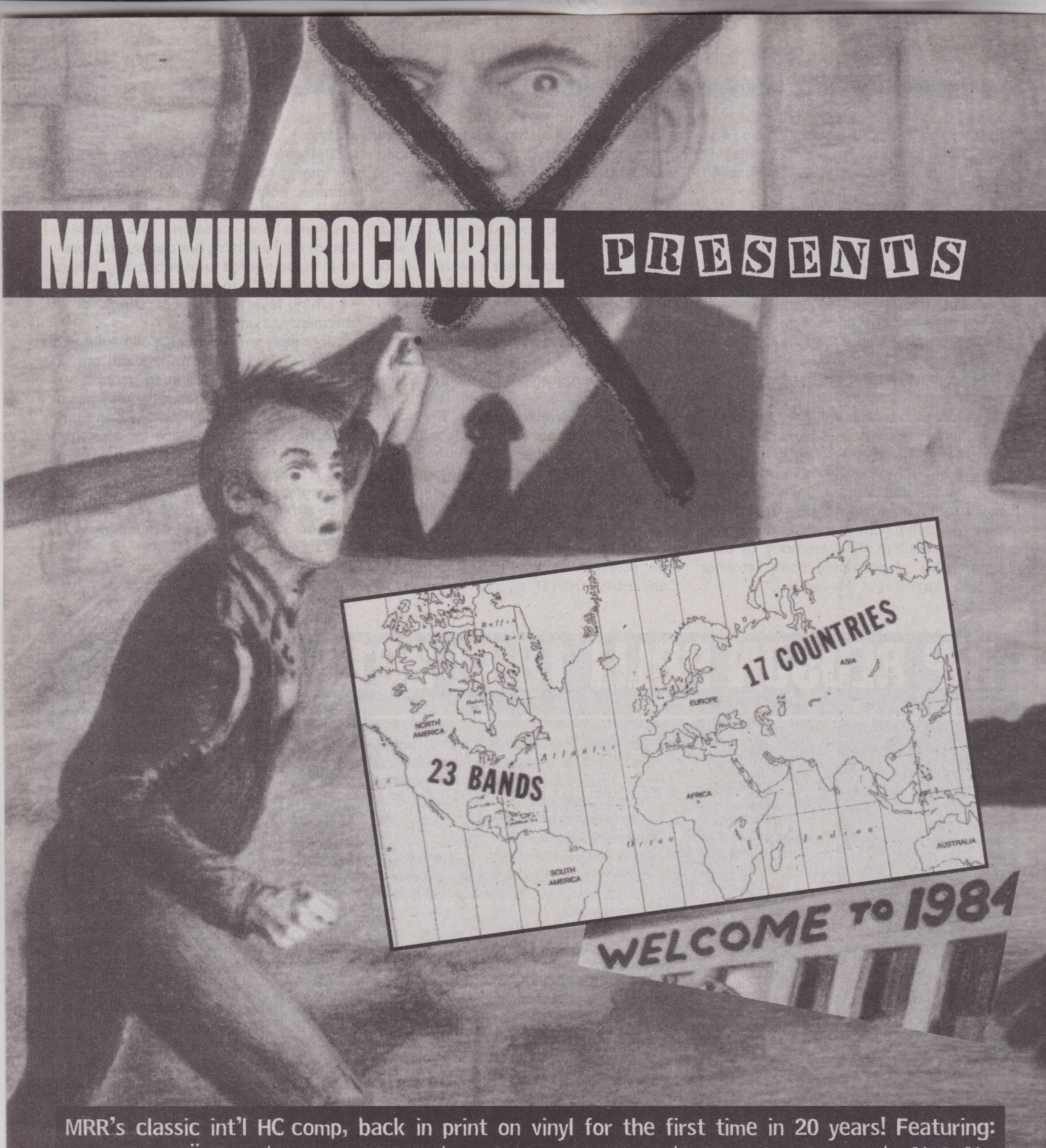
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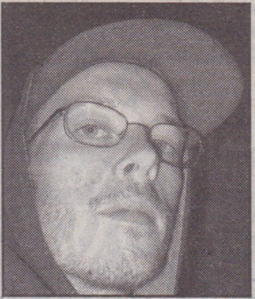
MRR asks YOU:

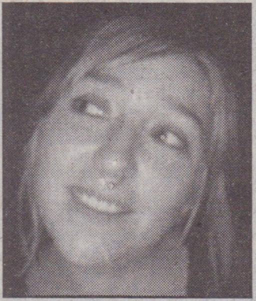
WHAT'S THE SCOOP?

This month: What's the most shameful or shameless thing you've been caught doing?
(asked at the Bay Area Holy Shit! and Your Pest Band shows)

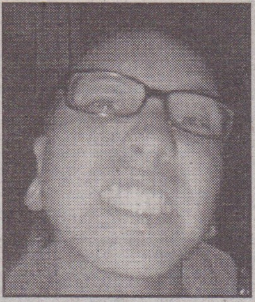


David, 27, Oakland
Stealing a Halloween mask when I was really young.

Archer, 19, Vacaville
Licking butthole when someone walked in on me, handed me a beer, and walked out.



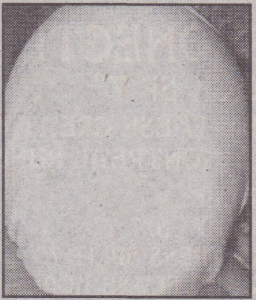
Popcorn, 26, Vacaville
Falling in a puddle of my own piss.



Richard, 23, Las Vegas
Having sex outside in New York City.

Tabman, 29, Milwaukee
When I was twelve or thirteen, I had just finished the process of masturbation, and I was all cleaned up, and my dad walked in, while I was still in my underwear. He looked at me confused, and the first thing I could think of to explain myself was "I farted at school, I thought I shit my pants, I was just checking," and he just stared at me. It was the most awkward three minutes of my life.

Anthony, 35, Milwaukee
When I was five years old, my parents had a waterbed, and one day I wanted to go swim inside of it. I got a knife, snuck into my parents' room, sliced it open, and water started gushing everywhere. I screamed, and started putting all my parents' dirty clothes on top of it, and my dad came in, and he went absolutely berserk: They had just bought it, and it was pretty shameful for me.



John Doe, 24, Colma
Someone walked in on me having sex on the bathroom floor of Balazo, while nearly blackout drunk.

Chimera, 29, San Francisco
Having sex in the confessional of an abandoned cathedral in LA.

Brent, 33, Oakland
Drinking the birthday boy's beers. I was kind of disappointed in myself, but Ted Fred is punk as fuck.

Esther, 21, Oakland
I've never been caught.

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wed 11/9 - Fargo, ND
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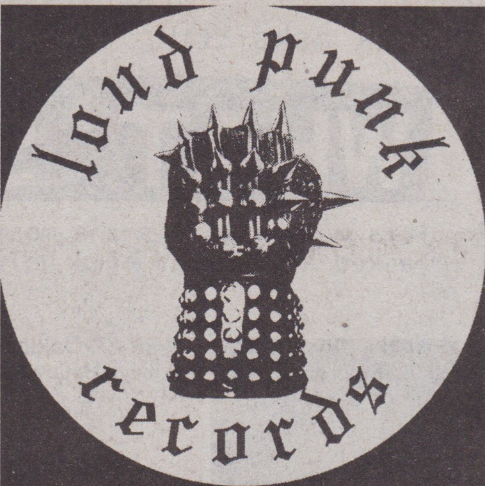

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BROWN SUGAR

Down New York I-90 from my hometown exists a little sonic aneurism called Brown Sugar. This band is pure Western NY, through and through: no pretense, just meat n' potatoes USHC as seen through a thick lens of marijuana cigarette smoke. Some background: three Upstate NY-born rejects form a music act, outsource some of the labor to a Brasileiro songster they find in Buffalo's foreign job lot. In the live setting, it's an explosion of visionary stupidity every night out. They're saying Buffalo is the new Cleveland, ya know, so climb aboard before the hype train leaves the station forever.

Intro and Interview by: Joshua Smith. Photos by: Michael Mulley and Andy Czuba.

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MRR: So, The Shug appears to be back running on all cylinders with at least three (or maybe seven) releases in 2011 after a couple years of relative silence following the first record in '08. Where'd you all go? And then what happened?

Brandon: I wish there was an interesting story like Eddie was in hiding and Mike joined the Navy but the reality is just a couple shitty, depressing winters and half the band finishing college. Buffalo is a town that corrodes your mind and rusts your heart and things like ambition and initiative don't really work here, so hopeless slumps last awhile. Luckily we got out of it.

Eddie: We got winter-fucked. I was under the status of dirty immigrant, jobless as hell, living with a girlfriend, getting sick, and hating life. Things started getting back in gear and then I started breaking all sorts of bones, which left me outta commission in different periods. The Brain and Mike were schooling and Biff was cooling. Then the Brain broke his collarbone, Biff got busy with the shop, Mike was doing his thing. Brown sugar was depressed.

Biff: Yeah, my main thing was just work. I was (and am) a bit of a workaholic. It's tough running a business and still trying to have your creative outlets. Basically just trying to find out how everything all fits together.

Mike: I don't really remember a lot from the past four years of my life. Whether it was college stressing me out or all the dope I was smoking, I am not too sure. I do remember we were all just busy with stuff, and now we jam a lot. We got a practice space. We got inspiration from the one true god Jah Rastafari, etc, etc…

MRR: There seems to have been a lot of growth in songwriting. Not like you've now "matured," but you've taken the sound in weird new territory (the psychedelic rip-offs, the retardo freakouts, I swear to god there's a split second on the LP that sounds like it's stolen from the *Sesame Street* soundtrack). Who's the head guy in charge of writing and where's it all coming from?

Brandon: Usually I write a riff and bring it to practice. Mike and Eddie work out a drum thing. Eddie goes "yeah, do like a doo-doo-PAH-doo-doo-PAH" and Mike will go pah-pah-DOO-pah-pah-DOO and we'll all smile and know that that's how it must be. And Biff will make the sound of bulldozers having sex. And we'll sort of synthesize a chorus or just another riff from our stunted collective subconscious that has roots in Billy Joel and Parliament Funkadelic and 9 Shocks Terror. And by that time of night, usually midnight or 1am, Mike and I are pretty gone so he'll suggest a couple chords with his mouth and I'll make it on the guitar. Then the next practice we trim the fat. Not rocket surgery but pretty fun anyways. Then we go grocery shopping together.

Biff: I like that as we continue along we've become a weird little machine. Our schedules are all pretty opposite of one another so when we get together, we're already cranking out the future hits before we're even fully set up.

Eddie: I'll tell a quick story. This kid I know was born with autism but was never diagnosed. Everybody treated him normally, so he kinda acted normally, but not completely. He picked up a guitar and went "THWANTCWINTOINOINOIN!"

MRR: Eduardo outed himself as a foreigner on the *Deportation* EP. What brings you to these United States, Eddie? And furthermore, what brought you all together to form the band we now call Brown Sugar?

Eddie: Hey, do you recall that 9/11 thing, Josh? Back in Tropical Land, I remember seeing that on the news. I could tell that the people of this country were devastated and needed help, immediately. Well, they had to wait. In 2006 I made a decision. In the winter of that same year, the American people got the exact help they needed. Yeah, thank me later.

Brandon: One night about four years ago Ed was talking about Brazilian dance music on the porch with this gringo named Jim Colby and I mentioned Olho Seco and then lots of band names came out of our mouths and we decided to do a band—one that would sound a little more...summertime-like than whatever mash-up of crusty metallic stuff was going on. Mike was my besty and had never played drums before but he shaped up real quick. Biff was trying to sleep when we were practicing, came downstairs, and hopped on bass. So yeah, boring stuff unless you realize the context: straight-laced '90s-hardcore influenced shit for which Buffalo was known had just about wholly deflated and a grittier wave was gaining momentum so we decided to ride it in our own special way.

Biff: I was in fact sleeping when they were jamming in the basement, bass-less, confused, alone. I felt that it was my duty to help fill out this sloppy, lovely sound.

MRR: When you break it down geographically, Buffalo, NY, seems at the top of the heap in terms of cohesive, well-oiled punk scenes. For the benefit of ignorant readers, what's going on in Buffalo right now? Other punk bands, labels, what have you. What makes Buffalo so uniquely Buffalo and is The Shug just a product of her surroundings?

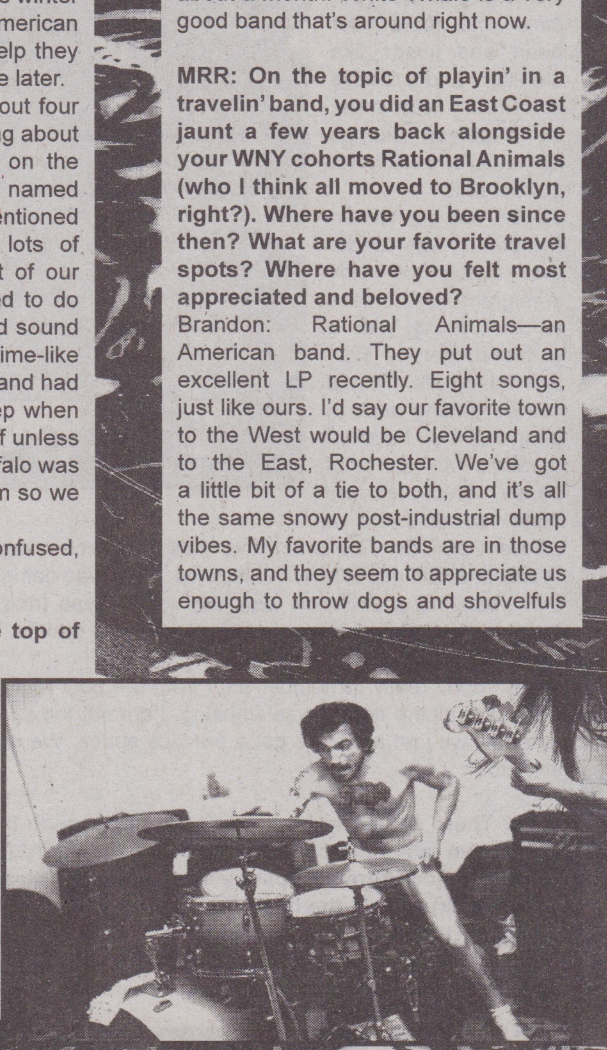
Brandon: Brown Sugar goes through phases of being accepted by the Buffalo scene. It's very confusing. Lots of egos trying to tickle each other. Lots of very stubborn, conservative, inward-looking schematics for what's acceptable for punk bands to do, sprouting from various delusions. Maybe I'm too cynical, but it's just funny how the town is so naive of musical fads. There's no collective focus/consciousness of what's happening in the "world of punk" so bands kind of form out of a vacuum and then work hard playing multiple shows a month for a long time, maybe releasing a demo or something. It's endearing, but testing. It's a working class town, y'know? There's an aspect of assembly line mentality in everything. Working hard, not working smart. But people seem satisfied, so all's good. We record and get out of town more often than our peers, because that's the fun stuff, methinks. I'd say think of Buffalo as your shitty stepdad. It's too broke to get anything done and drinks too much. What kind of life lesson can it instill in the next generation if it worked its whole life and has nothing to show for it? Beats me.

Biff: I've lived in Buffalo for my entire life and I feel that it's in the midst of a golden age of sorts right now. There's a bunch of good bands actually breaking away from the standard Buffalo stigma. There're a handful of labels putting out killer stuff, a slamming record store, new houses hosting basement shows, decent turnouts at shows with a newer influx of young kids. Best thing for all parties interested in the current state of Buffalo would be to pick up a copy of *MRR* issue #337, which has a very concise breakdown within the "Buffalo Scene Report."

Eddie: Oh, lots of good bands in Buffalo. You best come around quick before they all break up. That's the curse of this town. Everything lasts about a month. White Whale is a very good band that's around right now.

MRR: On the topic of playin' in a travelin' band, you did an East Coast jaunt a few years back alongside your WNY cohorts Rational Animals (who I think all moved to Brooklyn, right?). Where have you been since then? What are your favorite travel spots? Where have you felt most appreciated and beloved?

Brandon: Rational Animals—an American band. They put out an excellent LP recently. Eight songs, just like ours. I'd say our favorite town to the West would be Cleveland and to the East, Rochester. We've got a little bit of a tie to both, and it's all the same snowy post-industrial dump vibes. My favorite bands are in those towns, and they seem to appreciate us enough to throw dogs and shovelfuls

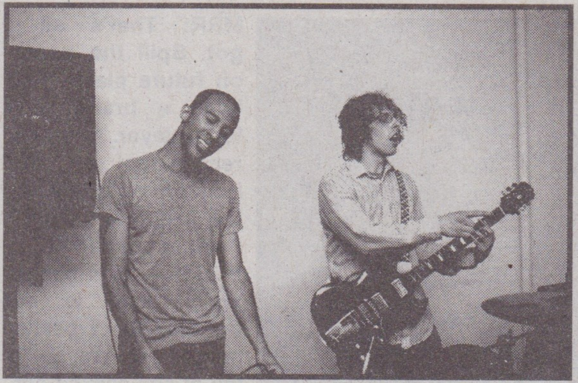


of broken glass at each other when we play too. We did a weekend with these Nazis called White Guilt not too long ago. Wonderfully loud jazz-noise band. I think. I believe you're in that band? Another kindred soul of post-I Object upstate NY.

Eddie: The Rational Animals is our people.

Biff: We did two East Coast tours with the Manimals, and they were some of the most fun trips I have ever been a part of. Wonderful human beings and total loudmouth mutants such as ourselves. Peas and carrots, us and them, peas and carrots. If only that chump of theirs wouldn't have gotten lulled with delusions of hipster bullshit to the shit-hole that is the big rotten apple. Who knows what might have been!

MRR: Ah-men, brother. I can relate! So, Ed, what is this nonsense you typically shout about? I can't tell if the band's lyrical content is coaxed from the mind of a prodigal genius or just the scribbling of a deranged simpleton.



Eddie: All bad stuff from this world, for the most part. "Urban Prairie Blues" is about this kid in my old neighborhood who went by the name of Jucano, Ju (from, his actual name Juliano) and Cano (slang for gun). We grew up together, and I always hated him. One day, when I was thirteen or so, I got into a fight with him and he pulled a gun on me. That was the day I knew he was totally notfuckwithable. It's also about when cops put their gun in your face to make you scared, crazy rednecks, dumb people shooting their friends and family members, losing friends, etc. Please, don't get me wrong. Murder is a natural thing. The automatic thing is the shit part. "Trash Can" from our first 7" is about smart people. They can resolve crazy equations, build spacecrafts, make healthy hamburgers outta feces (you would know), but then they sell all their good ideas to the biggest assholes and leave all the dummies like me wondering about everything. That applies to lots of things. Basically, it's the thought that follows "...cash rules everything around me...," when you realize that even the actual brains of society have a price too. I don't fucking know what I'm talking about really.

MRR: I want to touch more on this growth. It's like the band fine-tuned the sound of the first record while embodying this weird '60s psych aesthetic. Can you identify the, how you say, "je ne sais quoi" of the new Brown Sugar? Where do you keep the essence of the band? I've heard talk of a fictitious psych-rock offshoot project constructed during a winter-long drug journey to a secluded woodland cabin.

Brandon: I think our little de facto hiatus leveled any expectations about Brown Sugar, for ourselves and everyone else. The ability to say "sure, why not?" at our inebriated practices has had a big impact on the writing of our rustbelt psyche/garbage rock. So the essence is now the act of playing in the band—the act of writing the songs, and not the end product. I never imagine what any song will sound like in its finished state when the germ pops into my head, 'cause I know that when I bring it to practice they'll take the recipe and add some octopus and lots of whipped cream. Too many chefs spoil the soup, they say, but this soup has no rules and it tastes however it ends up tasting. Joke's on you if you're eating something you don't like. We put our blood and balls and whatever we find in the trashcan out front of the practice space into that soup. Get me?

Eddie: Every now and then we like to move the essence around to different places. We used to keep it in a basement, but it was too humid down there, so the essence started smelling. We moved it to my old apartment, but I used to cook rice and beans there all the time, and the smell of beans combined with the mold from the basement got real nasty. We broke the essence four-ways and now it's much, much better. Psychedelic music just fits so perfectly to this time and era. I wish we were a real psych band.

Mike: I just want to be Ringo Starr. You know what I'm sayin'? I wanna play as simple as I can while making the beats fit the song. I also want to be Abraham Lincoln. You know what I'm sayin'? We really like to play music for people, because who else is gonna do it? My dad doesn't play music for anyone and I'm thinking to myself, "shit, man." But I guess some people just don't like music. They like football, or extravagant dinners of several different cuts of meat. I don't understand that way of living though. The way I understand it is that life is about enjoying what is happening here and now. Music just makes the current moment better. So why would I want to sell life insurance when I can try to create something that could make life, for the time being, a little brighter? That's what Brown Sugar's about—the little people. You know what I'm sayin'? Midgets and etc... They're the only people who can crowd surf without killing a bitch. And crowd surfin' is the punkest kind of surfin' around. Let's be real. There are some people who get it wrong when attempting to make music. These people may think it's beneficial to be in a band for the fame or money or beautiful women with large breasts and big butts, but they've got it all wrong. It's about Jesus. And the women.

Biff: Only time will tell whether our most recent of a string of phenomenally planned out ideas will actually come to fruition. In the meantime, we've got a few loose ends to tie up while the weather is nice and before we have to find funner and stupider ways to deal with the long months of freezing cold and depression. Keep dem eyes peeled though kiddies.

MRR: Any Brown Sugar fanatic will recognize the name Ski-Mask in your production by-lines. Who is the Ski-Mask and what does he do?

Brandon: Ski-Mask was dosed LSD as a toddler and has thusly found worth and solace in the kitschiest footnotes of disposable Americana. His house is a recording studio decked in flea market treasure, resting on Buffalo's east side, which is what we could call "the ghetto." We show up at his house, where he's usually pulling his hair out after working a double at the death factory. Someone flushes a piece of toilet paper down the toilet by force of habit and the session's over. "It's like livin' in fuckin' Mexico!" he'll say. If that doesn't happen he'll play Billy Joel's pre-solo career prog band Attila for you in their one LPs entirety as you pay by the hour. He has every sound you could possibly attempt to capture and it's always an experience recording with him. My band Utah Jazz just recorded some fake psychedelic music with him and it sounds pretty pretty.

Biff: Mr. Ski-Mask is a friend of mine and a long-running Buffalo weirdo. He's recorded some killer records over the years and seems to have a way of bringing forth what a band has to offer—sometimes before they even fully realize their potential. Another of the many things Buffalo has to offer currently is the number of awesome recording options. I can think of three very good individuals for recording right off the top of my head who are incredibly top notch and all have their strong points. As a band I think it's important to dabble in all different recording scenarios in order to get different sounds from different records and to keep everything from sounding the same, but in terms of Mr. Ski-Mask, I have recorded a number of projects with him and am positive that I will continue to do so. For more of an insight into the man within the mask check out the public access TV show that he runs at sterlace.com or if you've got the time to do some digging, search for old episodes of the Thunderbird Theatre on Youtube or what I just stumbled upon, which actually seems to be somewhat up to date despite its retro-dated website appearance, mrskimask.com.

MRR: The band has released all works to date under the in-house Feral Kid moniker (not including some help from a certain handsome Syracuse friend). Are there plans to waste someone else's money? Is it important to keep it in the family?

Biff: I started Feral Kid Records and have been running it for a good few years now. There hasn't been a set in stone plan to put everything out myself, it's just kind of happened. I love my band and I love playing with these dudes. I would be happy to put out absolutely everything that we ever decide to release until the end of time but am not opposed to spreading some sugar around to other labels either. We've got plans to do a bunch of new 7"s, all of which I will have no hand in label-wise. Oh yeah, that Syracuse gent, he truly is a handsome lil' devil, isn't he?

Brandon: Don't ask me about label-shmable shits. Ask me what I'm doing right now. What am I doing, you ask? I'm listening to Eddie listening to the Sex Pistols in his room. The album is called *Nevermind the Bollocks, Here's the Sex Pistols*. Have you heard it? Great proto-hair metal drumming.

MRR: That's all I got. Spill the beans on future plans. You have a brand new long player. Any new recordings on the horizon or plans on the touring front? Let's hear specifics.

Eddie: I love beans! Which kind is my favorite? Black beans, no contest. We got a ton of shit coming out. It will be real cool!

Brandon: We recorded an LP this summer. It sounds like an elephant on shrooms, songs of birds, racism, and Somali pirates—all your fave stuff. As I say this we have about two weeks to finish writing and recording an EP for Fashionable Idiots in hopes that it'll be out by the US tour we're in the middle of booking for November. Wish us luck. And come watch us break strings and do other band type stuff.

Biff: Our LP is coming out ASAP as a split release between the handsome genius at Feral Kid records and that sketchy vitamin-K deficient individual at Feeble Minds. We've also got near future plans for records on Big Neck records and Cowabunga records, as well as a live cassette tape on Media Schlitz. After that, who knows!?

New records all over the damn place! Check out some of the aforementioned punk record labels if you'd like to own some of this band's physical output.

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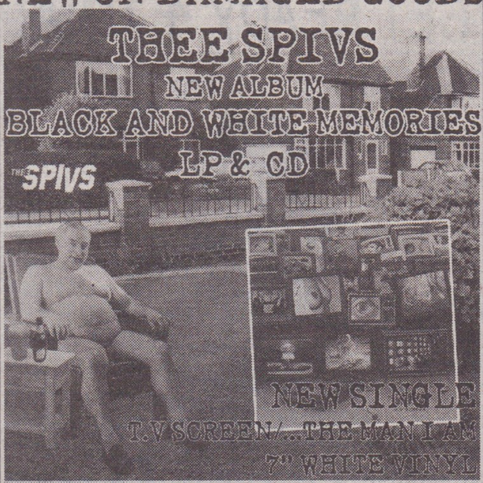

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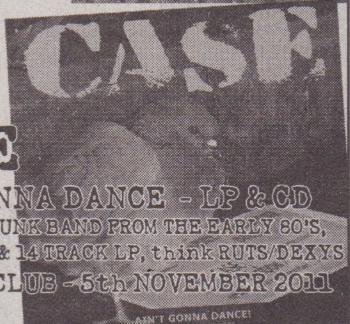
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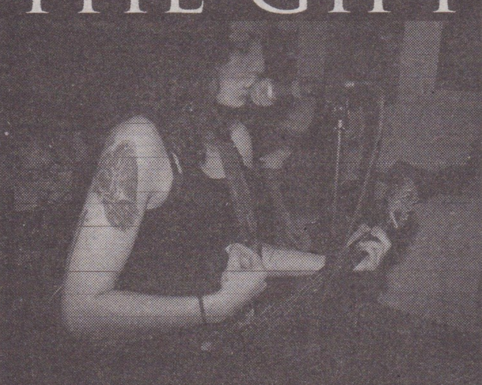

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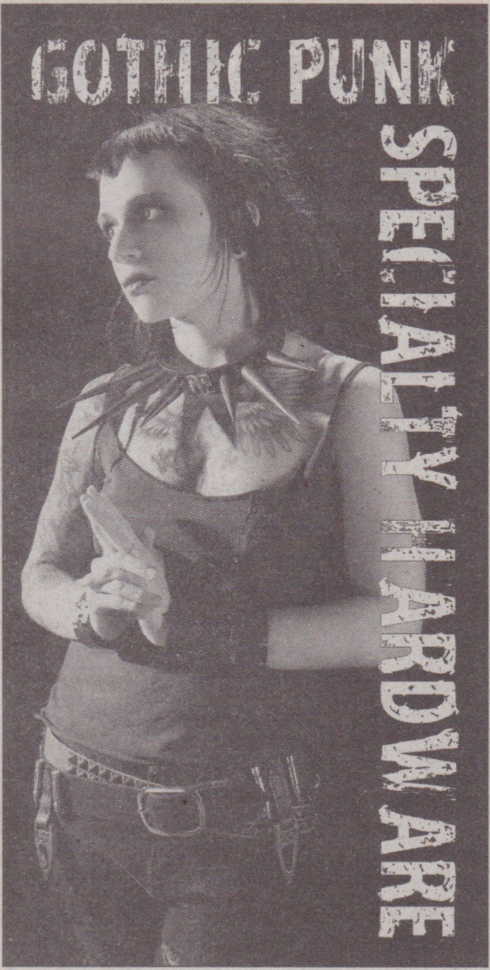
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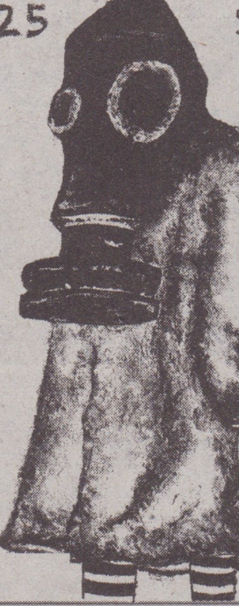

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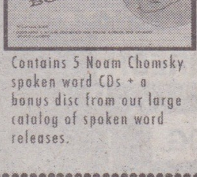
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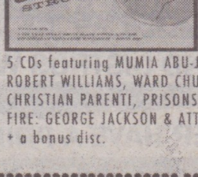
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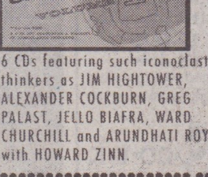
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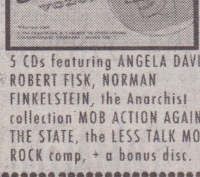
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BRAIN KILLER

If you were in New York anytime from roughly 2008 to now you would have thought that Brain Killer was just another punk band as local as Perdition and Dawn of Humans. Turns out these guys are from Boston where, at minimum, it's four hours to NYC on I-95, but they still play NYC every weekend it seems. A lot of New Yorkers are familiar with Brain Killer via our late friend Nick Poot of Absurd System, whose brother Jeff is the guitarist in Brain Killer. Nick was always up from during their sets with his fist raised. Nick had impeccable taste in punk and Brain Killer was no exception. Brain Killer, although usually labeled as a hardcore band, takes all the best of classic raw punk bands and more current favorites like Framtid, and regurgitates it with direct intent. This interview began with open containers in a Lower East Side handball court after a show at ABC No Rio. After we got kicked out of there, it was completed in the back yard of ABC No Rio and electronically. Just to let the readers know, this band has five members. They don't have two guitarists, but two vocalists as of late. Sounds odd as the '90s are dead, but it works. Read on! Photo credit to Brushback. Interview by Amelia Eakins.

MRR: Who creates a Brain Killer?
Jeff: What?
Marcus: This is a question for Ryan.
Ryan: You could probably make one at the Chill Zone at Cumby's.

MRR: How does it feel to be a local NYC punk band with a four-hour commute? You guys play New York more than you play Boston it seems.
Jeff: Yeah we do, New York is awesome and I love the Fung Wah bus. My brother used to live there, so I would take any chance I had to go hang out. Plus your record stores are better. And the Templars.
Marcus: New York is one of my favorite places to play personally. It's great to go down and play as much as we do and still see all of our friends and always have a good time. Like Jeff said, until Armageddon Shop opened up here your record stores were way better, hah.
Ryan: It's cool. New York has always treated us well. We've had great feedback from the NY scene since we first started. It also has lots of great friends, food, and record stores. Perks like that can make it hard to pass up a show.
PJ: NY has a cool punk scene but the city itself is a fucking nightmare.

MRR: One of the last times Brain Killer played New York, you were escorted down in Ryan's car with suicide doors. Can you elaborate on suicide doors? Where did this car come from? Is it punk to drive?
Marcus: The world is waiting, Ryan.
Ryan: To clarify, it's a three-door Saturn. I drove the thing around for like six months before realizing that it has a wacky third door on the driver's side. I actually live about 40 minutes north of Boston these days, so having a car is super useful for me. Not sure if I can comment on the punk-ness of driving, but I will say that we wouldn't be able to tour if we didn't drive.
Jeff: Ain't that some shit.

MRR: New York's pizza is better than Boston's.
Jeff: Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa Miss Lippy, at least we're fucking trying. What the fuck have you done?
Marcus: The Vinnie's Mac n' Cheese vegan slices are nothing to fuck with.
Ryan: That's not a question.

MRR: Brain Killer consists of some veterans of punk. Dan, let's start with you; what other bands have you been in?
Dan: Surrender, Genesis Climber, Empty Buildings…all kinds of shit no one's ever heard of.
Ryan: I've had a handful of short-lived projects over the years but the only thing to make it out of the basement was Terminal Youth, which was a hardcore band I started when I was in high school. We did a few records, and tours before calling it a day.

MRR: Jeff Poot? Aren't you a big hit in the pop punk scene as well? A legend of sorts?
Jeff: Hah, I did a band a few years ago called Witches With Dicks that put out a couple records and did a couple tours. Some people had a lot of fun and I'm proud of that. I like to avoid the phrase "pop punk" as much as I can. It was very much a punk band, and aside from the occasional square who doesn't get it, it's all the same scene in Boston. Also I was in the Closet Fairies.

MRR: Marcus, I believe Brain Killer is your main jam, right?
Marcus: I've been involved in lots of bands that have never gotten off the ground or bands I joined for a short period of time. Back in Albany I was in this band the Jury for a short period of time, which toured and put out records. I was the original guitar player for Libyans. Was on the demo, first 7" and a lot of the songs on the first LP were written by me and the rest of the line-up at the time. We did a tour on our own and two weeks with Acid Reflux while I was in the band. Since quitting Libyans I have dedicated myself to Brain Killer, but I am looking to start working on new projects soon.

MRR: PJ is the token "Boston drummer." When he goes on tour Boston loses 90% of its punk bands until he returns… PJ, what other bands are you in?
PJ: I play drums in Male Nurses, Bloodkrow Butcher and Confines as well as vocals in Dry Hump.

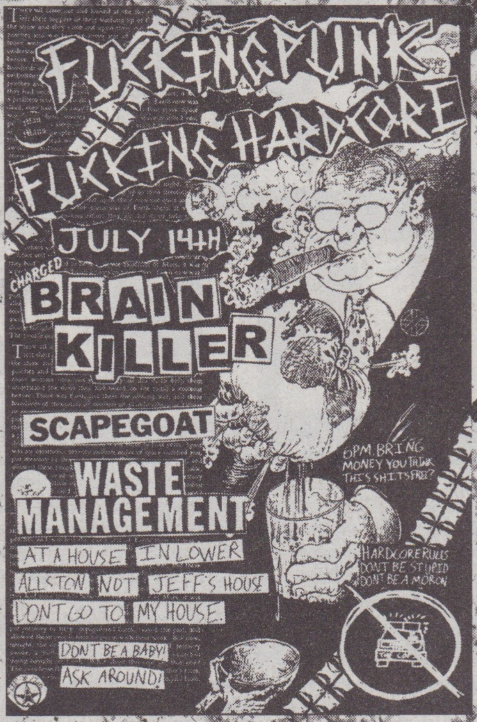
MRR: What subgenre of punk would you categorize Brain Killer into?
Jeff: Punk
Marcus: Punk
Ryan: Subgenres tend to drive me crazy. We draw influences from many different places, but I think we can all agree that the sound we create can accurately be described as punk or hardcore.

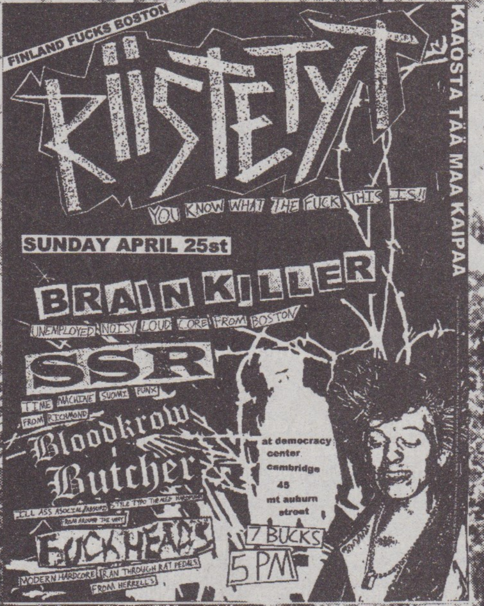
MRR: I know Bastard is a major influence to the Brain Killer sound, but what part does being a Boston punk band plays into the influence to Brain Killer besides covering the Partisans often and well? Speaking of the revered Partisans—that was the best show at 538 Johnson—you guys covered the same Partisans song twice. Marcus' mic went out and it was insanity. New York loves the Partisans as much as Boston I think…and our pizza is better.
Jeff: Yeah, I mean sometimes you've got to cover the Partisans twice. Shit happens. As far as the Boston punk influence, I'm not exactly sure what you mean but the Pinkerton Thugs and the Showcase Showdown are two of the most important punk bands ever. Me and Dominick came from the mid-late-'90s Boston streetpunk thing that was going on…so many incredible bands. I listen to the Statistics 7" more than…a lot of things. We were going for a Varukers/Ultra Violent/Riot City kind of thing mixed with Japanese and Swedish hardcore. It didn't really go in that direction but it was a good starting point.
Marcus: I think each of us brings something different from the table. I grew up in Albany and never got exposure to the bands Jeff mentioned. I grew up hearing Devoid Of Faith, Hail Mary, Monster X…the whole Gloom Records catalog essentially.
PJ: There are a lot of good bands in Boston, which raises the bar a bit for what you want to present to people. I listen to the Partisans every day. Can't say the same for Bastard.

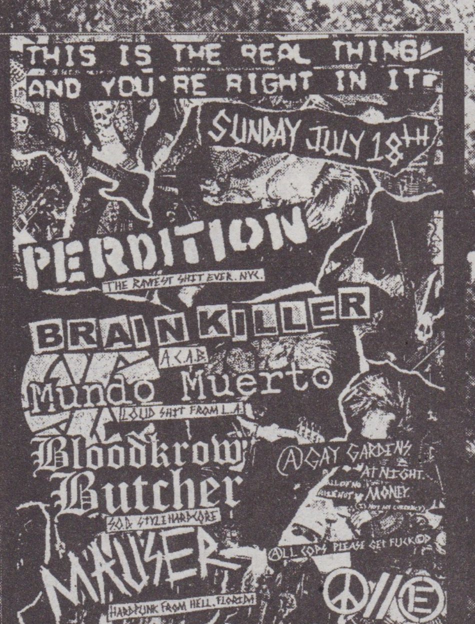
MRR: What's a "Brain Killer"? What other band names did you guy come up with besides that?
Jeff: It's this punk band from Boston. Not sure about other band names. It took for fucking ever to come up with a band name.
Marcus: Coming up with a name that matched what the band was beginning to sound like while writing the demo was pretty difficult. I don't think we actually had a name until we were driving home from recording.
Ryan: Yeah, we had the demo completely recorded before we came up with a name. Everything else we came up with sounded stupid, but Brain Killer seemed to really fit the sound of the band.

MRR: What do you think of my nickname "Brain Kittens"?
Jeff: Ben Stiller, Ben Kweller…
Marcus: Paul Weller…
Ryan: Brain Kittens is pretty good. I don't think I had heard that until now. At the beginning of our first set, Jeff introduced us as "Ben Kweller" and I lost my shit. I couldn't stop laughing for the rest of the set.

MRR: What year was Brain Killer born? Was this always the line-up besides the recent addition of Dan?
Jeff: We started playing together in 2007. It was the same line-up but with Dominick on drums. Everything up until the LP is Dominick. Eventually he left town for a while and that's when we got PJ on drums. We recorded the LP with Dan a year and a half ago and recently he joined the live line-up.
Marcus: When Jeff, Ryan, and I talked about doing the band it took us a little while to get going if I remember correctly. Pretty sure Jeff and I had referred to us playing together as a "fake band" for months until Jeff, Ryan and Dominick all showed up to my house to play. By the end of the night we had half of the demo written.


FUKKINGPUNK
FUKKING HARDCORE
JULY 14TH
CHARGED
BRAIN KILLER
SCAPEGOAT
WASTE MANAGEMENT
AT A HOUSE IN LOWER ALLSTON NOT JEFF'S HOUSE DONT GO TO MY HOUSE.
DONT BE A BABY!
ASK AROUND!
6PM. BRING MONEY YOU THINK THIS'S SHITS FREE?
HARDCORE RULES
DONT BE STUPID
DONT BE A MORON


FINLAND FUCKS BOSTON
KAAOSTA TÄÄ MAA KAIPAA
KIISTETYT
YOU KNOW WHAT THE FUCK THIS IS!
SUNDAY APRIL 25st
BRAIN KILLER
UNEMPLOYED NOISY LOUD CORE FROM BOSTON
SSR
TIME MACHINE SUOMI PUNX FROM RICHMOND
Bloodkrow Butcher
ILL ASS ASOCIAL/ABSURD STYLE TYPO THEMED HARDCORE FROM AROUND THE WAY
FUCK HEADS
MODERN HARDCORE RAN THROUGH RAT PEDALS FROM HERRELL'S
at democracy center cambridge 45 mt auburn street
7 BUCKS
5 PM


THIS IS THE REAL THING AND YOU'RE RIGHT IN IT
SUNDAY JULY 18TH
PERDITION
THE RAWEST SHIT EVER. NYC.
BRAIN KILLER
A.C.A.B.
Mundo Muerto
LOUD SHIT FROM L.A.
Bloodkrow Butcher
S.O.D. STYLE HARDCORE
MAUSER
HARDPUNK FROM HELL, FLORIDA
GAY GARDENS AT NIGHT.
MONEY.
ALL COPS PLEASE GET FUCKED

MRR: Who did you play your first show with? How long did you practice beforehand?
Jeff: Civil Crisis and some touring bands, I forget. Real fun show. That was April 2008. We didn't want to play until we had a demo tape. We made 100 and left them all in stacks in the basement of the show.
Marcus: I think every run of the demo we made, we just left them in random places in peoples' houses. Bathrooms, kitchen cabinets…pretty sure one got left in someone's fridge.

MRR: How many copies of your demo tape were there? How soon after was your demo released via 8" format on Vinyl Rites?
Jeff: 500 or 600, I don't remember. The 8" you're referring to is actually this weird noise jammer we recorded in the same session as the first 7". The 8" came out before anything, which I think is pretty cool. Vinyl Rites and Deranged did our first 7".
Marcus: The 8" is six and a half minutes of a looped drum beat and obnoxious noise.

MRR: How did Vinyl Rites wind up putting out that 8"? What about Deranged with your recent LP?
Jeff: Ryan knew Daniel of Vinyl Rites from touring in previous bands. He got a hold of the demo tape and wanted to do something with us. By the time he told us he wanted to do a release with us we had already recorded another couple songs that were going to be the first 7" with Deranged. We told him we had this other weird song with no plans to release it on anything, so he pressed 100 8"s of it.
Ryan: Yeah, Daniel is one of my favorite people. I kept him up to date as Brain Killer started to get going and he was super supportive from the start. It made total sense to do something together. He's a total sweetheart and he "gets it."

MRR: How many releases do you have including tapes?
Everyone: Demo tape (self-released), *Church and State* 8" (Vinyl Rites), First 7" (Deranged), Demo 7" (Deranged/ Vinyl Rites), 2009 summer tour tape (self-released), and *Every Actual State Is Corrupt* LP (Deranged).

MRR: You started off as a four-piece with just Marcus on vocals and then added Dan, who appears on your recently released *Every Actual State Is Corrupt* LP. When and how did the dual vocalists come about?
Jeff: When we decided we wanted to do an LP we all agreed that we had to change

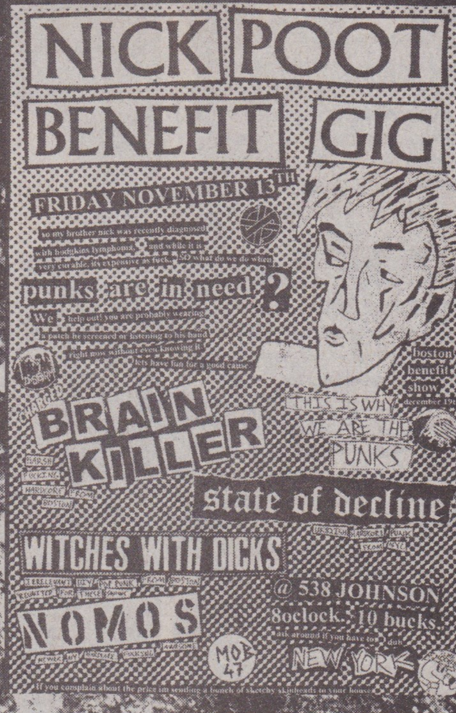
things up a bit to keep it interesting. A full-length worth of hardcore punk can sometimes get pretty stale, so we asked Dan if he'd be down with getting weird with us. He was completely down to do it. We only recently started playing shows with him.
Marcus: It was a really great experience working with Dan while recording the LP. Neither the band or he had any idea what was going to happen and it worked out really well in my opinion and I'm really excited that we are working on new songs with him and I on vocals.

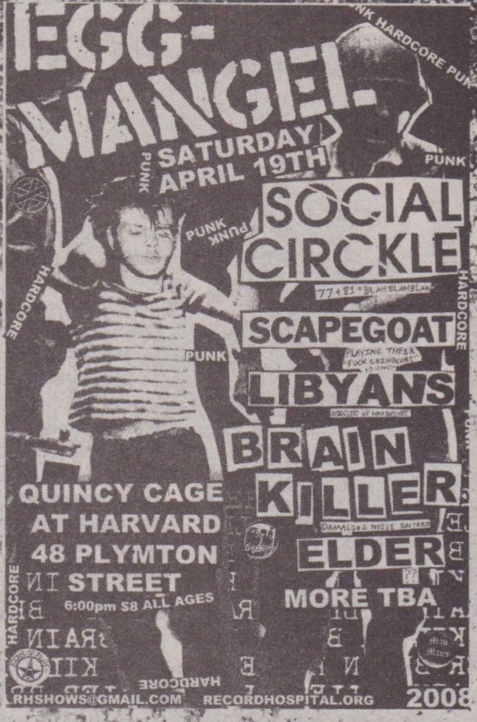
MRR: How did you guys know Dan?
Jeff: Dan was on tour with one of his other bands and they crashed at my house. We all got along real well and prank called a shit ton of people. Soon he moved back to Boston. Then we pranked more people.
Marcus: I met Dan on the ass-end of our US tour in Brooklyn.

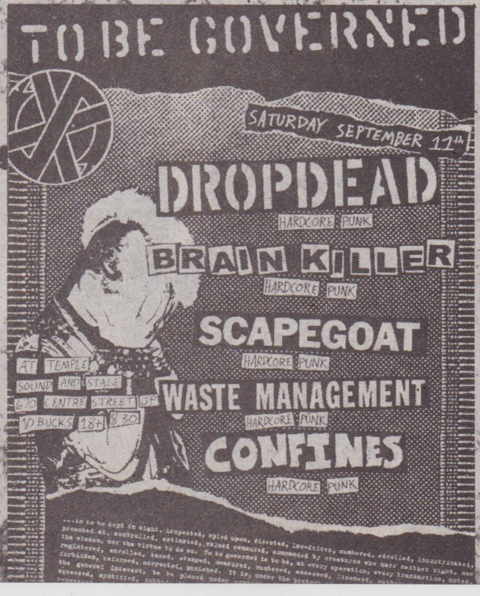
MRR: Did you ever expect to release an LP? *Every Actual State Is Corrupt* seems to be a big hit right now. I love the gatefold format. It sort of looks like one big Jeff Poot flyer or zine…Jeff, did you do the layout?
Jeff: I never expected to release an LP and to be honest in the beginning I didn't want to put any records out. Just wanted to put out tapes and play shows here and there. We were all fans of the bands on Deranged, so when he offered to do a record for us, our mindset changed pretty quick. We're real happy with how the LP came out as well. Yes, I did the inside artwork and the back cover. Ryan did the front and insert.
Ryan: When we first started I never wanted to play a set longer than ten minutes. So I guess the 2008 me would have been surprised by an LP, but when we made the decision to do this record it made a lot of sense. Going into the studio knowing that we wanted to record a full-length seemed to get us (or at least myself) into the mindset of going bigger than our previous sessions. The LP gave us an opportunity to experiment with different sounds and ideas. I think we were all really psyched on the idea of pushing our songs into different directions and I'm very happy with the end product.
Marcus: It's really strange how quickly we went from, "we never want to play or put out records," to having done three tours and multiple weekends, playing NYC every three days each summer, and having six releases of sorts.

MRR: Jeff, what zines have you been involved with? Are you currently working on one right now?
Jeff: I did a couple issues of a zine called *Wet Cement*. 100% cut-and-paste. I sort of started another one recently but working a bazillion hours a week sort of gets in the way. But I'm getting laid off in a week and a half so we'll see if *Wet Cement* 3 ever happens.

MRR: Did you purposely design the spine so that it is the boldest record in my LP collection besides Crass' *Chirst the Album*?
Jeff: What's a Crass?
Dan: We're wider than Jesus.


NICK POOT
BENEFIT GIG
FRIDAY NOVEMBER 13TH
so my brother nick was recently diagnosed with hodgkins lymphoma, and while it is very curable, its expensive as fuck. SO what do we do when
punks are in need?
We help out! you are probably wearing a patch he screened or listening to his band right now without even knowing it.
lets have fun for a good cause.
boston benefit show december 19th
THIS IS WHY WE ARE THE PUNKS
BRAIN KILLER
HARSH FUCKING HARDCORE FROM BOSTON
state of decline
WITCHES WITH DICKS
@ 538 JOHNSON
8oclock. 10 bucks.
NOMOS
MOB 47
NEW YORK
If you complain about the price im sending a bunch of sketchy skinheads to your house.


EGG-MANGEL
SATURDAY APRIL 19TH
PUNK
HARDCORE
SOCIAL CIRCKLE
77+81 = BLAH BLAH BLAH
SCAPEGOAT
PLAYING THEIR "FUCK GRINDCORE" SONG
LIBYANS
BRAIN KILLER
DAMAGING NOISE BASTARD
ELDER
MORE TBA
QUINCY CAGE AT HARVARD 48 PLYMTON STREET
6:00pm $8 ALL AGES
RHSHOWS@GMAIL.COM
RECORDHOSPITAL.ORG
2008


TO BE GOVERNED
SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 11th
DROPDEAD
HARDCORE PUNK
BRAIN KILLER
HARDCORE PUNK
SCAPEGOAT
HARDCORE PUNK
WASTE MANAGEMENT
HARDCORE PUNK
CONFINES
HARDCORE PUNK
AT TEMPLE SOUND AND STAGE 670 CENTRE STREET JP
10 BUCKS 18+ 8:30

Ryan: Yes.
Marcus: When we were talking about doing the LP one of the main things we talked about was that we wanted to make sure you could find it in your record collection. My least favorite thing to do is to search longer than I should to find a record I want to listen to.

MRR: Where have you toured? Any plans for upcoming tours? Wait, aren't you on tour right now?
Jeff: We did a full US tour in summer 2009 then did a two-week tour to Florida with Scapegoat in January 2010. We're currently on the ass-end of a ten-day trip to Chicago and back. Last night we played for five twelve-year-olds, but Brazen Hell played and they were awesome. No plans for future tours right now, but I'm sure it will happen.

MRR: Besides Bastard and Boston, with the new dual vocals, you guys have gotten more anarcho-sounding a la Antisect and that vein of '80s political punk. Do your lyrics reflect your sound? Marcus, I want you to address the topics you cover in your lyrics and then Dan to elaborate on what e's ranting about…
Marcus: I spent a lot of time growing up reading Orwell. My parents are librarians and when I was in seventh grade the first book my father gave me was *1984*. I read that book chapter for chapter with him. He was just as paranoid-conspiracy theorist as I am, so he let me into the whole world that is "the system." He spent lots of time when I was young using that book as a comparison to a lot of what was happening in the world and pretty much shaped my brain into working that way also. Some say that could be a fucked up childhood. I think he was just preparing me for how the world is now.

On the topic of my lyrical content, I spend a lot of time writing down my thoughts, ideas and feelings each day. Many are weird conspiracies I read about, some could be about my mixed emotions or a specific subject, or whatever is going on in my life at that time. After getting those ideas written down I spend a lot of time trying to make them as relatable to the listener as I can. Sometimes that means I don't write full sentences or the lyrics tend to not make as much sense as I hoped.

I work a lot of shitty jobs. One of which requires me at times to be wearing a suit and tie and kissing the asses of rich, white males, who honestly couldn't give a fuck if their Audio Visual equipment is even set up or ready to use. That is just one topic that I have used plenty in years that Brain Killer has been a band.
Dan: The pieces I did on the LP are definitely a little darker and more apocalyptic than my lyrics in Surrender, and maybe less overtly political, but that's just expressing one side of how I feel about the world. Sometimes I feel really hopeful about the future, sometimes I think punk can have a really positive impact…and sometimes I just feel like everything is already fucked. I think it's important to recognize that we can all have conflicting thoughts and emotions. Some people read lyrics like they're a manifesto or something, but we're not writing dogma. It's art, it's subjective, and it comes out of how I'm feeling at a given

elements in what I say on the record are more about examining the systems of control that underlie our society than about specific issues (though I do address things like the fucked up state of health care in America). Basically I just want people to step back for a moment, get outside of their day-to-day head space and think about how it all fits together, and then maybe we can find ways to avoid being caught up in the endless cycles of bullshit that society creates for us.

Also, politics and punk were always inseparable for me, and I feel like a lot of bands nowadays don't give a shit, or just pay lip service to giving a shit. I can understand the desire to be apolitical in such an overwhelmingly fucked up world, but for me apathy is boring; it's the opposite of punk. I don't understand how punk can have moved so far away from the political engagement of the '70s, '80s and '90s. I guess punk is just trendy now; it's just another subculture. It's a hobby for people. And then you get shit like the Last Supper, exercises in bullshit nostalgia that have nothing to do with a message or with any kind of political or social reality.

MRR: Do the rest of you guys agree with the Brain Killer message? Do you even think you have a message? Do you consider yourselves a political punk band? I met Dan through Surrender, so I know you must have a political bone or two in your body. Do you guys consider yourself political as individuals and as a band?

Jeff: Yes of course we all agree—we wouldn't turn up to 11 and scream ourselves hoarse if we didn't. We may not be overly political, but we're definitely mad, and it's those things that make us mad that keep this going. But being in a band that pumps hundreds of dollars worth of gasoline into a van so we can drive around selling slave labor made t-shirts with our name printed on them is one fuck of a gray area.

Marcus: I mentioned it in the question before, but we do have a small political presence and maybe with Dan being in the band that presence will grow or it may stay the same. But we certainly have something to be mad about and Jeff is right, this is why we are in a band, and this is why I blow my voice out every day.

Ryan: There is so much in this world to be angered, saddened and frustrated by. How could we not give a shit?

PJ: It's hard to eliminate the gray area with the band as well as with life in general. No reason to stop.

MRR: I know besides the individual choices you guys make on a daily basis to stay true to your punk ideals, you guys helped Jeff's brother Nick Poot and their family a lot. You used Brain Killer as a band for a good cause. As dual scenes, we did two benefits and two memorial shows here in NYC for Nick Poot and you guys played every one. The blow to our community while he was sick and after his loss was unfathomable. It's not even a year and I can still feel it fresh in my heart. Did the recent loss contribute to any raw emotion in your last release? Any plans for a Boston memorial show? Anything you want to say about the whole experience, as I know it affected your band directly and had a deep impact.

Jeff: The LP was recorded a month or two after he had gotten out of the hospital after being there for a several months. I had

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ANGRY SONGS

always done everything for my brother, but with the LP I really wanted him to get a kick out of it. He need a smile on his face, it had been a long time. The LP artwork itself sums it up pretty good, "For Nick Poot." He's on my mind with every chord I strum and it's going to be that was for a long, long time. Particularly the shows we play in New York, not having him there pumping his fist along to every note. I'd be lying if I said I'm doing ok, but with the incredibly supportive punk scene we are lucky enough to have a part of, it gets a little better every day. I haven't been able to thank everybody involved in the benefit/memorial shows in Boston, New York, St. Louis, and Philly, so I will take this opportunity to do so. What you all did for my brother helped more than chemotherapy ever could. Thank you. This is why we are the punks.
Marcus: I didn't know Nick as long as many people but he was a person that right off the bat it felt like you had known him for years and when I found out he was sick it was a blow for all of us in NYC and Boston. Jeff was a friend before he and I were in a band together, and he will always be a friend first. If him or his family needed anything I would have done it. No question.

MRR: What other Boston bands do you play with a lot?
Jeff: Scapegoat, Waste Management, Bloodkrow Butcher, the No Joe B's.
Marcus: Those bands are pretty much it, haha.

MRR: Any new bands in Boston for us to watch out for that you guys are in or otherwise?
Jeff: I play guitar and sing in a band called Awful Man. It's kind of a Dillinger 4/Radon/Future Virgins type thing. My label It's Not a Phase Dad! Records, along with Dead Broke Rekerds, just put out a 7"called *New Ways To Say Fuck Off.* Get it. Also, me and Dan have another band called No Sir I Wont with a peace punk kind of sound, no duh. We'll be ready in a couple months. Awesome Boston punk bands include, but are not limited to, White Pages, Cassanovas In Heat, the Scamps, Aspects Of War, Scapegoat, Gash, Waste Management, Four Eyes, Earth Pig, Bloodkrow Butcher, Yale Ma., Male Nurses, the Credentials. My friend Brian does a comic called *Yucky* that is great.
Marcus: Cleansing Wave, Four Eyes, Bombings, Fuckheads, Shamcocks, WKSJ?, Subklinix.
PJ: A-Kiefer, Sterilization, Peace Breakers.

MRR: Any last words?
Jeff: Listen to Man Afraid. I miss Barker, Caitlin, Mark, and Kari.
Dan: Punk's not dead; it's just narrow-minded and boring.
Marcus: Hello to new PANX.
Ryan: Start a community garden.

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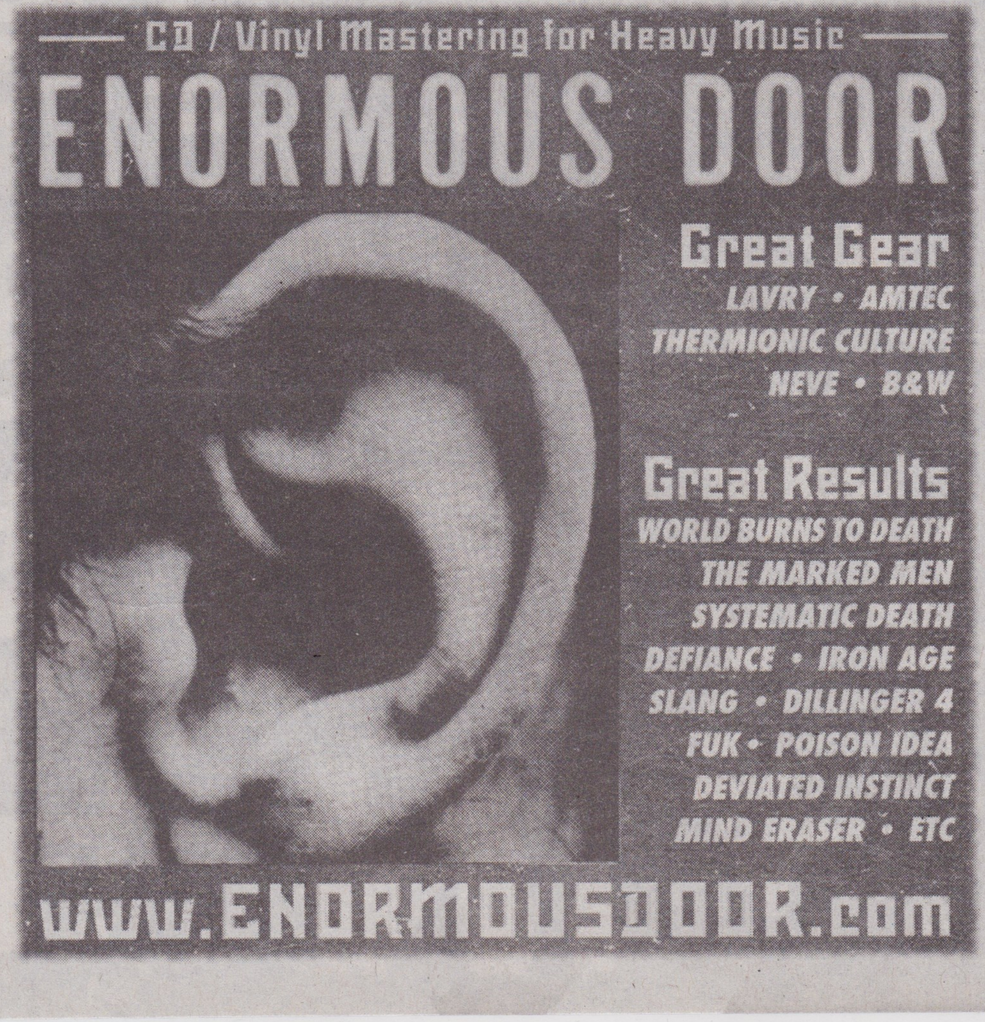

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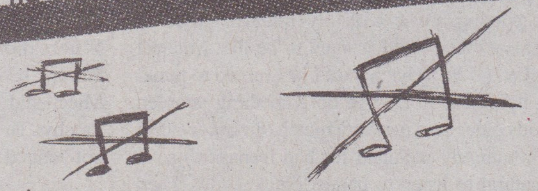
A NOISE-CORE ROUNDTABLE

ROBROBROBROBROBINBIN!

Shimokitazawa, at the place where the hipsters hangs out, The punks that had their mind blown by noise-core gathered.

This is noise terrorism!



From Disorder, to Chaos UK, to Chaotic Dischord, various noise-core bands exist in an international scale. From the past to present, there are many noise-core bands existing here in Japan. Within the various types of bands, the Kyushu Prefecture bands during the early '80s, such as Gai, Confuse, Sieg-Heil, and Kuro are well respected within the international hardcore punk community. Now we present you the noise-core masters from ex-members of Confuse, Sieg- Heil as well as members of currently active band, Stagnation. They will talk about the current noise-core sensation…

BUT!!

This originally ran in Mobsproof, and thanks so much, Koichiro, for letting us run it in MRR, and thanks to Daiki Kusuhara for the translation.

Terms:

MAD: Guitar player for Confuse
DIS: Vocalist for Confuse
MENTAI BEAT: group of Kyushu rock bands such as Sunhouse, The Rockers.
YAMAZEN: short for the Hakata City's well known musician, Zenjiro Yamabe
SWINDLE: *The Great Rock'n' Roll Swindle*
YANKEE/FURYO: term used for bad teenagers

Can we start out by talking about the Kyushu noise-core scene in the '80s? How did you guys get into punk and hardcore?

Micchan: Rather than us seeking the music, it just naturally came to us. Since we were listening to stuff like rock'n'roll, we just naturally got into it.

Passhy: Bands like Discharge came out and we were in that certain generation that experienced it in real-time.

Around when was that?

Passhy: Ummm…I think when we were in eigth grade.

Was the material easy to get ahold of?

Micchan: I got ahold of the Sex Pistols at a record rental store. Before the Sex Pistols, I listened to PIL (Public Image Limited). I was listening to PIL around eigth grade and then started listening to *Katteni Shiyagare* (Japanese title of *Never Mind The Bollocks, Here's The Sex Pistols*, translates: "Do Whatever The Hell You Want").

Were there a lot of people around you that listened to punk?

Micchan: Nope.

Passhy: At the time, there was this band called Hana and their vocalist was in the same grade as Micchan so we used to listen to it together.

Micchan: His father was pretty badass.

He was involved in the media and he'd have stuff like punk records. Stuff that we'd never heard of before. He had some Sex Pistols singles too.
Passhy: Other than that, we listen to bands like Anarchy. They were active at the time.
Micchan: Also, The Stalin.
Passhy: When the '80s came, we were like, "I heard about this thing called hardcore punk." We listened to Discharge for the first time and said, "What the hell is this! The songs sound all the same!" It was pretty scary for an eighth grader.

Were you in any bands at the time?
Passhy: Before…around the end of eigth grade, I was playing music with my friends. I used to like heavy metal and I wanted to be like Michael Schenker, (U.F.O.) haha! But I just turned to punk. I just figured it's better to do something simpler. The kids older than me were bunch of *yankee* (term used commonly in Japan for bad teenagers) so it was natural to listen to bands like Anarchy. Then little by little… it turned to a mistake of my life.
Micchan: Complete downfall. Haha!

Azusa: So you guys were playing like the Sex Pistols and the guitar sound became crazy like that?
Micchan: We wanted to sound like foreign bands but there was something odd. We'd bring the treble up really high but it still wasn't right. We were experimenting with sound and then an equalizer pedal came in. MAD was really into that kind of stuff. We all used it.

What pedals were you using?
Micchan: The pedals we were using were distortion and an equalizer, only those two pedals.

Awaya: Were you guys competing with other bands of trying to be weirder from other bands?
Micchan: Yeah, there definitely was that mentality. But MAD was really into experimenting with sounds, he used to play a recorded track of animal crying in reverse and make noise with that.
Passhy: MAD's older brother was into techno, if it was nowadays people would call it a total techno geek. His younger brother, MAD had been influenced by that. At the time at MAD's house, they had an open reel and we were able to record using overdubs. Mad Studio refers to MAD's bedroom haha!
Passhy: DIS and MAD grew up together since they were kids. They lived near each other. After we recorded the instruments at our friends' house, we'd go to MAD's room and hide underneath the blanket to record the vocals but it was still very loud.
Micchan: It must have been quite annoying for the neighbors.
Everyone: Hahahahaha!
Passhy: After it was over, we just press the switch on the boom box. Gai and Sieg Heil were recorded on cassette. We'd sell that..
Micchan: We recorded our rehearsals as well.
Passhy: We were around 16 or 17 years old so we didn't have money.

Did the older kids teach you guys anything about recording?
Micchan: The older kids that were two years older than us were playing in bands but they were playing something different.
Passhy: At the time in Hakata city, "Mentai-beat" was really hip. It was rather new wave than punk.
Micchan: We didn't think that it was too different… but "Mentai-beat" was a little scary for us haha
Passhy: There were bunch of *furyou* (another reference to bad teenagers).
Micchan: At the record stores, they'd do that move. Haha!
Micchan: When we see them coming, we'd get out of their way turning to the right side. We we're like, "Damn!"

Where did you guys play shows?
Passhy: It was always at a rental hall.
Micchan: It got shut down really quick. Haha!
Passhy: The place the The Mods used to play, we got banned from playing after playing one show.

Were you guys going too crazy? Haha!
Passhy: It was long ago and we lived out of nowhere, the information that we got was only from zines…we thought to ourselves, "If we're playing hardcore, we need to go insane." Haha! We tried to have the same insanity as The Stalin.

Azusa: Are there any incidents that you thought it was too much?
Passhy: We went to go fuck up this one band.
Everyone: What?!!!
Micchan: One of our friends invaded them by swinging around a fire extinguisher but instead, he hit himself, fell on his ass and hurt himself. Haha! We went to go a second time even though they were older than us. When we were going back, they told us, "You guys ruled."
Passhy: We were still young so it just happened. We stared at that band's car.
Micchan: Their response was mature.
Passhy: But they brought wooden katanas. We brought black batting sticks, since we were bunch of idiots. Haha! When we were ready they also brought black wooden katanas. I think Yamazen booked that show.
Micchan: Yeah.
Passhy: Yamazen said, "You guys need to stop," and then we had a conversation.

Azusa: Did you guys get violent with each other?
Passhy: No, not really. That's just how it went those days.

Azusa: They were older generation right?
Micchan: Yeah, but they lived in different areas.
Passhy: Because of that incident, they changed their name when they came to our local area. But we'd easily find out.

Then everyone gathered?
Passhy: Yeah (just like nothing). We were all bored.

Going back to the story about the band…were all the members the same age?
Micchan: For Sieg-Heil, we were all different age. There was bunch of *furyou* groups. They'd try to fuck us up when we're playing shows.
Passhy: They threw an onion at us. Haha!
Micchan: It was pretty insane. Even though they were fighting each other, we'd form a band together.
Passhy: TV, which was an ex-Sieg-Heil member played bass for Swankys and a friend that was the same grade was the vocalist. I joined Confuse at their later period but the original members are all in the same grade. Confuse wasn't from Hakata City, they're from a little further out of the town. DIS happen to be at Hakata City and got to know bunch of people. During those years, when we saw punks in the streets we talked to them and sold tickets for the shows. I think we sold it for somewhere between 300 to 500 yen. When DIS went to Hakata City, one of the members of Swankys said, "There's a punk," talked to us and we (Confuse) went to go check them out. At the time, we weren't really getting along saying things like, "Those dudes are assholes," but eventually we started saying, "Wait, those dudes are cool!" Haha! We got along pretty well.
Passhy: There was the showing of *Swindle* (the movie).
Micchan: At this café.
Passhy: At the time, there wasn't that many people that had a VHS player so we had to check it out at the showing. We were like, "Those dudes are there," and we sat at separate areas of the café between members of Confuse and Swankys. Yeah, when we got a hold of *UK/DK*, there was an Aerosmith concert but we really wanted to check out *UK/DK* so we went to this rich kid's house and watched it there. We were able to see Aerosmith for free but we were like, "We gotta check out Disorder!"
Micchan: It was mind blowing.
Passhy: That was the first time we've seen hardcore footage on video. And Watty's thing (imitates the opening part of the Disorder segment).
Micchan: We got influenced by, and imitated it so quick! Everyone copied it. That was pretty rad.
Passhy: Yeah, we were like, "So Disorder uses soap!" at the time we used to use laundry starch to charge our hair and we said, "Disorder is still using soap!" Haha! We used to say "Don't they have laundry starch in England?" and "Oh yeah, they don't have kimonos there!"
Everyone: Hahahahaha!!
Passhy: Laundry starch was the best. We didn't know about hair sprays. We were like, "There's this thing called a hair spray?"
Micchan: Yeah, that's right. If you touched it too much, white powder comes out and when it rains it sucked! I naturally have curly hair so it looked all weird.

Azusa: Like Michael Jackson? Haha! Did your taste in music change at all?
Passhy: At the time, I used to love Zelda. Haha! I used to like that new wave stuff too. Also bands like Hikashu.

Azusa: As the sound went more intense, you were also listening to new wave? *Stupid Life* is very intense.
Passhy: By that time, I was already out of the band. I actually have another version besides the one on the record.

Azusa: Wow! You just mentioned something rare!!

Passhy: They were like, "Hey Passhy, we're releasing something like this," and gave me this tape.

How did the members get along?

Passhy: We used to sleep over at DIS' house the night before and cut each other's mohawks. Our first record was put out by ourselves by doing construction work. During that time, we stayed at DIS' parent's house. DIS' mom asked us, "When are you guys recording?" and told us, "You guys should record this day. This is a day for good luck and you guys' record will sell if you record on this day."

Azusa: That's actually true! It's actually still selling. That's pretty cool.

Micchan: All the bands had parents' approval. We were competing with each other.

That's some crazy times. Haha! Were there punks in the neighborhood?

Micchan: There were a bunch of kids that had mohawks. Kids that went to school would have the mohawk down and split the hair in two directions.

What kind of people went to your shows?

Micchan: We would ask random people around the city. If we saw someone, even if they didn't know anything about punk, we'd talk to them saying, "Hey, were having a show. Did you wanna check it out?" We tried to be all cool. Haha! We used to try to hit on girls like that.

Passhy: Gahahahaha!

Micchan: We copied our tickets a lot and were like, "we got 500 yet!"

Passhy: It was only 300 or 500 yen so we wouldn't be really forcing people to pay but people would be intimidated enough to the point of paying us. Haha!

Azusa: Were there quite a few people that bought the ticket but didn't come?

Micchan: But every time there was at least 200 people.

Everyone: Wow!

Micchan: We got banned from the place that we usually played. We'd break their equipment all the time and never paid for it. Haha! Then this place called, Mind The Bollocks opened up. It looked like an underground dungeon—everything was flat. We used to play there all the time. But we never thought about revenues.

What about the bands after?

Micchan: Sieg-Heil stopped playing. Hana stopped playing…then TV joined Swankys. There were members interchanging but new bands didn't really pop up.

Passhy: But we did start to play shows at other cities.

Do you have any footage of your bands at the time?

Micchan: I only have about three photos of the band. I'm not sure about videos..

Passhy: I only have one video. But Gess' vocalist said, "I can't let people see this kind of shit" and threw it from top of a hill. Haha! There might be someone that dubbed the tape.

How did you make the songs?

Micchan: I and someone else would make it together. We'd think about where to use feedback and other stuff.

Passhy: Confuse and Sieg Heil would try to make something cooler.

Micchan: We wanted to play faster and faster..

Azusa: At the time, Kyushu probably was the only place that had a focus point for noise-core right?

Micchan: Well, we never thought that we were playing "noise-core." We thought it more as playing hardcore punk. People started calling it noise-core afterwards.

Passhy: We were *noise-punk* and Gai was *violence-punk*. At the time, we didn't really know what *hard-punk* was. We thought it was punk like hard rock or something. Haha! People in Kyushu are rather competitive of each other. We competed each other saying, "Ours is uglier."

Micchan: We were just high school kids. Only intensity. Haha!

Passhy: When I moved to Tokyo, my friends were like, "Wasn't Kyushu very violent at the time?" But it wasn't violent at all.

Azusa: But you guys swung fire extinguishers. Haha!

Passhy: We were weak so we didn't get too close, so fire extinguisher worked well. Haha!

Micchan: That looked crazier. Throwing things too.

What about the response at the time?

Passhy: …Of course, people just withdrew..

Everyone: Hahahahahah!!

Passhy: Only part of the crowd was enjoying it.

Micchan: We used to be pretty stoked about it. Haha! Random people that came were holding down their ears and looked very disturbed. The venues that we haven't played that much would be low volume so we would max out the volume… Ten works out the best. Haha!

Passhy: When *Ei-chan* (nick name for *Yazawa Eikichi*, famous Japanese rock star) played with Carol, they played with volume at ten. A local band played with them and when they played after Carol, the bass amp was all the way up to ten. They were like, "It's up to ten!"

Micchan: At the time, instruments weren't mic'd. A lot of places didn't have a full PA.

So: I heard that you guys put a classified for a PA?

Passhy: After a *Doll* Magazine interview about Kyushu punk, we got interviewed and we told them "We're not stoked about the PA," and they wrote something about that.

So, I see! I always thought you guys were able to create that sound since there was the PA but it seems to be different.

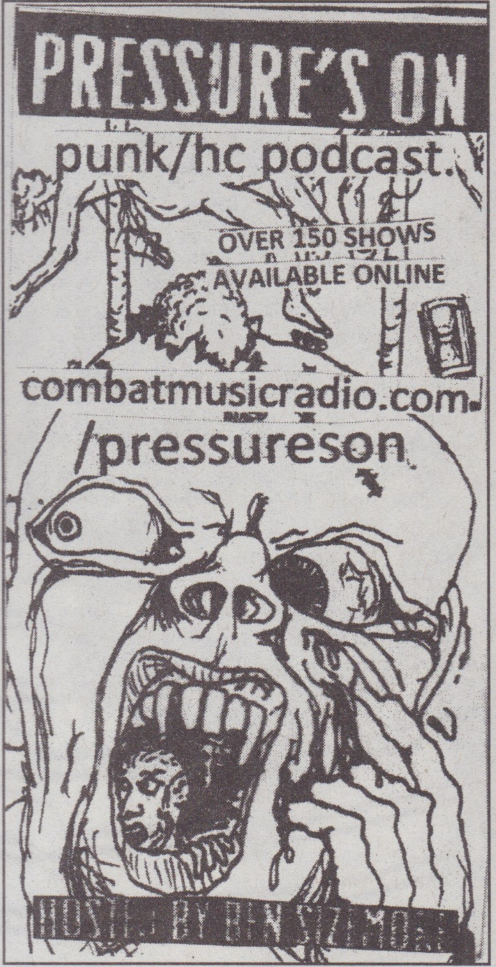
Passhy: But for the second single, we used a recording studio where the Roosters (Japanese celebrity, Jinnai Takanori's rock band before he went on to acting, Roosters appear on the film *Burst City*), played. There, the engineer got really interested in our sound and told us "I've never heard anything like this." Then he let us use the studio for free. He mixed our sound during our shows. There were those kinds of things. Also for recording, it might be difficult to hear from the recordings but for drums, we'd record only the hi-hat and then record only the cymbals… MAD brought those kinds of ideas.

You guys actually were pretty particular about it and created that sound. What do you think about bands nowadays?

Micchan: Everyone is really good. We can't really let people hear our stuff since it;s bad. I'm serious.

Conclusion:

From start to the end, the conversation about the Kyushu punk scene in the '80s continued along with lots of laughter. About the future of noisecore. If these people have produced these wonderful things, it wouldn't die down. For the future of noise-core, charge your hair with soap…no, laundry starch, and receive the noise!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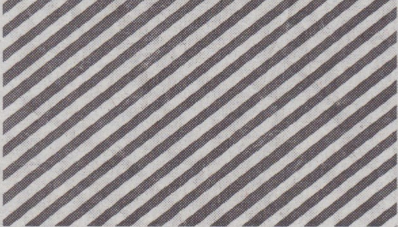

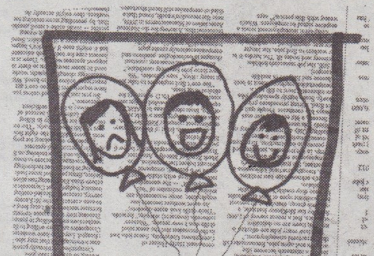
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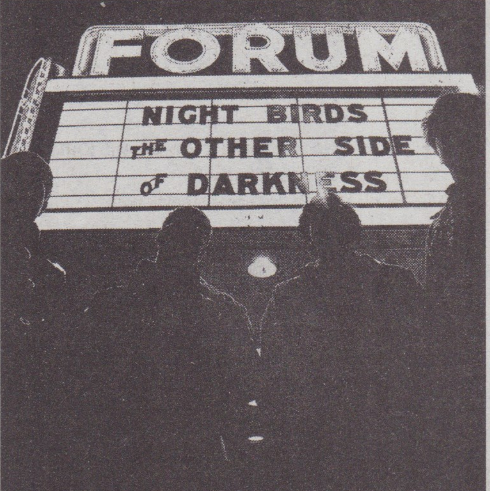
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BRAINF ≠

Covert casettes bundled into sweaty palms unused to the heat, exchange of small box as opening gambit, plastic bomb, unsolicited emails. They never said it would be easy. The artists formerly known as 'lannel' pedal twisted riff banditry and girlboygirlboy arguments into a hard craft for soft diletantes, endearing arch pedantry borne of invention and isolation, making inverted anthems for stale puppets, insurrectionist housewives and a steaming, psyched-out mafia of terminally confused youth. In other words, ≠.

Photo credits: David Mirabedini, Pamela Love, Julia Simon and Matt Turner (phew!)

Interview by Bryony Beynon

MRR: Hi Brain F. Who would replace you in the band if you were unable to perform for an evening?

Elise: I sing… Nick Goode would replace me. Or Andy the Doorbum (A Charlotte luminary with a hurly burly low throaty voice. He's got what I don't.)

Nick: I sing and play guitar—Diamanda Galas or Zigyaku, as he really is the Japanese answer to Scott Williams.

Edwin: I play bass, I'd choose Michael Anthony from Van Halen. Provided he wasn't frolicking on the beach somewhere with a huge bottle of Cabo Wabo Reserve, contemplating how to climb a coconut tree. He'd get comfortable as the bassist, then be replaced by Nick's ingrate son Wolfgang.

Bobby: Drums, and I'd pick the guy from Slayer. You'll have to ask around for the punchline.

MRR: Let's talk about North Carolina – are you all born and bred there and do you all live in Charlotte? Who do you consider your sonic and spiritual allies there?

No one's born and bred here - we all ended up here by the withered, nicotine-stained hand of fate. It's an odd and difficult town but the people that see us, however punk they are, are rad. Our spiritual allies are in an indie band called Yardwork (and so is our bassist), the esoteric electronic powerhouse Moenda (Portuguese for "milling"), and Elijah (he's in a bunch of bands, Paint Fumes and Syd and the Lipshits). What a great dude. There are some older gentlemen in a band called Secret Hospital, some television actors in a great way-out jazz group called Great Architect who pick up what we're dropping. It's fun to live in a town where being genuinely punk is a healthy shade of what it probably was in the early '80s, though we aren't often called "Devo queers". Sometimes it happens, though. We aren't in a gang, we don't skate, and we don't ride bicycles, so we have an uphill battle to appeal to the kids in this fine city. Outside of Charlotte, Double Negative and Whatever Brains are certainly both spiritual and sonic allies, as well as the best bands in the state/coast/planet. But that probably goes without saying.

MRR: Describe your first practice in as much detail as you care to.

Our first practice with everyone was in a screenprinting shop/private skate park with all of us fucking off for the majority of the time. Eddie was highly focused on wearing the shit out of a cardigan and doing an impression of an out of tune, desperately untalented musician covering Beatles songs at an open mic night. Once we started playing, Elise sat about thirty yards away singing into her phone recording device so she could hear herself (we had no PA, or she didn't want to use it. Other people using this facility were soon after robbed at gunpoint.

MRR: What's the worst gig you've played?

Either when the Intelligence ruined Eddie's night or when we played a sold out $12 show and got paid $20 (though this was probably our fault—why the hell were we playing a $12 show?).

MRR: Owners of early demos will have noticed the "not equals" sign suddenly appearing, what was the decision behind this?

Aesthetics. Here are some options: we couldn't write the double negative symbol correctly. Our record label didn't like our name. It's a convenient shorthand for "lannel". We wanted to change the F-noun every time we played, but it didn't work out—we kept being billed as Brian F. and people were shocked that our frontman was not a Brian. We weren't being cryptic (Elise hates that), and though we write many songs in F# (see "Restraining Order", "Lie About Diet", our rendition of "Jesus & Tequila", a few on the second LP that will be out in the fall), we write many more in E, as it's Elise's nickname, Ed's first initial, Nick's blood type, and our favorite Scientology machine. Brain \m/ was taken. We're really just distracting everyone while we start to rename ourselves TURBONICO (and the next record is *Sass Cobra*).

MRR; What does the Japanese on your record say? Is there a Japanese link or are you just fans of non-western alphabetical symbols/sigils generally?

The labels on *Restraining Order* say Brain Furniture, all the rest just looked really good with the lannel. The kanji on the second 7" is "ai". Though Nick knows Japanese (his knowledge amounts to a kindergartener writing a war report), he hates runes (that iceage 12" is cool, otherwise). We just like incorporating other cultures into ours, flirting with co-opting them, etc. We also thank Michirou Endo from The Stalin on the second 7", we hope he'd like us. Trash.

MRR: What do you make of the recent *MRR* review that suggested a creative writing class for your lyrics writer – top five worst Brain F≠ lyrics please? I also heard all of your songs are about drugs. Please respond.

Interestingly, Elise majored in poetry and edited a poetry magazine but she lives by the mantra "songs aren't poetry". And no, they're only all about drugs if the listener is. All the songs are pretty much solely about things we're teetering on the precipice of, about to do. Then we get to listen to them afterwards and relive the moment… It's a foresight is 20/20 situation. Worst F≠ lyrics? They're on the tape somewhere. We're pretty proud of our lyrics. Hopefully that straight edge reviewer won't get to handle our album. No hard feelings.

MRR: How do the F≠ like to relax?
Drugs. And not sleeping. And pools, hanging out with dogs (literally), listening to the Shitty Limits, driving each other insane, watching *Pootie Tang*... We also have a healthy love for Taco Bell and stimulants, but we're unsure if encouraging heart attacks is ultimately "relaxing." Man, this is a revelatory interview for us.

MRR: Your record was something of a sonic curveball for Grave Mistake, how'd that hook up?
Is that a cricket reference? We don't understand sports metaphors. But if we're interpreting correctly - Alex DiMatessa was growing his hair out and wanted to recapture the energy of the Looks Like Rain 7". No, he liked the tape and wanted to put something out. I think he's trying to dominate all punk fronts in 2011 (No Moderation just came out again, right?). I think he was sort of worried that it would sell even less than the Logic Problem 7" he did, though (sales eclipsed!). As much as he enjoys getting his stuff in bigger music magazines, we're probably his in to branch out to the *Utne Reader* or *Teen Vogue* or *Highlights for Children*. We also owe a lot to Ellis for putting out our debut single—we are now massive in Northumbria. Sorry State & Grave Mistake are doing the album, and you couldn't ask for two more responsible, bass playing, Leatherface-loving (ugh) adult ponx to handle your album.

MRR: Your first 7" was reviewed as "ominous pop." If this is so, what do you think is coming for us? 2012?
The Brain F≠ LP, Lady Gaga, diabetes for everyone. We are all pretty happy and not particularly lugubrious, though our lifestyles are short-term and our music and lyrical styling is fairly pessimistic. In a good way. We write about each other, isn't it lovely? We won't clearly print lyrics again.

MRR: What the bloody hell is "Symptom Set" about?
Us writing a song to each other. It's a recurring theme.

What film would you most like to rewrite the score for?
She (1982) - It's as if our inner consciousnesses were all combined into one fantastical Italian shitshow. Highly recommended.

Okay I'm bored. Tourbitions?
We are going to come to Europe in the spring of 2012 - supposed to bring White Lung with us, but they're Canadian, man. After that we have to start planning Brain Flannel vs. Survival International tour, where we only play to uncontacted tribes in the Adaman islands.

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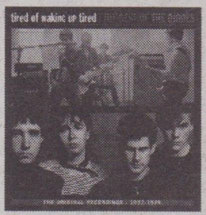

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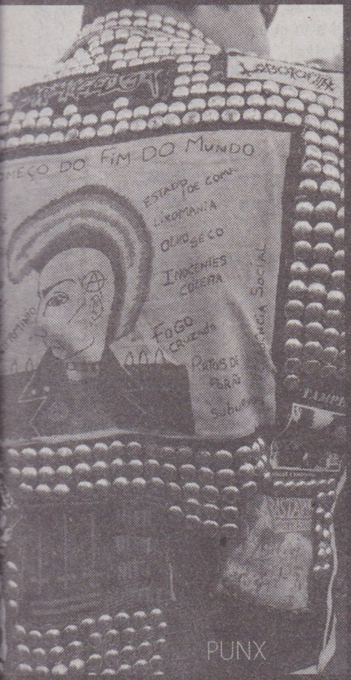
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Photos By Martin Sorrondeguy

NO REST

No Rest is one of the most powerful political bands from Latin America. Terribly underrated, since 1989, No Rest has being playing great trashy punk nonstop. With four tours through Europe, two LPs and a couple of EPs under their belts this band is nowhere near to calling it quits. The lead vocalist, Aline, was kind enough to answer some questions about the band, the Porto Alegre scene, Brazil and how being a mom and keeping it DIY in Latin America is hard but possible.

Interview by CV

MRR: How did No Rest start? What about being anarchist and punk? Do you identify as such?

We started the band in 1989, because we wanted to protest and make some noise. Our music had different influences most of which were metal and punk, but we eventually became more thrash metal in the style. The band was previously called 666 until '94, when it changed to No Rest. From the beginning we were not a typical thrash metal band—the way we approached things and what we wanted as a band were in fact different from the other heavy/thrash metal local bands. As a result, we naturally became more involved with punk.

About anarchopunk— as a band we think that anarchopunk is not about a music style or following stereotypes, since stereotypes are exactly what anarchism confronts. Nor is it to about becoming a part of a certain group, or label or whatever. It took a while for us to recognize No Rest as anarchopunk, but since we were engaged with punk and anarchism, and expressed this in our lyrics and other ways of doing things, that is in fact what we are. This is what we think of us, but since there are differences among local scenes and about what anarchopunk is or isn't, people can take their own conclusions about us. It's interesting to see the different descriptions of bands on gig posters and that's great.

MRR: No Rest has a particular and unique sound in each song. Do you start the band with this sound in mind? What is your song writing process?

We didn't start with that idea. I mean it was not on purpose; the band has changed a lot since it started. Sometimes this can be uncomfortable... as sometimes we don't correspond with some expectations... If each song has a different sound it's because that is the way they were created through expressing what we were feeling at that particular moment. And I think we don't like to play the same thing over and over again, although we like to listen to many bands that do. A song starts with a riff, I guess, or an idea of a riff and than we work on it—sometimes we spend a lot of time working on a certain song, sometimes a song comes easily. The lyrics are then usually created after the music. There are times that we play a song one way for a while then change it... I would add that perhaps we didn't reach the maturity necessary to stop trying different things...maybe we never will.

MRR: What is the current situation of the band?

We are in a curious moment. Since Santiago went to live in Germany (because his son lives there) things became more difficult to organize... we spend much less time together. But at this very moment we are sharing new riffs from distance and making some plans. At the end of the year we'll be all together again.

MRR: What was the process in touring Europe? What you recommend to do before and while there?

We toured throughout Europe four times and they were not all the same. The first time, in 2000, we just went to Europe without arranging gigs beforehand.

I would recommend this way of touring because it did something really great for our lives, but I know that in most people's minds a recommendation means the easiest way—then this touring method is not for them. We went many days without playing a show, sleeping in parking spots on the road or anywhere in any city, waiting for answers and contacts... Also, there are all the other conditions to being "on the road" and on top of that, being Brazilians in Europe. It was amazing to live like that for a year, to get to know all the people we met, to make friends, to know the squats and to get really into the squat scene, which was not the reality of Brazil. It was a great adventure. On the tours after this first one, we arranged some gigs before hand, but we always changed something on the way due to the new possibilities and contacts, and the will to go to a further land—we had tours lasting for three, four or five months...

It has been five years since our last European tour. No doubt that some things have probably changed, but from our experience we can say that there is a great network of support for band and a very organized punk scene. So, if you intend to tour in Europe it's good to have some gigs arranged, and some more may be organized on the way. It's also possible pre-book all your tour dates. Sometimes there are people who can arrange gigs throughout a whole region, which helps a lot. In the case of touring with a person who organizes everything, has a car and backline for rent, I would recommend to take a second look over the proposition, because we saw many bands owing money to individuals who appear to be in the scene to make money. I do not think that people have to do all for free, that is not what I mean, but I believe in cooperation and DIY spirit from both sides.

MRR: Living in a country with a "left" administration like Dilma Rousseff, has this changed the dynamics of life in Porto Alegre and Brazil?

When the government switches there are always changes regarding some issues, but it doesn't necessarily mean that these changes are for better. This government has revealed itself to be very conservative, hypocritical, and opportunist as well. This current government has sold out to international business, pro-capitalism and exploitation. This government has also been actively repressing indigenous peoples, attacking the MST, encroaching in the *favelas*, and suffocating social movements. This government has taken an attitude of imperialistic patriotism; has sent troops to Haiti, Petrobras is exploiting countries like Bolivia and Peru, Eletrobras is building water dams in Peru flooding the Peruvian Amazon forest, Embraer is providing airplanes to Blackwater to fight against guerrillas in Colombia and Central America. And there is this new forest bill, which hasn't been approved yet, but it has a lot of support from the local government. This bill allows agribusiness to exploit even more of the wild forests, extinguishing species and endangering the Indigenous peoples of these areas and their territories.

In other aspects we don't see change, but the maintenance of the structure, which targets economic progress and development. So the dynamics in the cities are: gentrification (stronger now because of the Soccer World Cup in 2014), urban development with an aim of private transportation instead of public, private security is seen as a way to counter crime caused by the social inequality, and so on.

Well, I never believed in the State, so I'm not disappointed.

MRR: I have heard that the dynamics of the so-called "anarchopunk" scene in Brazil is different from the rest of Latin America. Dogmatic ideas inside the community have brought about fights and problems. Is that true?

Yes. We have many problems here. It's true that there are many dogmatic ideas, which have caused many fights, but it's hard to know how different our situation is from the rest of Latin America. I guess only living in the other places and taking part of the local scene can bring you to such a conclusion.

MRR: Do you think political music is a tool for social change?

I think everything you autonomously do in favor of social change must help even if in different ways.

MRR: What do you do right know, besides the band?

We are all involved in other things...we play in other bands, we have some collectives. We have this anarchofeminist collective (Ação Antisexista), we create zines, organize gigs, we are connected with bicycling actvism, some of us are involved with the anarchist book fair in the city (this year is gonna be the second edition). We are involved with other groups and collectives, which organize anti fascist actions. At the moment some of us are working, some aren't, but none pursues a carrier.

MRR: How is your scene in Porto Alegre? Anything interesting going on?

The scene here has changed a lot. There were many, many fights—groups have split and so on. At the moment we are in a reconstruction phase; there are few punks in town and yet there are still some divisions among the few. The tendency here is for things to become separated. The hardcore scene, for example, is very different from the punk scene.

We have been doing some shows, but not as often as we would like. So, when we, by "we" I mean punks involved, organize a show it's a real party.

Something interesting happening here is that anarchism is growing. Most of these anarchists are not anarchopunks, but we have been working together on different activities and we can see that these projects are providing space for others.

MRR: How about being women in Brazil punk scene? Being a mom and keeping DIY? Is it easy?

Hmmm... I guess to be a woman any place is not easy. Maybe it's possible to find it easy for those who are brainwashed enough to believe so, and for a few privileged women (who are also brainwashed). Until all women are free not one of us can be. In the punk scene, especially amongst anarchopunks, there exists an environment more open for the debate. Some people confront the issues involved, question patriarchy, and sexist behavior and ideas. But it's far from perfect, since many people don't realize (still!) the importance of a more active anti sexist attitude and inclusive environment (not macho). I think it's harder for some girls than for others, because people are different. I have developed my own methods to deal with shit, but I know some girls find it hard to do so. Things must change, and I think that in the punk/anarchopunk scene there is room for change...To be a mom in my opinion is easy! Yeah, a beautiful thing in the middle of this chaos! Of course it's hard sometimes, but more so because of concepts and prejudices that we have to face... Of course it's difficult to raise a child in monetary terms, especially when you truly believe in being DIY, but it's possible. You can handle it, doing what you have to do for a living and finding a balance. That's my experience, right? I don't mean that having a child is easy for everyone, I just don't feel as if it's a burden, that's all.

MRR: Could you tell me about some interesting bands or distros in Porto Allegre and Brazil?

Sure! There are many bands that most people already know, so I'll pick up some that are newer and active. Some that we have contact with and I like.

Some local bands: No Masters, Conduta Destrutiva, Ferida, Protesto Gasguita, Vapaus Vapaus...

Others: Defy, Subterror, Revolta Popular, Gracias Por Nada, Social Chaos...

About distros—there is this great project Imprensa Marginal that releases booklets, zines, documentaries, etc... and there is this local distro Casus Belli, Crust or Die from Salvador...I'm certainly missing many here!

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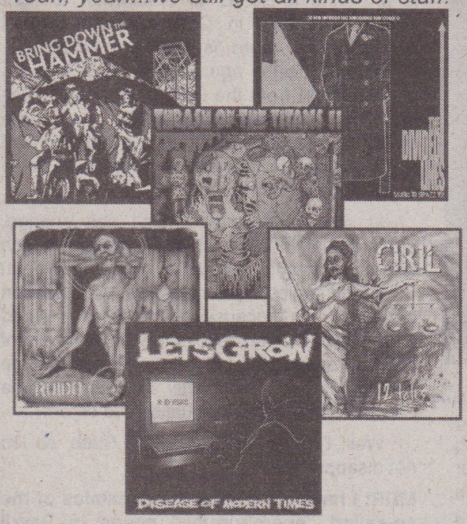

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VAPID

From the first time seeing Vapid, they were the perfect mix of naiveté and knowing, incompetence and incredible songs, fighting and fun. Basically, clusterfuck as revelation: where everything wrong made it all the more right. Years later and the end result is still joy, if not necessarily for them onstage then at least for us in the audience.

This interview initially took place on September 20, 2008 in the alley behind the now defunct Peanut Gallery, with the follow-up conducted via trans-Atlantic email in July 2011. As usual, Ben did not reply to his email.

Introduction by Sean Elliott, Interview and photos by Brie Grey-Noble.

MRR: Let's start with an easy question. Vapid, who are you and what do you do in the band?

Katie (vocals): I'm Katie and I sing in the band.

Ben (drums): Ben Phillips, professional asshole.

Caroline (bass): Caroline Doyle, total dimwit.

Steven (guitar): I'm Steven.

MRR: So, how did you form Vapid? How did Vapid come about?

Katie: Steven traded Ben for a camera.

Steven: No, we already told that story one time.

Katie: So, it's the fucking truth.

Steven: Ben showed Carrie and me how to play because we had instruments and didn't know how to play them.

Katie: And then they started a band and they had songs ready, but they didn't have a singer and then I moved back from Toronto.

Steven: We had two songs and Katie thought that they kind of sucked.

Ben: They did suck.

Steven: She started singing...

Caroline: I'll tell the story. Me, Katie and Steven were hanging out one afternoon because Katie had just moved home [from Toronto]. And we had nothing to do so we went by the jam space where me, Ben and Steven had been practicing and oh my god there was Ben practicing drums, so we had an impromptu practice and Katie became our singer. The rest is history.

Steven: Well, we kind of forced her (to sing) at first but then she kind of started to learn to like it.

MRR: Katie and Caroline you're sisters. I'm wondering how this affected or influenced the band at all in a negative or positive way? Do you think it adds a certain dynamic that wouldn't exist if you weren't sisters?

Caroline: I think it's kind of special, personally.

Katie: I think that in the end what it's turned out to be is that our voices blend well and it hasn't caused any conflict with us. It's definitely helps the band.

Steven: It's easier to organize people that are related.

MRR: How about other influences? Who are your favorite bands? Who has influenced you individually and as a band?

Steven: We had a special day when we saw the Little Girls [play at Pub 340 June 25, 2007].

Caroline: I love the Stooges.

Steven: I'd say we're kind of influenced by West Coast punk bands through the ages. So, no specific era, but we draw from those bands and a lot of bands of that nature. Um, we have a few similarities but we're all kind of into different stuff.

Ben: We listen to so many bands that I can't really say that one is a major influence.

Caroline: A lot of our songs were written due to...well, they were written at the top of our ability. We were sort of limited by our musical abilities, so even if there were bands that were influencing us, say we all love Black

Sabbath equally, we can't play that sort of stuff.
Steven: Yeah, we start with the easy ones.
Caroline: So, like, Germs was my initial influence when I was trying to write songs because it was simple and it was in a vein that we all really liked.
Katie: I definitely draw on what I grew up with which was musical theatre, but people like Bikini Kill or Blondie have definitely helped me sort of establish where I fit into this whole fucking thing.

MRR: Poly Styrene from the X-Ray Spex?
Katie: Oh yeah!
Caroline: Awesome!
Ben: Of course!

MRR: Tell me about the lyrics. How do you write your songs? Is it collaboration? What are your songs about? I know there's a funny-ish story behind "Septic."

Steven: All the songs have a little story behind them. They're all written about something that happened. They're not really pulled out of nowhere.
Katie: That's not true, some of them are pulled out of nowhere. I would say that sometimes they are. "Septic" is about my cat who is a fucking bitch that swats me.
Steven: She bit Katie and she had to go to the hospital because her arm started swelling up.
Caroline: You can die from that!
Steven: The song writing process is usually a collaborative effort. Someone will come up with a riff and then we'll just go from there. The guitar riff and bass start the same and then we get bored of that so we'll add hooks here and there and switch things around. There are very few songs that have been kept how they were originally written. It's an evolving process.
Katie: It's usually that someone will write the riff, then I'll come with lyrics and I'll tell them my lyrics and they'll say they suck and I sort of work them out from there to make them not suck.
Caroline: Ben is really good at adding more hooks and more intricate parts. He's sort of like a song-writing machine.
Steven: Katie comes up with all the vocal melodies.

MRR: Earlier this year you played in Chicago. How was it?
Steven: At the Totally Wired festival. It was pretty good. But, I got kicked out.
Caroline: Steven got caught trying to steal beer and got fucking kicked out.
Steven: Well, the Zero Boys did kind of suck.
Caroline: They were basically a cover band of themselves.
Katie: Steven doesn't know because he was outside.
Steven: I heard everything from outside and then watched it through the window!
Ben: You got kicked out of the fucking bar, you couldn't see shit all.
Steven: I could see through the window!
Ben: Zero Boys are fucking awesome.
Caroline: They were awesome, but they almost sounded like a cover band of themselves because they were just old and tight.
Ben: They were really professional.
Katie: But it was the best of the tour.
Caroline: It was our best show of our tour and it was super fun.
Steven: We got free food.
Caroline: We got fed so well. It ruled!
Steven: And we got a good place to stay.

MRR: So, you could go back there in twenty years and be...
Katie: We can, but I don't think Steven can!
Steven: Yeah, I think I got chased off the property three times by security guards.

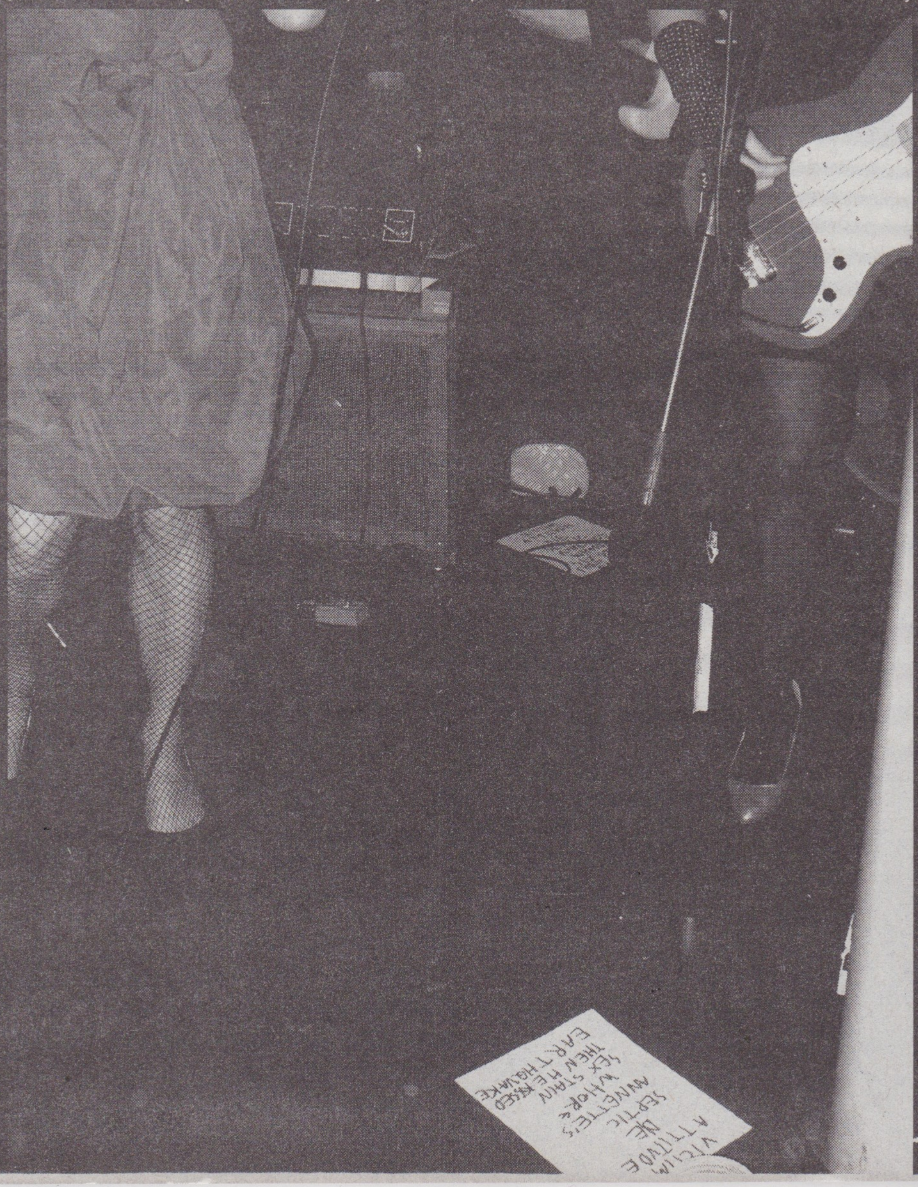
MRR: You were playing with a lot of hardcore bands on that tour and I heard a rumor that you contemplated possibly speeding things up and making Vapid a bit more hardcore. What happened to that idea?
Ben: It was a disaster!
Steven: We played a couple of shows where we were only playing with hardcore bands and Ben and I were like "we gotta play faster!"
Ben: I don't have the muscles for it. I just don't.
Steven: It was a train wreck of a mess. It was really funny.
Katie: They loved us! Are you kidding me? But there was no way we could come across as hardcore. There was just no way as much as we tried.
Steven: We played as fast as we could and it was really fun.
Caroline: There were like three girls there and we're going "Shimmy and a shaking"...
Steven: We're not like a tough dude band.
Caroline: There were maybe three girls in bands there and they were all dressed the same as the hardcore dudes. And there were times when we thought it was a girl singer but we couldn't tell.
Steven: They either sing or play bass and that's it. But hey that's our deal though, so I guess we could switch to hardcore.
Caroline: But we did have a positive response.
Steven: It's not like we're good at playing. Well, Ben's a good guitar player, but he plays drums [in Vapid] so...

MRR: Katie and Caroline, you both have backgrounds in musical theatre and dance. Vapid shows can get a bit theatrical: was this a conscious decision to include these elements in the band?
Caroline: Absolutely not! It's all natural (laughs).
Katie: If anything, I've tried to suppress it, but I get pictures back that people have taken at shows and I'm like, "Oh my fucking god!" I can't believe that I end up doing those moves and singing it that way. And even some of the recordings we've done I want to re-do because the musical theatre inside of me...
Caroline: You can deny it!
Katie: I can't deny it. I wish I could.
Caroline: It hits deep. It's at the core.

MRR: Do you ever get the urge to plié, Carrie?
Caroline: I was pliéing earlier actually. If I weren't trying so hard to play bass it would be more obvious that I had the same urges to tap dance and showboat, if you will.
Steven: They had some fake fights once, that was pretty cool.

MRR: I'd like to see that incorporated.
Katie: We've had some not fake fights.
Steven: Yeah, we've had some real fights, too. That's pretty cool too...kind of.

MRR: I don't mean to keep bringing the focus back to the sisters. So, Ben, Steven anything



you'd like to bring to this. I know that Steven went to art school. Have you brought that influence into the band?
Steven: Definitely we brought our baggage from before. Also, Ben and I have known each other for a really long time, but it's not really a brotherly thing. But there are times we cannot get along pretty harshly and then get along right away again.
Katie: Steven's done the graphics and he did our last cover and that's due to the schooling that he's had. Other bands have taken interest in the way our cover looked and wanted him to do theirs, so...
Steven: We've got quite a mish-mash of backgrounds and skills that we all utilize.

MRR: You're featured on the Emergency Room compilation. How does Vapid fit into that scene? What do you think about that space?
Steven: We're just playing with our friends.
Caroline: We're playing with our friends. I don't think anyone takes us that seriously. Not to say that we take ourselves all that seriously. Sometimes I feel like they let us on that compilation because we're their friends.

MRR: I have other theories!
Katie: I think we're enjoyed but not taken seriously.
Ben: I think what's interesting about the ER comp, for me at least, is that all the bands on there are different from each other. I wouldn't say that Vancouver has a very specific sound, but I do think there are some bands in Vancouver that you could say "this band sounds like Vancouver," but on the ER comp I don't think there are any bands like that. Everyone is just doing what they do.
Caroline: That was one of the things that really stood out to me when we played on the east coast was really having a new fresh appreciation for Vancouver and how diverse it is. And how equal the women are in Vancouver. And I hadn't really thought about it until I saw what the scene was like back east. It's so equal here and everyone is so different and that's celebrated.
Ben: That's kind of a hardcore thing though. We didn't like play with a lot of different types of bands.
Steven: But even in the States it's pretty dude-central in a lot of punk bands. There are a lot of girls that go just as crazy as the dudes here.
Caroline: The crowd and the bands.
Steven: Yeah, when you're playing a show here you can look up and it's girls and guys smashing into each other. It's pretty 50/50.

MRR: What I find is that the bands do sound different from each other, but they fit really well.
Katie: Everyone supports one another because we're not all trying to be the same and differences are celebrated absolutely.
Steven: In a lot of other scenes draw on specific era sounds, whereas in Vancouver every avenue of punk is drawn on as a reference. No wave bands are taken as seriously as LA '77 bands and Ramones and spazz bands factor in too. Everyone works it in their own way and it makes it fun to play with them. Bands from other towns seem to find it kind of jolting.

[Discussion of the September 2008 Vancouver Weird Punk cover story in Canada's Exclaim magazine.]

Ben: I think what's weird is how close we are. Like, the bands are close friends and it's weird to find that because most bands are just kind of fighting for their own thing. You might be friends with a couple of other bands, but everyone here hangs out with each other even when we're not playing music.
Katie: It's not really competitive. It's supportive. The successes of your friends' bands are your own success. It's more of a collective.
Caroline: It's been going on for a long time, but it's just now that people are starting to notice it and it's hard to define because it's so unique.
Steven: There are also a lot of people playing in multiple bands. And in each of those bands you have a different idea that you're trying to project and that's when the weird references show through and it is a bit weirder.

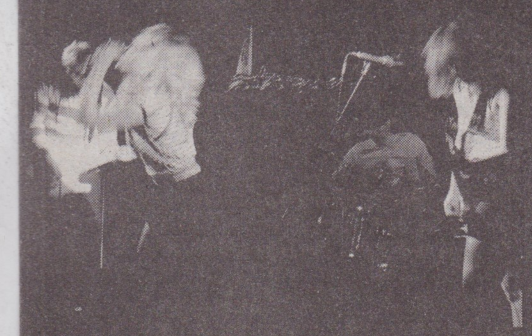
MRR: And I think that shows on that compilation. That it was recorded basically in one day with the exception of two tracks. And it could have potentially been really unpleasant because the ER isn't one of those studios with video games and that type of thing.
Caroline: It friggin' reeks like stale beer and cigarettes.
Katie: And there are rats!

MRR: Tell me about the "Do the Earthquake" dance. Were you surprised when people at your shows started doing it? When you were touring did it have a similar effect?
Katie: I've never noticed! But I always wondered about that.

MRR: No! People are totally doing it!
Caroline: I remember seeing my friends doing it and thinking "Right on!"
Katie: I think it took a while before people started to do the earthquake.
Steven: No way! It took like ten minutes! It's the easiest dance ever!
Katie: I think I'm too busy doing the earthquake to actually notice other people doing it

MRR: How about on tour?
Katie: I guess there were a few people that did it, but I think that for the most part they were just stunned that they were watching a band doing a dance.
Steven: People weren't sure if they should like it or not.
Ben: The thing is that rock'n'roll really cut itself off from the idea of a dancing a while ago. So, now when people go to a rock show they don't really know what to do or if dancing is cool. It's just a bit uncomfortable.
Steven: If you watch old punk videos they're all dancing. But new punk videos...no one is dancing!

MRR: To me it's a bit of throwback to *American Bandstand* and dance crazes. Stuff like that.
Steven: That's what we're going for.



MRR: Not in the same vein as, like, the Macarena.
Katie: Thank fucking god!

MRR: Like the Mashed Potato or the Twist.
Ben: Well, yeah, that's the idea of the dance for sure. We obviously love a lot of '50s and '60s music.
Katie: I knew in the band that I wanted to do the "Whatever" and when that day came I was like "Yes!" finally I was able to do my "do whatever" dance.

MRR: We could intellectualize this and ponder a sort of west coast dystopian vision of earthquakes and destruction here.
Caroline: It's coming!
Katie: That's where the song came from!

MRR: The world is ending and we've got to go down dancing!
Katie: They were saying the big earthquake was coming and I don't know about you, but all through elementary school I was told that this big earthquake was coming. But it never came and apparently it was finally really coming and we were on the way to practice...
Caroline: ...and we were so upset.
Katie: We met at the Skytrain and we were all talking about it and that's where the song came from.
Steven: We thought we were all going to die.
Katie: I just want to get it over with!
Caroline: We were Googling crash kits and Katie's ideal place was to be in an excavation pit
Katie: I thought it would be good to be in one of those pits where nothing could fall on me

MRR: And when the earthquake hits guess who has the song to send to all the news outlets?! Since the first part of this interview you've released an LP. Would you say the band has evolved since 2008? What has changed since releasing the album?
Caroline: Yes, the band has definitely evolved a lot since 2008. We learned a lot about the recording process and the importance of loving the material you write and put out. We started in a new direction after recording *Practically Dead* and came up with some pretty exciting stuff.
Katie: Before releasing the album, I didn't work too hard on lyrics; I just kind of sang whatever and hoped something good would eventually emerge. Recording the album was a huge wake up call because suddenly I was forced to solidify lyrics that would be out there forever for people to hear. It was a mad scramble in the end to write lyrics I was comfortable with people hearing. Since then I've been making a point to start that process as soon as the music is written.
Steven: We've changed quite a bit since 2008. Lost the haphazard cloud, and started to learn how to play.

MRR: You also went on a west coast tour with Defektors. Any fond memories from that tour? Or maybe not so fond, but memorable nonetheless? Do you have any plans for touring in the near future?
Caroline: That tour was amazing. A fond memory that always stands out for me is Davis, California. DJ Rick set up a house show party for KDVS and it was sooo fun. The air smelled like oranges and it was really pretty and warm. Steven barfed after we played because it was so hot in the house, actually. We met awesome people in every city but LA was definitely a highlight, it was cool going to a house party and seeing all the records your friends at home have put out in their record collection.
Katie: I think casually leafing through "Busted" magazine is one of my favorite memories. I can't believe there are magazines full of convict's mug shots and captions of their crime. One guy got put in prison for tying up his ex-girlfriend's phone line! Whaaaaaat???
Steven: I vomited all over a borrowed bass cabinet, my guitar and a girl in Davis.

MRR: The record has been out for a while now and has been fairly well received. Have you been working on any new songs? Are there plans to release a follow-up to *Practically Dead*?
Caroline: We recorded a bunch of new songs last summer but we never really decided what to do with them. We have some decent material but could definitely use some more of it.
Katie: We have started recording some new songs. One of our songs called "1983" is probably the best song we've ever written so I hope we get it out there soon.
Steven: We've recorded a follow-up EP. It still needs some work.

MRR: What else is new? Ben still plays in Defektors, have any of you started any side projects? What are they all about?
Caroline: I've been teaching bass at Girls Rock Camp this past week and it has been such an overwhelming and amazing experience. I've had friends do it the past couple of years and I've wanted to do it since hearing about how much fun they had. I saw something posted about it on Facebook and immediately applied to volunteer. I feel so inspired by the kids' energy and enthusiasm. It is such a positive and supportive environment and it's really made me realize how much I love music and miss playing regularly. The goal of the camp is to boost self-esteem in young women and teach them to be independent and feel powerful. It is really important to teach young women to feel good about themselves, they will in turn be a positive role models. I feel like I'm getting so much out of the camp personally, I imagine the program is life changing for some of these kids.
Katie: When Ben was gone and living in New York last year, Steven and I started a band with Evan, from Defektors called Debbie Tiffany, named after the two idols of my pre-teens. It sounds kind of like Vapid, but slower, sloppier and less sing-y.
Steven: The electric youth who were inappropriately touched by Tiffany.

Discography:
VAPID-Do The Earthquake 7" (Nominal) January 2008
V/A-*Emergency Room Vol. 1* LP (Grotesque Modern/Nominal) June 2008
VAPID-*Practically Dead* LP (Deranged/Nominal) December 2009

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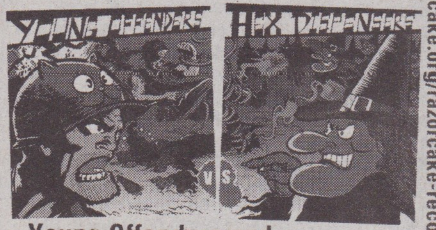

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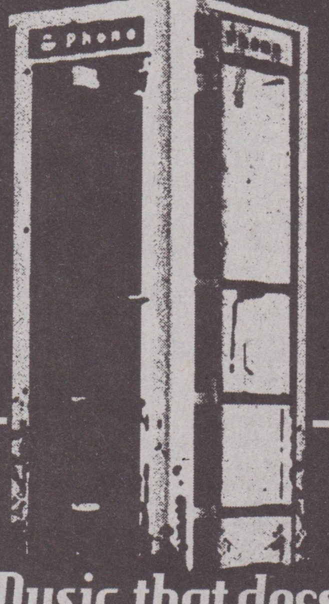

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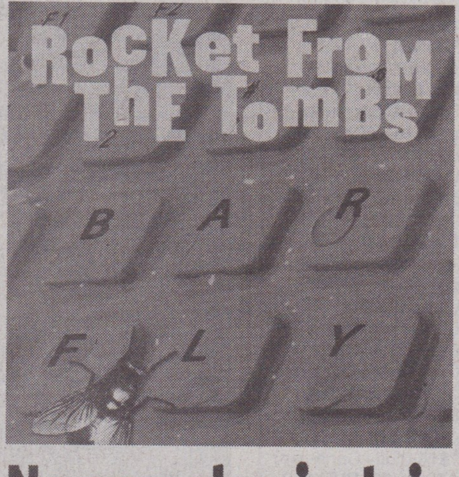

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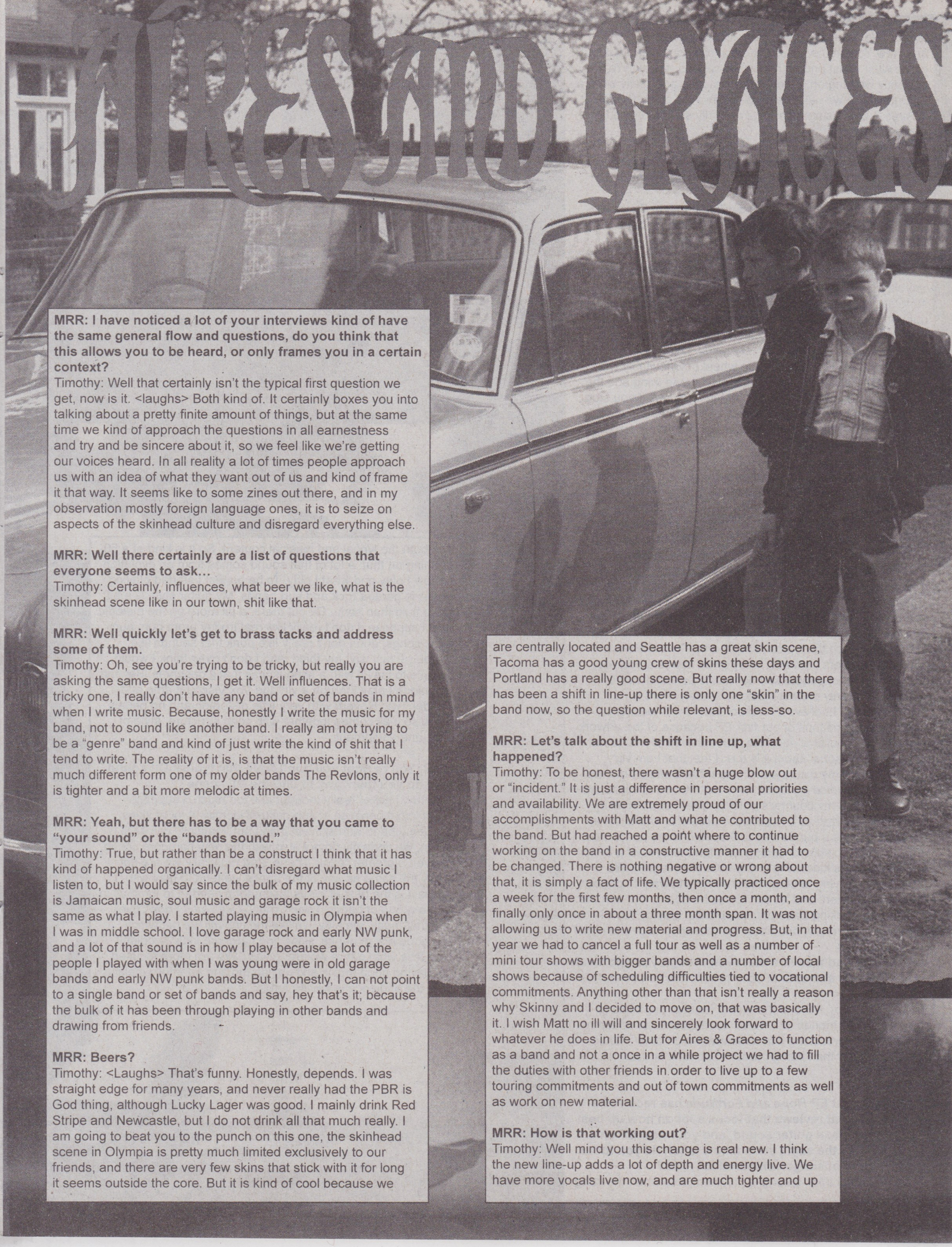


AIRES AND GRACES

MRR: I have noticed a lot of your interviews kind of have the same general flow and questions, do you think that this allows you to be heard, or only frames you in a certain context?
Timothy: Well that certainly isn't the typical first question we get, now is it. <laughs> Both kind of. It certainly boxes you into talking about a pretty finite amount of things, but at the same time we kind of approach the questions in all earnestness and try and be sincere about it, so we feel like we're getting our voices heard. In all reality a lot of times people approach us with an idea of what they want out of us and kind of frame it that way. It seems like to some zines out there, and in my observation mostly foreign language ones, it is to seize on aspects of the skinhead culture and disregard everything else.

MRR: Well there certainly are a list of questions that everyone seems to ask…
Timothy: Certainly, influences, what beer we like, what is the skinhead scene like in our town, shit like that.

MRR: Well quickly let's get to brass tacks and address some of them.
Timothy: Oh, see you're trying to be tricky, but really you are asking the same questions, I get it. Well influences. That is a tricky one, I really don't have any band or set of bands in mind when I write music. Because, honestly I write the music for my band, not to sound like another band. I really am not trying to be a "genre" band and kind of just write the kind of shit that I tend to write. The reality of it is, is that the music isn't really much different form one of my older bands The Revlons, only it is tighter and a bit more melodic at times.

MRR: Yeah, but there has to be a way that you came to "your sound" or the "bands sound."
Timothy: True, but rather than be a construct I think that it has kind of happened organically. I can't disregard what music I listen to, but I would say since the bulk of my music collection is Jamaican music, soul music and garage rock it isn't the same as what I play. I started playing music in Olympia when I was in middle school. I love garage rock and early NW punk, and a lot of that sound is in how I play because a lot of the people I played with when I was young were in old garage bands and early NW punk bands. But I honestly, I can not point to a single band or set of bands and say, hey that's it; because the bulk of it has been through playing in other bands and drawing from friends.

MRR: Beers?
Timothy: <Laughs> That's funny. Honestly, depends. I was straight edge for many years, and never really had the PBR is God thing, although Lucky Lager was good. I mainly drink Red Stripe and Newcastle, but I do not drink all that much really. I am going to beat you to the punch on this one, the skinhead scene in Olympia is pretty much limited exclusively to our friends, and there are very few skins that stick with it for long it seems outside the core. But it is kind of cool because we are centrally located and Seattle has a great skin scene, Tacoma has a good young crew of skins these days and Portland has a really good scene. But really now that there has been a shift in line-up there is only one "skin" in the band now, so the question while relevant, is less-so.

MRR: Let's talk about the shift in line up, what happened?
Timothy: To be honest, there wasn't a huge blow out or "incident." It is just a difference in personal priorities and availability. We are extremely proud of our accomplishments with Matt and what he contributed to the band. But had reached a point where to continue working on the band in a constructive manner it had to be changed. There is nothing negative or wrong about that, it is simply a fact of life. We typically practiced once a week for the first few months, then once a month, and finally only once in about a three month span. It was not allowing us to write new material and progress. But, in that year we had to cancel a full tour as well as a number of mini tour shows with bigger bands and a number of local shows because of scheduling difficulties tied to vocational commitments. Anything other than that isn't really a reason why Skinny and I decided to move on, that was basically it. I wish Matt no ill will and sincerely look forward to whatever he does in life. But for Aires & Graces to function as a band and not a once in a while project we had to fill the duties with other friends in order to live up to a few touring commitments and out of town commitments as well as work on new material.

MRR: How is that working out?
Timothy: Well mind you this change is real new. I think the new line-up adds a lot of depth and energy live. We have more vocals live now, and are much tighter and up

tempo. We are excited, we have shows booked in Boston and New York in the fall and are currently booking a fall tour of the west coast and southwest as well as Hawaii. We are currently working on material in the studio, and really we are energized like we have never been and it is really fun to be in Aires & Graces right now, we're really stoked on the band these days.

MRR: With Matt, and frankly one less skin, in the band how is that going to affect your songs and your presence?
Timothy: Honestly, I don't think it will that much. There will undoubtedly be those who "liked the first line up better." And that is to be expected, and we can live with that…

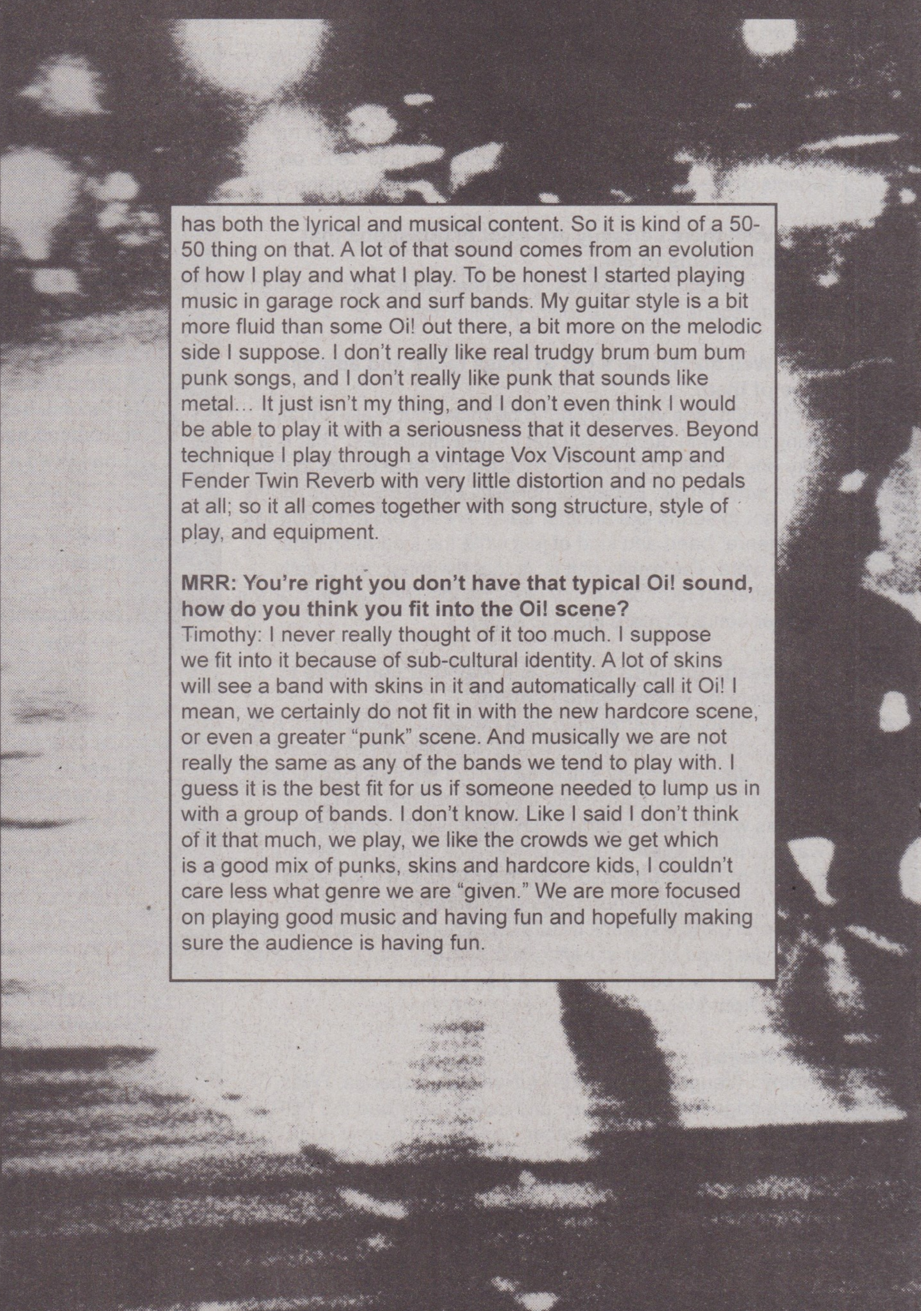
MRR: <interrupts> But wasn't Matt in a later line up anyway.
Timothy: Yeah, I guess technically, but we didn't start playing out until the Matt, Skinny, Tim line up. Anyway, we can live with that. We love the contributions that Matt made, he is a talented bass player and a very gifted singer. We are not using this a time to re-invent the wheel but inevitably will grow out the situation. As far as the skinhead thing and the "image" I really don't think it is that big of a deal, if you stop liking a band because there is only one skinhead and not two in the band, then really I would wonder if they are even listening to the music or identifying with the lyrics.

MRR: From reading reviews and interviews people are drawing a lot of different threads out of Aires & Graces lyrically.
Timothy: I know, right? <laughs> I guess it is the beauty of translation, for some reason a lot of the Spanish speaking countries think of it as socialist-anti-capitalist protest… Probably because of "Money Don't Buy Brains" I am sure that bothers Matt a bit because it is more about celebrity culture. Me, I don't mind, take what you want and need out of it I guess. I personally am not a social conservative, but nor am I a socialist or anarchist. I play music and make films; I am pretty much the typical "liberal artist" in some ways although in others I am not. I stay away from stereotypes.

A lot of people see our music as either overtly patriotic or overtly protest music, it is funny there is no middle ground. I believe it has more to do with people's pre-conceived notions of our first EP because of the artwork and their own political agendas. But a thread of it is, to me to be more personal about it is this: I feel that I am very patriotic. I love my country, and I love that it affords me the opportunity to voice my opinions, even if those opinions are in opposition to my country's political elite. I don't think it has to be polarized as it is because protest is patriotism in my book. But as a band Aires & Graces is more concerned about a realistic state of society through the eyes of a bunch of working class kids living in Olympia Washington. We really are not trying to be politicians, we just want to get our concerns out there and let our voices be heard. Our favorite review said working class patriotic protest music I don't know if that is what we are, but that is something to aspire to right?

MRR: Yeah, and it seems that even though you approach some of these subjects in your music it is not your only focus.
Timothy: It is not. Beyond the global we also are thinking local about our friends, our music scene, our local concerns. But we are approaching it in a manner which others could relate to, rather than being parochial about it or date stamping it.

MRR: Your first EP *Hope and Fortitude* has received a number of great reviews that focus a lot on how up beat it is and the clean guitar sound, and your new EP on Longshot has the same sound, how much do you focus on the sound of songs compared to lyrics?
Timothy: Well, I think a song is only complete when the song has both the lyrical and musical content. So it is kind of a 50-50 thing on that. A lot of that sound comes from an evolution of how I play and what I play. To be honest I started playing music in garage rock and surf bands. My guitar style is a bit more fluid than some Oi! out there, a bit more on the melodic side I suppose. I don't really like real trudgy brum bum bum punk songs, and I don't really like punk that sounds like metal… It just isn't my thing, and I don't even think I would be able to play it with a seriousness that it deserves. Beyond technique I play through a vintage Vox Viscount amp and Fender Twin Reverb with very little distortion and no pedals at all; so it all comes together with song structure, style of play, and equipment.



MRR: You're right you don't have that typical Oi! sound, how do you think you fit into the Oi! scene?
Timothy: I never really thought of it too much. I suppose we fit into it because of sub-cultural identity. A lot of skins will see a band with skins in it and automatically call it Oi! I mean, we certainly do not fit in with the new hardcore scene, or even a greater "punk" scene. And musically we are not really the same as any of the bands we tend to play with. I guess it is the best fit for us if someone needed to lump us in with a group of bands. I don't know. Like I said I don't think of it that much, we play, we like the crowds we get which is a good mix of punks, skins and hardcore kids, I couldn't care less what genre we are "given." We are more focused on playing good music and having fun and hopefully making sure the audience is having fun.

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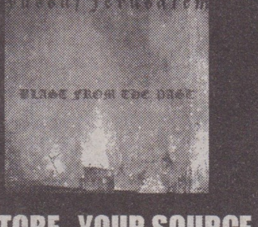
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ROACH MOTEL

Gainesville's Roach Motel was a huge part of my formative years. True, by the time I came to know of them they were twenty years dead, but the first time I heard the drum intro to "Now You're Going to Die," my young punk-crazed ears were set ablaze. I would see Jeff Hodapp (Roach Motel guitarist), and his wife Lisa (Morbid Opera / my first rock n roll crush) at shows around town and sheepishly follow them around hoping to hear tales of the old days: Roach Motel touring with Black Flag, F calling the cops on their own shows, Cookie Mold of Sheer Smegma faking her own death. I was born too late, and I was convinced there was nowhere I would have rather been then Florida in the early '80s. Roach Motel's two singles became things of necessity. The day I found the Roach & Roll 7" *while flipping through records at All Books N Records in Fort Lauderdale still stands out in my brain like the day I bought the Eat's* God Punishes 7" *off of one of the members' teenage kids for twenty bucks. Sadly, both records were later sold in the Great Punk Purge of 2002. I owed an ex-girlfriend money and foolishly sold off almost my entire Florida punk collection to pay my debt. The stupid things we do for love. Said girlfriend is long gone, but the pain of that fatal mistake haunts me to this day. That is why I was so elated when Roach Motel agreed to let me put out an entire LP's worth of material last year. What follows is an interview conducted with George Tabb and Jeff Hodapp via email.*

MRR: The band formed in 1980. What was the first lineup of the band? How did you guys come to be Roach Motel?

George Tabb: Actually, the band started when I met a guy named Paul who played bass. He and I met at a local dive bar called Friday Night Live where we were seeing his roommate's band The Press. The "ss" in The Press looked like the Nazi "SS" and like the Kiss "SS". Anyway, his roommate, Nick, was an older guy who was really cool to us kids. He played bass, as did Paul. The next day I went to Paul's apartment (I was living in a dorm, and he was off campus) and we listened to Kiss and The Ramones and stuff! Since I had a guitar and knew three notes and he had a bass, we decided we'd start a band right there! The first thing we did was look for a singer. We were approached at Friday Night Live by Bob, or a friend of his who told us about him. He came to Paul's to audition the next week and we were so impressed that he was such an inept Electrolux Vacuum Cleaner salesman, belt buckle and all, we hired him without hearing one note! Bob and I came up with the name a few days later. Actually, I wanted Roach Hotel because Hotel means bigger and better, with bright lights, elevators, and free cable television. But Bob kept me grounded. He was good at that. We got our first drummer at our first gig, Dorsey, who was later in Triple X Girls and Pink Lincolns. Great guy. We thought he was the coolest because he played our set without one rehearsal, and had hair like a real Ramone! Punk Rock!

MRR: Were there any other punk bands in Gainesville at the time?

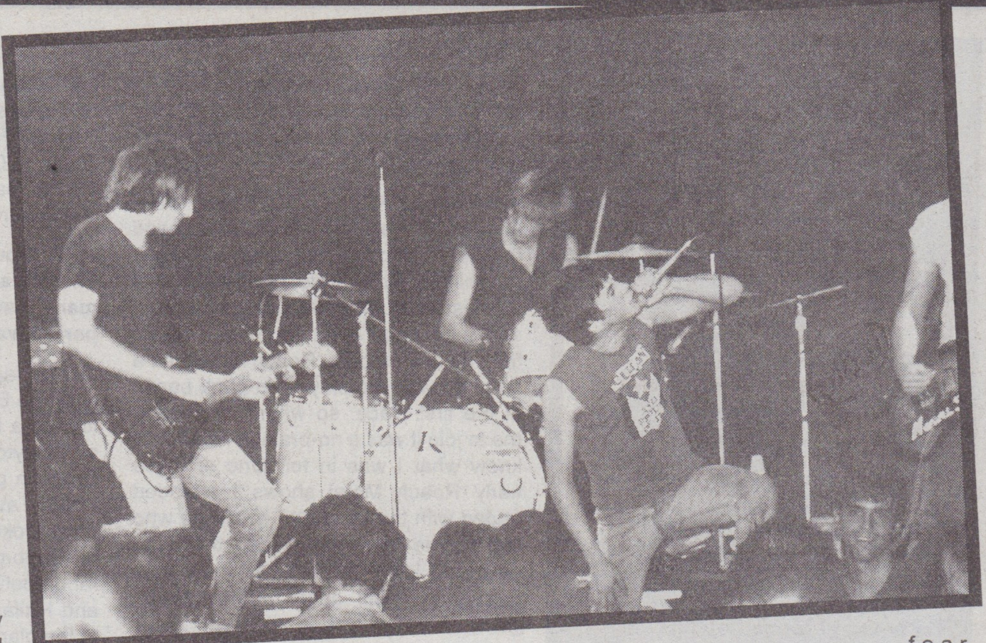
George Tabb: If you count Top 40 and bad Country and Western, yes. There were also two "New Wave" cover bands. Riff Raff, later known as The Riff, and The Irritations. We would all go see these bands and bitch about how awful they were, and then dance to all the Ramones and Pistols and Clash songs! The next year a band called The Invasion came along. They were another new wave cover band, but were more sincere because they lived in their van! Punk Rock! They also had big heads and those Vapors haircuts. You know, spiky with mullets. We'd make fun of them, but we loved them! Jerry, their drummer, played for us at our second gig, I think! His brother, Rick, the singer of The Invasion, was not too pleased!

MRR: Where and when was your first show? How were you received?

George Tabb: Catch 22. A cowboy bar out in the sticks, twenty miles from town. We opened for yet another new wave cover band called The Bazzookas. It was like their second gig. They were very nice to let us play, and later on both the guitar player, Frank, and bass player, Eric, became important members of Roach Motel! Who knew! The funny thing was, Eric said after our show, "You guys can really play," and, "You're almost good!" That meant a lot to me. Frank thought we sucked, but then he became our drummer...so, so much for that thought. I found it really ironic that both Frank and Eric used to laugh about Bob having his own band, since he'd begged to join theirs...then they joined his! You go, Bob! Actually, Bob and Eric both worked on a fanzine called *Destroy* that became an important part of Roach Motel's future. When we played everyone either laughed or threw stuff at us, and the cowboys kept yelling for "Freebird"! It was straight out of a *Blues Brothers* movie and it was awesome. I also got my second kiss, ever that night! I thought we were on top of the world! Everyone treated us like a real band after that. Not just a bunch of punk rock kids. And the truth is, we would have been a New Wave/Punk Rock cover band if I could have figured out how to play anyone else's songs. But I couldn't. I only knew three notes so I had to write my own songs with titles like "Superman Is A Punk" and "Teenage Abortion" and "Burger King Is Dead"!!!

Jeff Hodapp: I

have a flyer from the first show—probably in 1981, which, as the legend goes, was cancelled before it happened. It featured a cartoon fetus with a coat hanger through its head and another one in a bowl of fruit loops. I had no idea who those people were at the time—but the flyers were posted all over town offending as many people as possible. We never quite topped that flyer, but came close a few times.



MRR: I've only met Bob Fetz once and that was in the early 2000s and I saw Roach Motel once around the same time, but he still seemed to be a maniac. What was Bob like back when the band started? How would the audience usually react at a Roach Motel show?

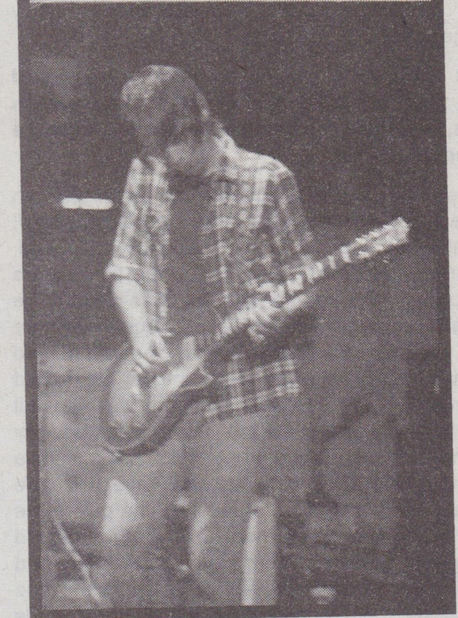
Jeff Hodapp: Fetz is diabetic and should not drink. That never stopped him and as often as not, a jaunt out of town would include a medical semi-emergency. Fetz had pretty good organizational skills back in the day and *Destroy Magazine* was mostly his, and was very well done for a Xerox zine.

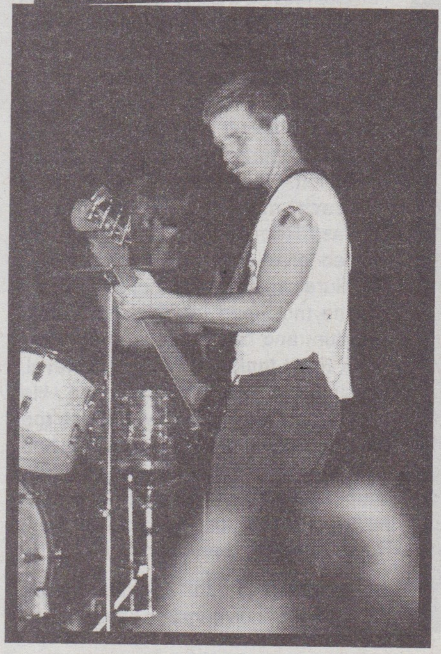
George Tabb: Everyone loved Bob. Loved to hate him. Or hated to love him. Either way, he was a *great* front man. Always drunk and *always* amusing. He always treated punk rock gigs like he was in a Vegas Lounge Act. It was hysterical. And he'd scream his guts out. Sometimes with his guts actually falling out! Once, at a dive called The Purple Porpoise, he did a whole set with a beer bottle that was broken in half sticking out of his back! Punk Rock! I think he was so drunk he didn't notice! The man is a legend! Offstage, Bob was a very nice polite person. Shy, in a lot of ways, actually. Thank God he had a great girlfriend named Cindy who could speak for him. Looking back on it, he was a lot like Joey Ramone. Shy and approachable...but people may have mistaken his shyness for being stuck-up, which was not the truth. He and I used to fight about stuff a lot, but we were both young, and he was more like a brother to me than anything, and everyone knows brothers fight! Also, Bob was very brave. We played with The Dead Kennedys at The Cuban Club in Tampa, and thousands of skinheads were trying to kill us, and our sets had gotten to the point where I'd just count to four and we'd drop our instruments and fight. And Bob was in there, always swinging away. No fear. Punk Fuckin' Rock! So, maniac? Only in the kindest sense of the word!

MRR: You guys went through a series of bass players and drummers through the first few years. Give us the run down on some of the break-ups, and hurt feelings. How did the average Roach Motel member get the boot?

George Tabb: No one ever got the boot in Roach Motel as far as I can remember. Except maybe me. But I also quit, so it's a she said/she said! Doh! The truth was no one wanted to play in our lousy punk rock band, and no one would last more than a few gigs before the fighting, no money, and misery got to them. We had some great bass players like Rhonda and Eric, who have remained lifelong friends. Drummers were harder to come by. For a while there we had a twelve- year-old named Chuckie we stole from The Bazzookas, and a fourteen-year-old named Chad. Both excellent drummers, but I think their fathers made them quit the band! We also had a bass player named John Balog who was very nice, but way too into Duran Duran and Flock of Seagulls. Back in those days, you took what you could get! If you were into new wave, you were into punk as The Ramones and Devo were punk! The one guy in the band I did not like was a guy named Russ. I used to like him. A lot. He had a band called Slime who were one of Gainesville's early art/punk bands that were amazing. With songs like "Why Can't A Guy Be A Slut" and stuff. I loved them. They would annoy the audience just right. They made an art form out of it. Oh, Russ was their singer. Then he joined Roach Motel and I left. He seemed to take "Being a Roach" much more seriously than it was. Remember, back then, we played dive bars and people hated us. Sure, we did a few big shows, but for the most part, we just got drunk, had fun, and had everyone hate us. I think Russ took that to the next level, which didn't work for the band. He and I had a falling out...which was too bad, because I really loved Slime and was excited to have him in the band. Stupid mustache and all!!!! In a way, he was the Ernie Kovacs of Punk Rock! Funny and annoying.

Jeff Hodapp: I think in most cases the errant band member gave Roach





Motel the boot.

MRR: Jeff, you joined on guitar in 1982. How did you come into the picture? Did you know what you were getting into?

Jeff Hodapp: After seeing Roach Motel in 1981(?), I started my first punk band in South Florida that summer and upon returning to Gainesville, I was in the rival Gainesville punk band with Eric Engan and a teenage John McGuigan called the Liquid Plumbers. Roach Motel had a lot to do with me playing in punk bands in the first place, so when they asked me to join it was a no-brainer. I definitely knew what I was in for. One of those early Roach Motel shows I attended ended with the band and everyone who looked like they appreciated the band having to leave the establishment very quickly to avoid angry rednecks with guns.

MRR: The first single, *Roach & Roll*, came out on the band's label (Destroy) in 1982. How many were pressed? How many did you sell? How many got destroyed? How many do you have hidden away in your closets?

George Tabb: I have a few. As for the rest, I have no clue. I gave all the ones I had to my friends. Back in those days, putting out your own record was a *huge* deal! I was too much of a pussy to sell them, so I just gave them away. Do'h! I could have retired on those things! I did trade one with Minor Threat. I still have their first single signed by all those guys with stuff like "George is a Rock God—Love Ian" and "Flying V Man—Love Brian." Great bunch of kids they were. That record would have never come out if it weren't for Frank's artistic view and Jeff's business sense. Bob and I were really retards when it came to that sort of thing. So thank God for them! Thanks Jeff! And Frank's vision made us look a *lot* bigger than we were. He was a master at manipulation. The Joseph Gerbils of Punk!

Jeff Hodapp: Seven hundred copies were pressed. Paul walked away with quite a few in the divorce. The others sold over the next couple years. I have three in the closet.

MRR: How was it received? Did you sell many outside of the US?

George Tabb: All my friends I gave them to liked it. Or at least were impressed by it. My mom was actually afraid of it. When she first heard it she said, "I thought you liked The Ramones and would sound like them!" She went on to say we were too angry and although it was good, she liked The Rolling Stones and Beatles more. I told her I *wished* we could have sounded like The Ramones, but we just didn't have the talent. In any way.

Jeff Hodapp: It was generally received well outside of Gainesville! Most of the reviews were good—I think *MRR* had some qualms with the lyrical content. Touch & Go liked it. We sold a few outside the US, but not many. Mostly at shows and US mail order and distributors.

MRR: You guys did tours with Black Flag, Minor Threat, and Suicidal. Who set these up? How many dates did you do with Black Flag? What period was that?

Jeff Hodapp: I joined the band around a week or two after the Black Flag tour. I tagged along for the whole tour as a hanger on. They played Tampa, Hallandale and Daytona. Uh, Henry was singing, with Dez and Greg on guitar, Chuck on bass and Emil on drums. I deftly avoided riding in the Saccharine Trust van. They looked quite sinister to me at the time. I was in the Tabb-mobile most the time. I think he squished a rabbit between Daytona and Gainesville. The Tampa and Hallandale shows were amazing. Bob did more of the planning with out of town bands than the rest of us, but we all contributed. We played with Suicidal in NYC and then accidentally in DC, so that wasn't quite a tour. They were cool. The guitar player looked at my sorry amp and offered for me to use his.

George Tabb: Wait, wasn't this all in that Roach Motel movie that came out a few years ago? You know, the one with Jeff being played by Ashton Kutcher, and me being played by Eminem? Bob set up that stuff so you'd have to ask him. He was pen pals with everyone, which was amazing, since his handwriting was worse than that of a doctor! Bob was great at getting the word out about us and making us semi-famous. Then he liked to blame me when someone *did* think we were famous. Whatever. The Black Flag tour was amazing and bloody, and I will write about it in my next book...the end of that trilogy I've been working on. The first two books are out already, and if you haven't read them, do so. *Playing Right Field* and *Surfing Armageddon* are the first two. Read them, you'll like them. And thanks for the free plug! Later, while working at NY Press, I confronted Rollins for being a pussy and dry raping girls on stage. He gave me the best answer, "We were punk rock kids. Besides, if you were me, wouldn't you?" Good guy.

MRR: Being that drinking seemed to be such an integral part of Roach Motel, did that cause conflict when touring with Minor Threat?

George Tabb: I'll say this one more time. The only reason Minor Threat did not drink was that they were *sixteen-years-old. They were kids*!!! It's easy to sing about being straight edge when you can't buy booze anyway. And they *loved* that we would get piss drunk, and Brian and Lyle confided in me that when they got older, who knew what would happen. The whole "Straight Edge" thing was Ian's idea, and they went along with it because it worked. And they were *very, very smart* kids. And super duper nice. Certainly did not belong in some parts of the Punk Rock world. I think they were my favorite band to work with and tour with. Also, they were the nicest. I'd never heard of them until they got to town and Bob and Cindy played me their record. I was like, "Wow!" Later, my next band, False Prophets, did shows with Ian's band, Fugazi, as well as Brian and Lyle's funny band The Meatmen. Funny and smart and nice. That's who they were.

Jeff Hodapp: We didn't really tour with them. We set up two shows with them in Gainesville (a big American Legion Hall show and a Monday show at a hippie bar called Reality Kitchen), and crashed at Dischord House when we played DC. I think they stayed at Bob's while in Gainesville. We didn't even play with them in Orlando. I forget why. We got along very well with them. I guess we were on our best behavior, which included drinking, but relatively sensible drinking. I think I had my requisite Budweiser in hand while working the door with Ian MacKaye, but didn't wave it around too much. He did chastise those who showed up with beer but complained about the $3 admission. After they left town, we gave each other shit for sneaking drinks, drinking responsibly, etc.

MRR: A network of bands seemed to form around Florida: Rat Cafeteria in Tampa, Hated Youth and Sector Four in Tallahassee, F and Morbid Opera in Ft Lauderdale. Was there a lot of show trading going on? What was the scene like in these towns?

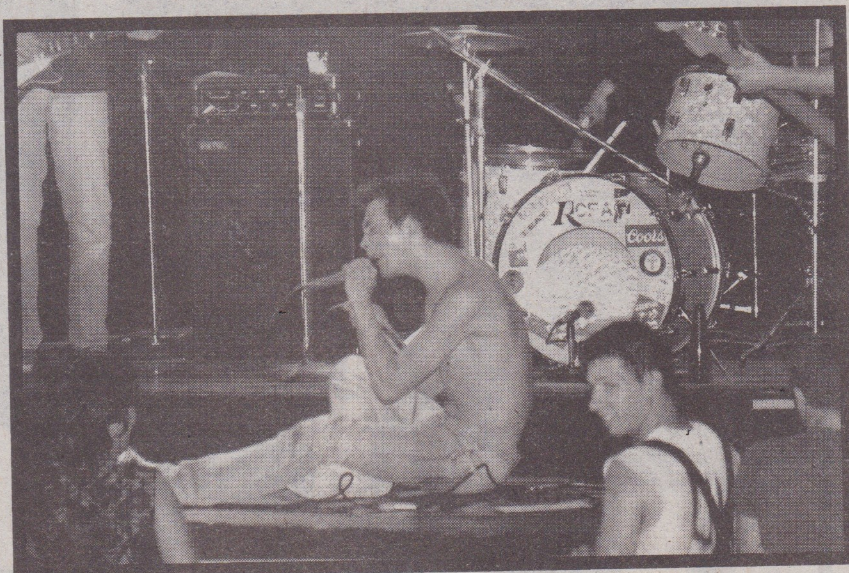
George Tabb: I remember once, New Years Eve of 1982, going to Tallahassee with my girlfriend and having Hated Youth back me up. They were really nice guys as well, and *the best punk rock musicians* I've ever met. Even to this day. They could play *fast*. Their drummer was amazing, and they had this lawyer guy do all their booking who was super cool and nice and we became friends. Sector 4 were sweet kids with a couple of really good songs. Rat Cafeteria were *our brothers in arms*. They may as well have been part of Roach Motel, as with their friend and ours, Larry. They, we, were family! And Morbid Opera were family, too. And as it turns out, became more of a family than I ever thought possible. We were all loners and loved playing shows together. There was *no* ego. We sincerely loved the music of each other's bands. Didn't Destroy Records put out stuff by all those bands? Loved them guys! And gals!!!!

Jeff Hodapp: South Florida had the best scene, the best and most eclectic bands, best audiences, venues that actually paid us money, etc. Yeah, we all played shows in each other's towns and helped each other out. We played with the U-Boats in Tampa a few times, too. Tampa had a big art school contingent and a few drunken louts. Tallahassee was fun, but we didn't know anyone outside the Hated Youth / Sector 4 axis. We met Hated Youth when they showed up unannounced to play at the already overbooked Slamfest '82 show. Being pushovers, we let them play. Gainesville started coming around in 1983 or so. Most other Florida cities were pretty dead at the time.

MRR: Who were some of your other favorite bands around Florida at the time? Did you guys ever share a bill with Sheer Smegma?

George Tabb: I liked The Penis Heimers from Fort Lauderdale. Twelve-year-old kids singing songs like "Happy Things Make Me Mad, Moo!" Turns out they grew up to be F and Gay Cowboys In Bondage. They used to call me every weekend just to tell me jokes, until their moms would get on the phone and yell at me for being a "bad" influence on their kids! Do'h! I also liked Twisted Logic from Gainesville who did songs like "Mucus Milkshake" and a song about being a serial killer surgeon. Nice guys, too. Later, after I left there was a band called Butter The Heffer that I am still a *huge fan* of! Also, John McQuagin, or however you spell his name, had a bunch of bands that were actually very good. Jeff was in some of those bands Terminal Fun and Liquid Plumbers. John wrote a song about this mean Asian woman who owned a club and called it "Nazi Nip!" The chorus was, "Nazi Nip, Nazi Nip, Sieg Heil, Bonzai!" Pure brilliance! John, I thought, besides being a pro-skater, would become the biggest punk rock star ever. And he had the personality and looks and talent to go with it. I don't know what happened. Maybe one too many clove cigarettes? In my book, he is the one that got away. The greatest talent that no one really got to see. Not just Gainesville's best, but probably as important as The Clash were to the UK. Oh well, shit happens.

Jeff Hodapp: Our favorite bands were on the *We Can't Help It* EP, as well as F and the Gay Cowboys. I was always an Eat fan. No, Sheer Smegma had imploded before we started traveling much. They didn't do too many shows and I unfortunately never got to see them. Then again, I did get to meet all of them which will have to be good enough. We weren't aware of Antler Joe and the Accidents, who were great, of the city of Fort Myers, which isn't so great.



MRR: Rat Cafeteria, Hated Youth, Sector 4, and Morbid Opera were all featured on Destroy's second release *We Can't Help It We're From Florida*. It was a 7" with each band contributing a few tracks. Whose idea was this? How were the bands picked?

Jeff Hodapp: It was around thirteen minutes of music on one 7". I think Bob first started bouncing the idea around after hearing Process of Elimination. Every band had to cough up some money for the pressing and in return got a stack of records to sell in their city. We did mail order, distributors, and Gainesville and bought records back from the lazier bands. The Rat Cafeteria people were longtime friends of the band, so they were automatically in. Hated Youth and Sector 4 successfully negotiated a two for one deal (they had a manager). F was originally supposed to be on the record, but couldn't get it together in a reasonable amount of time, so got bounced. I was, uh, friends with Morbid Opera so they got on. Initially their "different" sound freaked some people out, but eventually helped cement classic status for the record.

MRR: Were people outside of Florida starting to take notice of the bands that existed down here?

You guys sold a few thousand, right?

George Tabb: I dunno. I figured it was more like a few dozen! Ask Jeff!

Jeff Hodapp: No, not really. Only the bravest bands ventured down here until around 1985 when everyone started playing to huge crowds at Flynn's and the Cameo, which corresponded with most of the interesting bands down here falling apart. The comp sold mostly to Florida people. We made 2000 of them.

MRR: You guys recorded an LP, which would have been the first Florida hardcore LP, but was never released because of a thieving bass player. What is the exact story behind this?

Jeff Hodapp: Embezzlement is a much nicer word. Mid-1984, I moved to South Florida and I think Frank moved to Tampa, too. So Russ wound up as treasurer which didn't work out so well. He did pay us all back, like five years ago, with interest, after becoming obsessed with *My Name Is Earl*. Three or four of the songs that were going to be on that LP remain unreleased because they sucked! Our rep would have been tarnished forever had that thing come out. At the time, however, I wasn't amused at all.

George Tabb: Ask Jeff. All I know is that it involved Russ, the guy from Slime. But I heard he made good...so God bless him. We all fuck up at times in our lives. It's taking responsibility for our actions that makes us men. Good for you, Russ. Hope you are great!!! "Slime Or Bowling!"

MRR: Some of the recordings from the LP would eventually come out on the second 7" *What The Hell It's Roach Motel*. How was this received in comparison with the first single?

Jeff Hodapp: Generally good. It was slightly more musically accomplished than the first one but a little more subdued. Also, a Florida punk rock record wasn't as much of a novelty by then. A backlash against hardcore was well underway in mid to late 1984, when it came out. We weren't ever really a hardcore band and weren't even a band anymore by then, but caught some flak for that association. We made 500 which sold out pretty quickly.

George Tabb: I broke mine into a zillion tiny pieces because I was mad because Bob wrote a song about me called, "Chowburger." Now I think it's kind of funny. But at the time, I was very hurt. Of course, in hindsight, it was *all* projection.

MRR: You guys started getting a big following around Florida, and were being put on big bills around the state. Was success the worst thing that could ever happen to Roach Motel?

Jeff Hodapp: We had a decent following in South Florida, not really anywhere else. Most the big bills we were on were shows we set up ourselves, though supposedly the Dead Kennedys asked for us to open in Tampa. I was quite surprised in the mid-90s, when it became apparent that we had not been forgotten. I'm not sure if all this adds up to success, though I'm proud of a few of the songs and our role in debasing Florida culture.

George Tabb: Success was never a word I'd associate with Roach Motel. Everything we did we did for ourselves and we *invented* our scene. Totally DIY 'til the very end. The only reason we were on big bills was because either we put them together, or we were friends with those bands. It was never because of our name. The one thing Roach Motel was was *not* famous. Maybe infamous, but *not* famous.

MRR: Then George left the band sometime in 1983. What brought this about?

Jeff Hodapp: In the summer of 1983, George went back to NYC or somewhere. We kept practicing and set up a show with CH3 in Gainesville. Then George shows up the day before the show and wanted to play. We said he should sit this show out. He got pissed and quit. Pretty shabby on our part, and we kinda sucked that show anyway.

George Tabb: The usual. She said/She said! Oh, also, I was starting not to like the Nazi kids showing up at our shows "Seig Heiling" us. It freaked me the fuck out and I hated it. We were like "Springtime For Hitler," only the stupid Nazi kids took us seriously. We had some songs we had to stop playing because people just did not understand the irony. Idiots. I started a band called Atoms For Peace a few months later, and, for me, it was the right band at the right time. But, of course, just like in *Spinal Tap*, I would show up to Roach Motel gigs and they'd hand me a guitar and it would feel *great* to play with my first band again! They truly were my first band and family. My family sucked...and even though Bob, Jeff, Frank, Eric, Rhonda, and everyone else was dysfunctional, they let me in and treated me as one of them, and for that, I'll be forever grateful!

MRR: How long did the band continue after the split with George? What was the final nail in the coffin?

Jeff Hodapp: We carried on for another year. The final nails were when Frank and I moved out of town. Together with a growing dissatisfaction with the HC world and that good new songs were getting few and far between. There is just about no good punk rock from 1985, so it was for the best.

MRR: What happened to everyone following the break up?

Jeff Hodapp: I moved to South Florida, got drafted into Morbid Opera, followed by Drug Czars and other bands in the '90s

and '00s. Frank moved to Tampa and then Atlanta, was drummer for the Chant and a successful photographer before passing away in 2009. Eric is an attorney in Arizona and continues to dabble in punk rock. Russ was in Atlanta last I heard. I recently heard Fetz is in bad health somewhere in Florida.

George Tabb: Reunion gigs twenty years later!!!

MRR: How many releases did Destroy put out? When did the label fold?

George Tabb: Ask Jeff. I did start *Destroy Television* in NYC which was a cable TV show that ran for over a decade. I did what Jeff and Frank and Bob were doing...showcasing great local talent! Thank God for Destroy! Yay!!!

Jeff Hodapp: We did the two Roach Motel EPs, the comp, a Sector 4 EP, and later lent our name to the F-Boys first record. I didn't do much, other than approve of the record, and much later the Roach Motel CD and maybe a Drug Czars record. We put out around twelve or thirteen issues of *Destroy Magazine*.

MRR: In 2003 you, Fetz, Engan and Mullen got back together for the "Aging Gracefully" tour. Was the magic still there? Was it filled with drugs, fist fights, and bruised egos?

Jeff Hodapp: The 2003 "tour" went well. We only played in Gainesville and Tampa. The Gainesville show was really good. All of the sudden Gainesville liked us! The Tampa show was in Bob Suren's dungeon and was fun, but 100 degrees. Not willing to leave well enough alone, the next year, Frank and Eric set up a sprawling nine shows in nine days tour of Florida, Atlanta and Chattanooga. That tour was filled with drugs, near fist fights, bruised egos, near death, tests of endurance and tolerance, etc. Some of the shows really sucked (Jacksonville, anybody?) and some were a lot of fun (Boynton, Gainesville and especially Chattanooga). Fetz had somehow fucked up his foot and was a real nuisance most of the time. Honorary Roach Motel member Tate who helped with merch, logistics, and beer almost made it a positive experience.

MRR: Will there ever be another Roach Motel reunion?

George Tabb: It would have to be in heaven to be a real one. But, sure, if I could get healthy enough, I'd love to play with Jeff, Eric, Bob, and Drummer number 19,000!

Jeff Hodapp: No. Well, maybe in hell.

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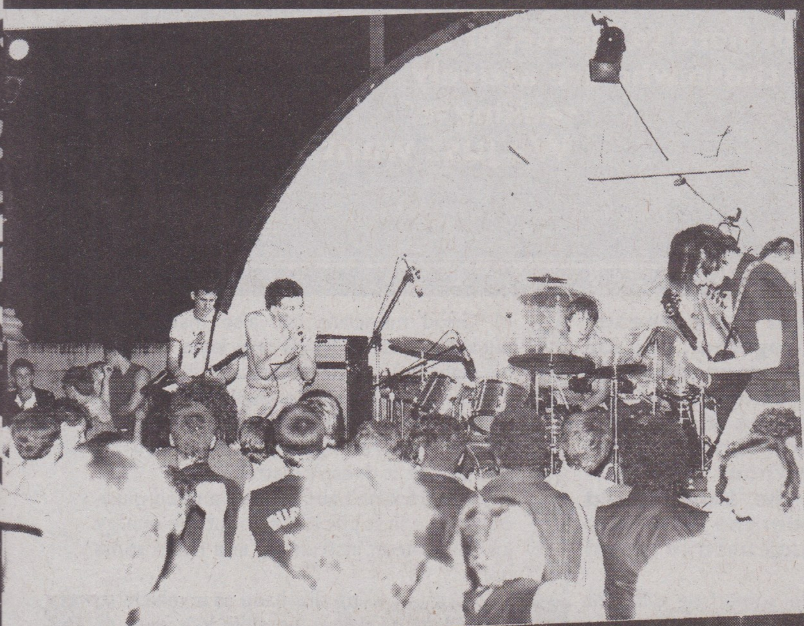
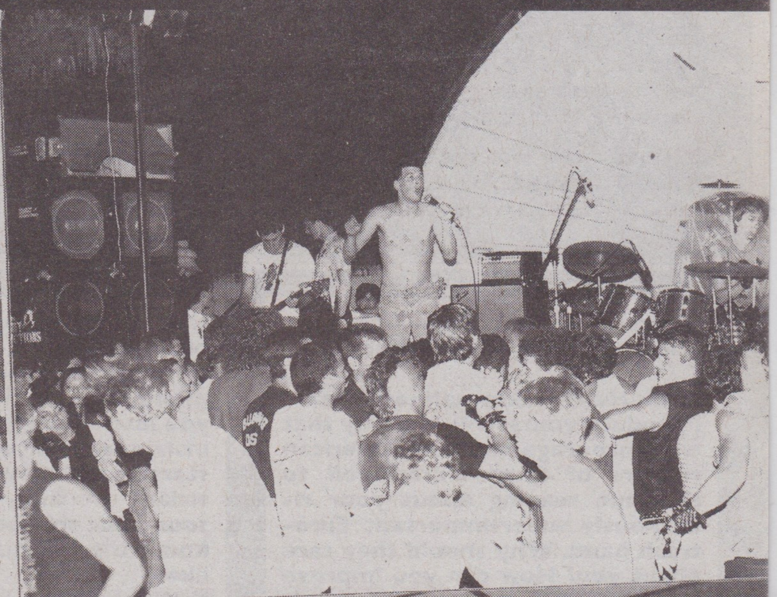




We are not here to please, or to satisfy those who are actively seeking it. We just want to see you dead.

Interview by Tony Gunnarsson
Photos by Helmich Van Herpt

MRR: Hello Nekromatikers, please introduce yourselves in a way that will encourage the lazy American readers of *Maximumrocknroll* to continue reading about your ridiculously super-important Euro-trash band. Why should they care about you? How can you improve the life satisfaction of thousands of US punks reading *MRR*? Are you punx? Do you stud your glue bags?

M: We are from The Netherlands and make very noisy hardcore/punk. I have no idea why people should care about us—maybe because we're very exotic coming from such a small country?

B: Improving the life of people who are reading *MRR*? What a joke. We are not here to please, or to satisfy those who are actively seeking it. We just want to see you dead.

A: "Ridiculously super-important Euro-trash band" must be the understatement of the year.

R: Because we are a fantastic jazz-fusion band and we are the best thing since Queen. This is an interview for *Maximum Jazz Fusion*, right?

MRR: Ok, I know that Nekromantiker started rehearsing in the summer of 2009, although the band wasn't actually named anything until later that year. I also know that some of you were already playing in bands together, but for this new band you swapped instruments with each other. Why? Did you just want to learn to play new instruments or was it more about starting a band without abled musicians so that the band would sound like shit from the start? You know, the way punk used to sound like?

M: We wanted to do something different than what we were already doing. The first time we played in this line-up everything already fell into place and we felt that this was how it was meant to be done.

A: We felt five years was long enough and wanted to do something new. Swapping instruments for me was a big eye-opener. I didn't know I had such a lovely voice.

R: I don't know... We were young and in need of money. We passed the "shame-stadium" a long time ago! Dumb shit is what we're good at, I guess, and the prospect of Surinam food really motivates us.

MRR: Do you agree that today too many punk bands have too many musicians? Do you agree that there is a definite link between the watering-down of the subversive element of punk and the rise of professional musicianship in punk? Do you agree with the slogan "Musicians out of hardcore punk: Now"?

M: Good musicians can also make good punk. But a lot of bands only focus on playing tight and being technically impressive. That's fucking boring. Bands should focus on songs, power and feeling. If you do that you will be an interesting band, whether you can play or not, it doesn't matter.

A: Punk rock isn't about being a good musician in the first place, but about the energy. Just pick up an instrument and make some noise.

R: We're just using this band as a vehicle to sell out as quickly as possible. We want to become a metalband! The next Slayer! Finally! Eat your hearts out, old dicks! More notes per solo than Jeff Hannemann! (That's also a good name for your jazz-fusion fanzine: *More Notes*!)

MRR: I like your two first rough recordings because it sounds like some lunatic Dutch stoners who are trying to play something noisy, loose and chaotic. At the time I thought it sounded kind of like Exithippies from Japan. So, is it true what they say about the Dutch? That everyone smokes weed all the time? Are you not all fundamentally hippies? In other words, are you not a nation of crusties?

M: Crusties are more often on speed, I think. Personally, I never understood why refusing personal hygiene is cool or revolutionary or whatever. But yeah, I like to smoke weed

NEKROMANTIKER

so maybe I'm a hippie and not a punk. Who cares.

B: Yeah, it's true. We all smoke weed over here. We're all a bunch of braindeads. The zombie theme was not chosen because zombies are cool you know. It's what we really are. A zombie nation...Those recordings are still the best thing we've ever done. Fuck the rest. I don't like progression.

R: I do not smoke. Therefore people point at me, kids laugh at me and dogs shit in my front yard. It's awful. I do not want to leave the house anymore. I better start smoking again because before you know it "The Fear" will creep up and I might go insane! Just kidding! Only my scary friends who listen to loud music and watch violent movies do actually (obviously) smoke. I do however advise young kids to start smoking as early as possible though, that it'll enrich their social life and so on. It's the least I can do.

MRR: Well, after some time the band recorded a noisy little nasty demo that was self-released on the not very popular CD-R format. The band was finally named on the cover of the CD-R as Nekromantiker, which no doubt comes from NEK-Romatik, the movie. Why did you decided to name the band after this great timeless German cinema? I mean, you're Dutch for fuck's sake!

M: Jörg Buttgereit was a visionary who made an amazing movie. The best thing about it is I can't even tell why it is so good. I don't see why we can't like something because it comes from another country. I don't believe in nations anyway. It's all a bunch of bullshit; people are mostly shit wherever you go, no matter where they come from. I like a lot of things from Germany, too bad there aren't many good bands, haha.

B: That movie was my wanking material for a good period of several months.

A: M came up with the name, we all liked it.

MRR: Like myself, I am sure a lot of nerds found the Nekromantiker CD-R demo to be a breadth of fresh air because it was European and hardcore punk, and not "crust-core" or music performed by professional, extreme metal musicians with "D-beat" band logos. I mean, I think I ended up giving all my distro copies for free because no one in the UK wants to buy CD-Rs. The English are, as we all know, fans of "crust-core" and music performed by professional extreme metal musicians with "D-beat" band logos. How was the response to the demo in general?

M: First, I agree with you that professional metalbands who supposedly play "D-beat" or "grindcore" or whatever, fucking suck. And there's way too many of these bands in Europe. Some people liked our demo, which really surprised me.

B: People compared the sound of our demo with the old Confuse flexis, which was cool. Most people liked it as far as I know. Good stuff. I hate all those "D-beat" bands. I hate "D-beat" in general, since it's mostly played by poor squatters who have nothing else to do. Bouncy sound, all the way.

A: We got some good responses to the demo, which surprised me actually.

M: There's nothing wrong with people who have nothing better to do than making music, that's what we do as well.

MRR: What are your "songs" about? Why don't you have lyric sheets with your releases? I saw none in the demo, neither in the Downtown Noise Punker omnibus nor in your recently released debut 7" EP. But for some reason I got a sticker with the EP instead...

M: Don't you think a picture or a sound can say just as much, if not, more than a bunch of words?

A: I don't like preaching, especially not to the converted. I think our music and the way we do things is enough of a statement.

MRR: What do you have against crusties anyway? Do you think punks use more soap than crusties? What is a crusty voice? How does it sound?

B: What's not to hate about crusties? I mean, just look at them! They stink, they're filthy, they all wear the same boring Doom/Disrupt/Discharge patches, they're all dressed in black. They listen to shitty music. I could go on and on about this subject. Let's just say that their body odor is not something I support.

A: I have nothing against crusties per-se, as long as they don't bring dogs to shows and some of them really could use a shower. I heard that Mr. W said that my voice sounded too crusty, so we made a song about it so we could be on Downtown Noise Punker Vol 3.

R: I think a crusty voice sounds like how a crusty armpit smells?

MRR: So what's the thing with zombies anyway? I refuse to believe that a film called Zombie Strippers is worth watching, but maybe that's just me hahaha... But you even wrote a song about it, or about them, or whatever!! I mean, zombies used to be so fucking cool before the internet came and spoiled it for everyone. Today zombies are part of mainstream pop culture, and like everything "indie" and "alternative" zombies are watered-down and made safe for a captive audience of consumers. Is it not true then that all things come to fashion?

M: "All things change into the fashion." Your statement is probably true, but that's even more proof that society is mostly made up of brainwashed zombies. Most people don't realize the zombie apocalypse has already taken place.

B: As I said before, this is not a fucking trend. We come from the land of zombies, the swampy lowlands called The Netherlands. This is Zombie Kingdom. The empire of those with no brains. People who joke about zombies and actually like them should fuck off and kill themselves immediately. This is no laughing matter.

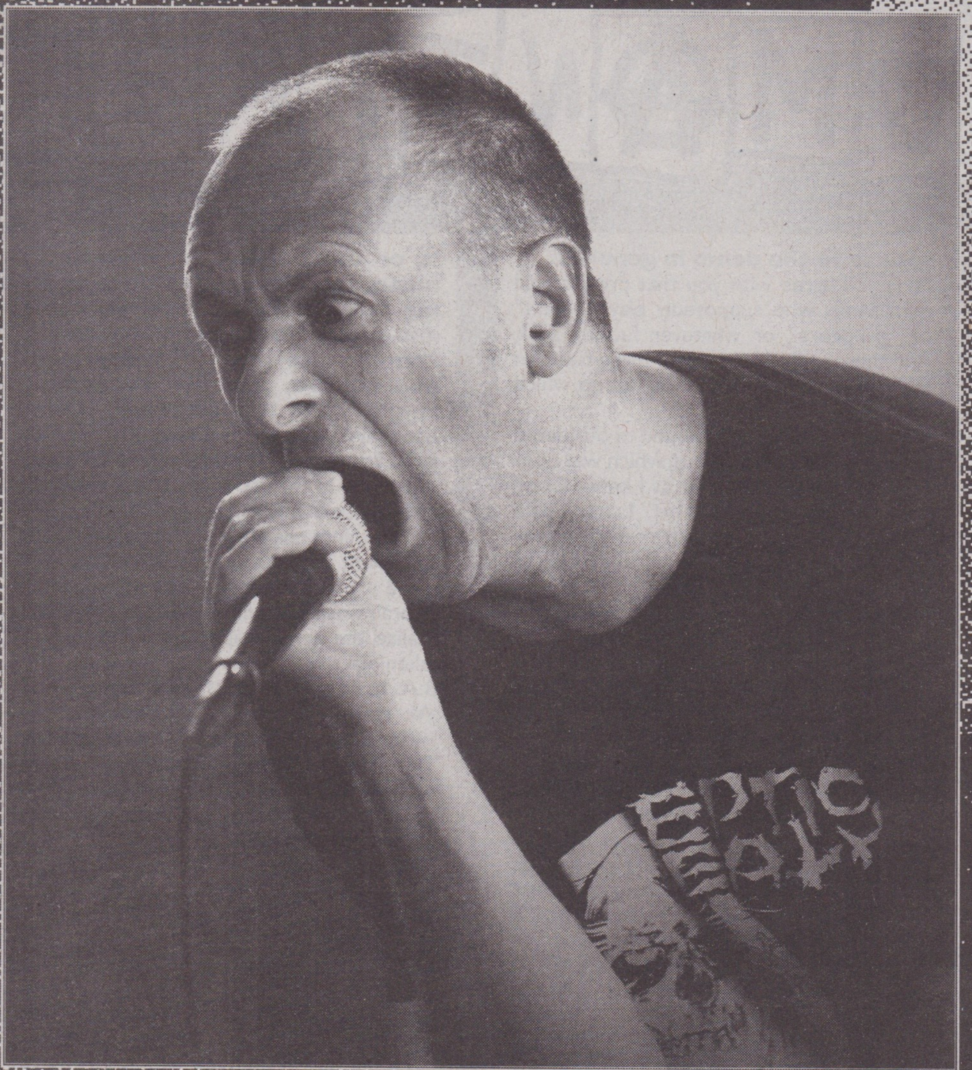
A: Zombies are a way of death. Zombie Strippers is a stupid movie but good for a few laughs.

R: Yeah we started that whole zombie thing, but now everybody's doing it. From now on we are a moksie-themed band. Until everybody does that, as well. Then we change again. I think something with zebra puke. Yeah, a striped two-colored zebra puke image!

MRR: On the new record, Nekromantiker presents a newly acquired professional studio sound and musicianship. Is the circle complete now? Will you swap instruments again? Is this how long it takes from starting a band to mastering punk rock instruments and become a professional internationally renowned noise punk band?

M: Musicianship? I know a lot of people who would disagree with that, hahaha. If you can tell me what's going on with the guitar on the EP please do! I have no idea what I'm doing myself. I like how the EP sounds though. It's what I always heard in my head before we started this band. I just play what I hear in my head and don't think about chords or notes or whatever.

MRR: So tell me about the trouble you had getting the studio guy to understand what you wanted to do with your noise. You told me you had done countless mixes. How do you describe to someone who is a professional studio person, that,



no, actually the music is supposed to sound like "a hair dryer" (to paraphrase the Swankys)?

M: Yeah, pfff, that was terrible. This was not a professional studio by the way, just someone's bedroom. That guy was really cool, but he was more into metal. He wanted to make the guitar sound clearer and more civilized, instead of like a brick in your face. In the end, we sent him the demo and he finally got it and made a great mix.

R: That was a very nice day recording that one! A good time.

MRR: The Nekromantiker 7" got bootlegged across the internet in just four or five days after it was released. I think this is a world record for a European noise punk band. Did you figure out who in the DIY punk scene is the secret member of hXc, the online mp3 release group?

B: Nah, we didn't. If we find out who it is, then we'll bomb his house.

MRR: Apart from being copied and pasted across thousands of release blogs, how has the response been to the new 7"? Hey M, do you think you will be storing boxes of the Nekromantiker 7"s under you bed in two years time, like with the Exithippies 7"?

M: I only made 300 of the Nekromantiker 7" because I had no idea if people would like it or not. But so far, the response has been very good, even though that hasn't translated into record sales. I will make more as long as there is demand. Everyone should also get the Exithippies 7" from me! When I heard their Hard Funk 12", I really wanted to release a record by them because I thought they deserved more attention outside of Japan. I don't believe in making super limited records that are gone in a few days. What's the point? Personally I don't want to put a lot of effort and money in something like that. I want people to be able to discover the bands I put out, pick up the records in distros at shows, and not make records just for a few hundred collectors

MRR: On the subject of non-conformism, if you really want to sound like Confuse why did you bastardize a Siege song in a bastardized Confuse song? Did you read that Indonesian review of your EP that compared Nekromantiker with CFDL? Have you read any reviews of the EP yet?

B: I still have no idea how that song really came along. The bassist presented us with that riff and it sounded almost exactly like Siege. But, here's the funny part. He told us that he got that riff from the Indignation demo from Confuse from the song "Nuclear Poisoning." To this day, I still have to find out how and why.

A: I thought it was a Lärm cover

R: That's what you get for coming up with a nice and original song. Mr. B played the different drums, Mr. M. said yeah, Siege! Mr. A. found it very Lärm. I said no, with different drums it's a bit Confuse. But I was outnumbered. Bastards!

MRR: Despite the ups and downs of the DIY punk economy, I believe there is still a forthcoming Nekromantiker record due, which will be a split with the band Chaos Destroy from USA. Do you want to say something about that? Do you have any other releases planned?

M: It's so cool that Chaos Destroy wanted to do this split, and Dan SPHC wants to put it out. It should be available when people read this interview I guess. I can't wait!

B: Chaos Destroy are an awesome band and I'm really glad they agreed to make a split with us. Our recordings are pretty fucking raw and totally different again from our EP, so watch out for that. We don't have any other releases planned for now. There is one thing coming up but I won't tell anything about that since it's so brutal it'll make your head blow up from ecstasy.

R: There is an idea for a new 7"! No one will like it. Even us.

MRR: As a band that plays noise punk, what do you think about the lack of subversive radical protests and resistance in hardcore punk in 2011? It seems to me that hardcore punk today is all about "no politics, no message," and quite frankly it sounds like a big cop-out. Where is the protest in punk today?

M: It depends a bit on what you think is protest. If it's just singing about how the government sucks, maybe we don't protest (as a band). If you think that playing in illegal, underground places, and supporting resistant culture, than I think we're definitely a protest band. I absolutely don't care about official, governmental sanctioned places where everything you do is controlled. I like playing in squats and other autonomous spaces. That is my culture, that's where I come from and it means everything to me. Mainstream society is an endless parade of zombies. I think as a band we clearly oppose that, even though, maybe as individuals, we hold different political views.

B: Politics are boring. I prefer to smoke weed and do nothing all day, just leeching from those who work hard. Fuck you. It's an unfair world, isn't it? Make a song about it. See what I mean? Boring!

A: I could write songs about nuclear war and stuff like that, but I don't think it would make any difference. I don't think that the guy who's gonna push the button will think, "Oh I better not push it...the lyrics of that Nekromantiker song really convinced me not to."

R: Your lyrics always really convince me, Mr A. Especially that new song about eating moksi. And do not forget "Zombiestrippers Aaaarrghh, Zombiestrippers Aaaarrgghh..." It's always a good advice! These are lessons for life!

M: You with your moksi! Since I'm vegan I prefer a good roti. But yeah, our love for Surinamese food is the main thing we all have in common, ha!

MRR: I know through my local spies that Nekromantiker has played a lot already. I believe that the Wankys came to your country and that you guys took a lot of drugs together. To what extent are the Dutch general public interested in your type of music?

M: The general public? I don't think they're interested. But in the punk public there has been some interest and people who seem to enjoy our noise when we play live.

R: Except the last gig. Everybody ran away as quickly as possible. Best response you can get as a band!

MRR: My Dutch pen pal said I should ask about your singer; his age, the bands he grew up with during the glorious '80s punk wave, and how he ended up a math teacher?

A: I'm from 1964 and have loved punk rock since I was twelve in 1977. It was great to see all the different styles evolve into punk rock. As for being a math teacher, I still have no idea how that happened!

R: Some lives have strange twists!

M: Cheers to your pen pal!

MRR: As this interview is for *Maximumrocknroll*, it is customary to ask a little about your local scene. Can you tell us a little about the bands, the zines, the distros, the armed guerrillas, the free sex movements, the squats and the venues that exist over your way that will be of crucial importance to *MRR* readers?

M: There are some great venues here in my area, like Sub071 in Leiden en Piratebar in Den Haag. Both squatted, of course. There is No Fucking Labels, which is a great label with some guy who also plays in CSMD, who are a great noisecore/sci-fi soundtrack band. Other good bands are Kru$h (who sound like Disrupt with some grind influences and who have been playing for fifteen years), Tense Reaction (who are old guys playing old-style hardcore and whose 7" I put out) and Seein' Red, of course.

B: I come from the northern region of The Netherlands and we used to have a great venue here called Parkhof. It was closed a few years ago, which is a real shame since there were some great gigs there. Since it's been closed, it's pretty much dead over here. There were some attempts to create more 'life' into the almost non-existent scene but they were all futile. Not that it really mattered for me since I was not really involved anyway. The scene mostly consisted out of speed-abusing-crusties who played "D-beat" that was so boring that even the person with the most severe insomnia would go into a coma. I decided to look elsewhere for gigs and eventually found the cool Sub 071 where I met the other guys from Nekromantiker.

A: I really like AxSxHx , Crack in the Wall, the Shining, Milkman, Seein' Red and Kru$h

R: Great town! No punks and no crusties. Only good people living in harmony. And the best thing—you can eat a nice moksi meti at the Moksi! Hello to all the friendly people in Kru$h, Ash and CSMD!

MRR: Finally, what about this UK tour? What about a future? How can readers get in contact?

M: The future will either be poisoning or nuclear annihilation. We will come to destroy UK ears in October 2011.

B: Future? That word is filthy. Contact us at: nekronoise@gmail.com.

A: Really looking forward to making some noise in the UK

R: Shitting on the face of humanity and puking in the mirror of life, on a daily basis. Watch out for our greatest hits collection on eight-track cartridge, and our five-hour noise punk opera featuring the corpse of Freddy Mercury (soon in a dubious theatre nearby!)! Further down the pipeline is an 12" LP box with all our rehearsals thus far with some extra's like two one-sided flexi-picture-discs and book with an 356-page interview with the son of the uncle who's half-blind aunt saw the president of our fan club drive by on a misty July morning. Also available for your divorce and funeral parties!

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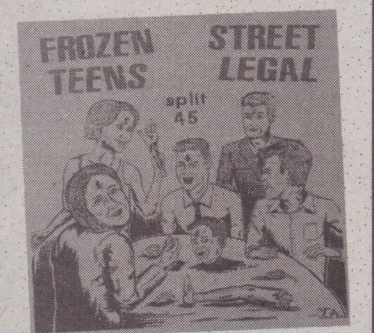

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MRR: Tell me your name.
Nevin: Nevin Marshall.

MRR: What do people call you?
Nevin: Um(laughs), they call me "Pickle," around these parts.

MRR: Tell me when and how the label got started.
Nevin: I started playing in bands around 1998. When I was in college, some friends and I started a band called When All Else Fails and around that time I was in another band that was starting up called Jiyuna…

MRR: Tell me about the first couple of releases and how you did them.
Nevin: The first ten releases on the label were my own bands. I guess I took that "do it yourself" thing very seriously. It was just about doing the best job we could. The first couple of releases, the demos for Jiyuna and When All Else Fails we got out of dumpsters. The When All Else Fails tapes were originally audio instructions on how to do heart surgery and we just made these paper bags for packaging. The Jiyuna tapes were dubbed over cassettes from thrift stores and I made these ridiculous plexiglass jewel case things with an aluminum hinge. I was working at a shop that had all this stuff and it was trash at the shop. I guess even from the beginning I was trying to make everything out of trash and I've tried to continue that, where even now, most of the packaging is made from trash. Badass(laughs).

MRR: Do you think with those first few releases there was a learning curve with things like how to not spend too much money or make enough money back on releases?
Nevin: I definitely never spent too much because I never bought much. The first vinyl I did was for the Jiyuna/Standing Tall 7". The paper for that we got for free somewhere, it was this thick cardboard stuff. We cut it on my dad's circular saw and screen printed it, so the only real cost was ink and vinyl. There was a learning curve in terms of how to do all of that stuff, making it look good, stuff like that.

MRR: How about as far as getting the releases out of Fort Myers?
Nevin: That was the real learning curve, getting the label to be something that people know about. For the first five years, the only people that knew about it would be people in Florida that saw us play. We got a couple of reviews in *Heartattack* and they compared Jiyuna to Frail and we got some orders that way. At this one fest in Sarasota, the guys in Spirit Of Versailles came down and were like, "we're amped to see you!" And two of them had Frail shirts on (laughs). We hadn't seen the review yet so we didn't really know what was going on, we were just like, "how do you guys know about us in South Dakota?" I learned to do a distro from the mighty Bob Suren. I was living in St. Pete for the first few years of the label and you had Steve Heritage from ASSUCK doing the 403 Chaos thing, but then you had Bob Suren doing Sound Idea and Burrito records right down the street. So I was thinking maybe I could do more of a

label/distro so one day I went into Sound Idea and said, "Bob, where the fuck do you get all this stuff?" And he taught me about trading. It was just something I hadn't heard of or thought of before. So that's when the distro really started getting going. I started writing labels like crazy all over the world. There were a lot of people willing to trade so I was able to build up the distro and once you start having stuff, people start finding you and now I've had people I've traded with for years.

MRR: So how did you move on then to start releasing bands that you weren't involved in personally?

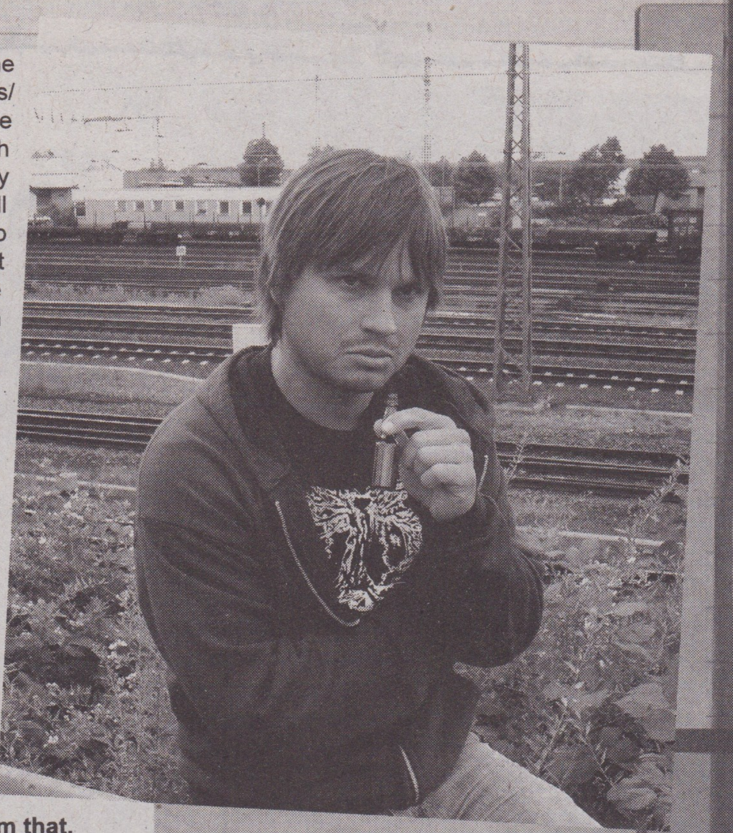
Nevin: The first release I did involving a band I wasn't in was the Carlisle discography. That was after a few Merkit releases were out and I was ready to put out something a little different. Carlisle was just one of those bands that I grew up seeing along with Reversal Of Man, Cease, Hankshaw, Early Grace…there was a very vibrant Florida scene at the time. I've always been into the idea of a discography, I like when lesser known bands get a nice discography. That was the first time I bought packaging, I bought these digipaks made from recycled paper and learned to use stamps on that one which is a tool I've carried with me since.

MRR: So after some time trading releases and expanding the label and distro, tell me how you came to start getting involved with friends' projects.

Nevin: Um, my first trade was with Heather and Bill from Loaded For Bear. It was a Hombrinus Dudes/Loaded For Bear split demo. I don't even remember how we originally made contact but we traded and then ended up meeting them on the Merkit tour. That was just a big eye-opener too; where you've talked to somebody on the internet and then made it a real face. Touring with Merkit in Europe I got to meet all these badass people that I thought I'd never get to meet but I'd been trading with for years. Meeting people like Lars and Sabine (Resurrectionists/React With Protest label) just keeps hope alive that there's good people in the world. That's been the most rewarding thing about trading. That, and being able to carry releases from all over the world and trying to support DIY scenes all over the world.

MRR: Being in Fort Myers, though, there wasn't any super DIY stuff going on or anyone over your shoulder to show you how to do anything, right?

Nevin: No, if I'd stayed in Fort Myers the whole time it might not have worked out this way. It was definitely just being immersed in that FL scene surrounding 403 Chaos/Sound Idea; most of the bands touring through there were the explicitly DIY bands on small labels. And you had Bob Suren just keeping shit so real. So the scene I was lucky enough to grow up in was all about DIY and I've always stuck with that idea of what a record should be. I'm now lucky enough to know people like Joe (Lachut of *Seven Inches To Freedom* zine) who are just screen printing experts



MRR: So tell me about how you started releasing more of your friends' projects, I think we got away from that.

Nevin: Pretty much all of the other records have come about from touring and meeting people. Anyone who's toured knows what it's like to show up in a town and feel like you're not clicking with anyone and then showing up in another town and another group of kids and it's just instant best friends. Like the Michigan crowd, it's just like, "holy shit, we feel right at home here." You feel like you've known them for a thousand years and stay up until six in the morning just hanging out and talking. That just forms those relationships and then you want to help them out.

MRR: It seems like you've had the ability to do a lot of releases in the last few years because you started with a set amount of money and made sure you've made enough money back to keep everything growing, tell me a little about how you do that.

Nevin: I've always been very thrifty. I was always a big saver and so I would fund a lot of the early Jiyuna releases and as we sold them, I would just pay myself back. By the time I got paid back for one release, it would be time to do another one and it was just kind of a cycle of that. Once I had decided to go ahead with the distro and had some idea of how to do it, my friend Parker set up a website for me because I had no idea how to do that shit. I just took 800 dollars and was like, "I'm just gonna buy a bunch of shit and start." At this point the label is self sufficient, and I only put my own money in when lots of releases come out at once or someone sells me a huge collection. Then I just pay myself back until it's even.

MRR: It seems like you never bought much from the bigger distros though, more like personal collections so there would be some surprise value when going through your stuff, it seems like you always skewed toward that kind of thing, having records that weren't typically easy to come by.

Nevin: That's one of the things I always loved about going to a record store; you never know what's going to be there. Same thing with going on tour and going through some kid's distro box. I've always tried to stock random old records. I'll try to get used collections of old records from all over the world and sometimes it sits in the distro for years, but then I'll get some email from some kid that's like, "I can't believe you have this."

MRR: It seems like the label now has had a lot of releases in just the last few months and it's been a mix of releases with friends, tell me about some of those.

Nevin: There's been a few networks of people where most of the releases have come from. Cloud Rat, Xtra Vomit, and Positive Noise are all from Michigan and are champions of punk. Then there are the folks you meet on tour like Cervix and Dolcim. And of course bands that are local and are good pals like Panzram and Crows Foot. Some projects come out of trading partners like the Pripyat tape came out of trading with Filip from Czech Republic. And then lots of European split releases that came from meeting people while touring there. All of these people are doing good things and are making punk better.

MRR: So the European ones, that was the Resurrectionists LP and Lich split LP, the four way split, the Drainland, Gentle Art Of Chokin', and Lentic Waters LPs—tell me about those.
Nevin: Lars from Resurrectionists—we didn't know if we hit it off with him on our first Europe tour with Merkit because he likes grindcore so much you can't tell if he likes you. But it turns out he did and it he asked to do a split 7" with Merkit and since then we're like label teammates. That relationship then spread to other people / labels I met on those travels. I like the split releases for overseas stuff because I really love a lot of what's going on in Europe. It's always inspiring to see how hard they're working, how seriously they take it and just the quality of what they do. It's not quite as slacker as the US can sometimes be. There are certainly hard working people here and they kind of carry a lot more weight. Maybe I'm just romanticizing this experience in foreign lands but both times I've toured there I was fucking blown away by the social and cultural realities that some punks have created.

MRR: So with those newer releases, there's Cloud Rat with blazing fury and some '90s/noisy elements, Pripyat is pretty much just straight fury, Drainland is very ugly, Crows Foot and Cervix are kinda crust… It seems like the label is doing a lot of just super pissed off hardcore. Is that just coincidence or is there any kind of change in direction of the kind of music you want to put out.
Nevin: I have no direction as far as the kind of music I want to release, at all. It falls back to that network of friends.

MRR: You do hold up Left For Dead a lot, though. The pinnacle of hardcore for you is Left For Dead.
Nevin: (laughs) Yes. When I personally am singing in bands, that's how I express my anger. Anyone who knows me knows that I never get angry. I get pissed philosophically, I get pissed at the bullshit. But I'm very even-tempered in every part of life. I've seen enough bands to know who's really pissed and who's just bashing their head on the stage and cutting themselves to look pissed. With Pripyat, the second they started lashing into that you knew that these people are pissed off and they mean it. Cloud Rat and Crows Foot are the same way. I thought the singing was just going to fall apart. The anger and the pain are palpable. If you look at my record collection, it's always the ugliest and the prettiest. I like hearing raw anger that's honest and genuine and then stuff that's just over the top gorgeous. (laughs) Stuff that's middle of the road, like regular hardcore bands, it's very rare that I like a traditional hardcore or punk rock band. But then there's something like Left For Dead where there's not anything special about those riffs or those drumbeats but you hear that and you read the lyrics and it was an anger that I related to—just total disgust for the culture we live in. It's just got to be real one way or the other. The only time I tolerate something that's silly, or not angry is if it's really catchy. But not fun. It can't be fun.

MRR: (laughs)
Nevin: No music that's fun, you know what I mean? It can't be about a party or anything fun. I've been recently getting into some stuff like Masshysteri and that's catchy, so maybe I'm turning a corner on catchy. It could be pissed; it's all in Swedish so I don't know. But yeah, it still can't be fun (laughs). So if you play in a fun band, don't send me a demo. I don't want to know.

MRR: How does the label fit in with your daily life right now? It seems like you listen to almost everything you put up for sale and that must take a good bit of time…
Nevin: In my daily life, I'm a teacher, that's my regular job. I usually get home around five and I usually work on the distro for about an hour a day during the week, whether it's setting up trades, doing mailorder, folding, cutting, screenprinting, packaging stuff that needs to be done. Usually every Saturday I'll put in a good four to five hours on the distro. I'll get up at nine and do a bunch. So it's about a ten hour week for the label at this point.

MRR: And then you work a second job, right?
Nevin: Yeah, I valet park a few nights a week. That's when I drive the Bentleys around and suck money out of the country club.

MRR: Does the distro ever feel like a burden?
Nevin: No, that's what I want to do when I get home. I've never taken a dime out of it, so what would be the point of doing it if I didn't want to? The only perk I get personally from the distro is that I get records for what I paid for them. What I've gotten from it is being able to travel all over and meet all these badass people. So I don't get paid for it, but as far as enriching life experiences, the whole thing has done tons for me. Without punk I probably would have travelled, but I probably would have gone and chilled in the Eiffel Tower and stayed in some hotel instead of playing a fest in a wheat field and pulling my buddy out of a culvert and then sleeping under a fucking amp until five in the morning and driving thirteen hours the next day.

MRR: So what future releases do you have coming up?
Nevin: Autarkeia LP (my current band), Cloud Rat/Xtra Vomit

LP, Cloud Rat/Oily Menace/Wolbachia LP, Cloud Rat/Autarkeia 7", Aussitot Mort 2xLP discography, Drainland/Cellgraft 7". Hopefully those will all see fruition in the next few months, and all coming out of meeting people that are doing good stuff in their scenes.

resurrectionist

MRR: Being this committed to helping your friends, wouldn't that eventually lead to releasing a record you may not like? Where do you draw the line on that?
Nevin: Most of the stuff I've put out I really liked. I'm definitely down to release something that I don't personally like as long as it's somebody I support, people that I think are good, that their presence is a positive thing in the punk scene. I want to get their voice out there.

MRR: After just going from releasing your own bands to helping out friends and starting the whole distro thing, have you thought about how much larger you'd like to go with the label? How much more time are you willing to put into it?
Nevin: If my second job gets in the way of the distro, I'll quit that job. My ultimate goal, at some point, is Aysia and I want to do a vegetarian café/record store/venue type deal. Who knows where or when that would be, but that is some kind of a goal.

In the meantime I just want to help people out and get music out there that I think should be. One thing I do want to talk about is the packaging aspect of things. From the beginning I've always tried to make as much as I could out of trash or recycled stuff. I would just encourage punks to keep their eyes out for resources. Ask people what they can get from their various jobs that may be useful or some other resource a friend may have. As far as packaging for mailorder, I've never bought anything but tape and two packs of manila envelopes in eleven years of doing this. You'll get a package from me in some kind of weird, fucked up, creative re-used cardboard thing and it'll be fine, it'll be packed tight. As far as covers for LPs, I just got 3800 covers from No Idea Records, so I'm kind of loaded up with printing inside out covers. One trend I've been seeing in punk that I can't stand is the super packaging. Thick vinyl, double super gatefold, where everything is massive. I don't want to sound like an old codger harkening back to the days, but there's something to be said for when there was more "pay no more than…" stickers instead of, "this record is nineteen dollars because the vinyl is limited and I paid so much for the packaging." I don't want to pay nineteen dollars for your record. And that packaging looks great a lot of the time, but it's just using a lot of resources and wasting shit. And it turns it into a culture of buying things and wanting to grab at some bad ass packaging rather than analyzing the ideas and emotion behind a record. And I've been guilty of that, where I see something and I'm like, "holy shit, I want that." A lot of the time though, you find there's not a lot behind it. It's just gloss. I kind of want to be that label that's still putting out records that look like art projects from 1996 and is made out of trash but you can't tell because of the work and effort that went into it.

MRR: In the last ten years of doing the label what other kind of trends have you seen in DIY punk that you're not crazy about?
Nevin: The limited thing, obviously. The hype machine. Labels know how many they need to put out of a record. You know if you need to release a thousand copies or if you need to do two hundred. If it's a really good band that is going to tour a lot, you need to accommodate that. We need to consciously avoid hype. Good bands should be noted as such because they are good bands and not because their release is limited and there's some collector culture surrounding it with kids grabbing at something when they don't even know what it is, just how many there are. I've seen a lot of that lately, where labels are swooping on bands because they're like, "Youth Attack did your last record, so we want to do your next." And they don't even know the people involved. Skip all that bullshit and don't support those labels. If you can only afford to do a limited release, see if the band has an extra hundred bucks or get another label to help you out. I don't even like limited color vinyl. I've done color vinyl, but I try to make sure it's not limited. I don't always have that control on the split releases, but all the ones I do on my own will not have limited stuff.

MRR: How do you think the internet has changed the spectrum as far as distros like yours and ones you grew up with like Ebullition?
Nevin: Hold on, what is the internet? (Laughs.) In the mid-nineties, there was an internet, but it was just a bunch of people in chat rooms. Me and my sister would get into some wwf chatroom and talk shit on wrestlers until we got kicked out. That was the internet to me. I just thrived on zines at that point. I remember one day in high school I got sick and I got an issue of *Heartattack* and I probably wrote fifty letters ordering zines. After that, I got zines for the next year. Some people take a while to get back with your order. Still to this day, I get packages for the distro shipped to my parents' house and my mom will call me and say, "a zine came," even if it's a box with fifty LPs in it. So yeah, back then you had to work to find things a little more. I got into punk in Fort Myers from a kid who had a distro in his backpack and one night I bought a Pegboy CD, which I still listen to to this day. I also got the Downcast LP and that turned me onto the whole Ebullition thing. At this point, the internet does make it easy. I've never done a MySpace or Facebook or anything. I sometimes post updates on Viva La Vinyl, but goddamn, that shit is a nightmare. I mostly stick to my website. If you ever order a record from me, you're going to get on the email list. I think I get a lot of customers from people searching for a specific record and finding my page come up. I'm going to do a blog just to have another way for people to find

and hear the releases. I'd just like to see people that are more dead serious about punk—the people that stick with it, through the music or the ideals they've taken from it. If you hit thirty and now you're eating meat and going to be an investment banker then nothing happened in your punk existence basically. I'm still just as interested in the music and passionate about the ideas. I still want to exist within this culture. If I hadn't found this, what would I have plugged into? What would I be drawing meaning from in my life? I hope it wouldn't be a football team. I talk to other teachers at work and they're nice people, they travel—but they go on a cruise or go wind-gliding or some bullshit, which is probably fun! Probably awesome to go fucking breeze-sailing or whatever the fuck you do (laughs). I don't know, there's cooler shit out there and I definitely attribute punk to me finding some of that shit, or even to me living some semblance of an inspired life where I do stuff for the sake of it and not for money.

MRR: Any advice for labels starting up as far as pressing plant issues goes?
Nevin: I've used a bunch of different pressing plants and have been lucky enough not to have any problems, but here's a quick summary of things to think about. I get most of my lacquers cut with Lucky Lacquers; Dave is so nice and really does care about how your record sounds. I can't recommend him enough. I usually use United because they're the cheapest and are relatively close to me so I save on shipping. They won't do anything with samples though. I've done a number of releases for Michigan bands, so I use Archer on those since they can go pick them up and mail me my copies via media mail—saves tons of money. If there's a plant close to you or the band, definitely pick them up personally. Pressing your first record can be a confusing process, especially if you use United and their twelve pages of paperwork. Don't be afraid to ask questions, but be real nice to the people and they'll like you and try to help you through it. As for tapes, National Audio Company is real good—I had a question the first time I made one and they put the owner of the company on the phone.

MRR: I think I'm going to close with a theory of yours.
Nevin: Oh, we're doing the theory (laughs)…

MRR: You believe that there are certain places you can go, where you can dip into mainstream culture and lose some of your punk points that one may have accrued throughout their travels in the punk underground…
Nevin: This is a counter-intuitive theory but I believe it has some validity in the modern world. Keep in mind, this is a theory inspired by cider. Inspired by real shit and real issues but developed in some cider (laughs).

MRR: Right, under the influence.
Nevin: I think it holds true, though. McDonald's has been a classic punk enemy and I encourage nobody to go to McDonalds, ever. But, the theory is that you lose more punk points going to Panera Bread than you do going to McDonald's. Why? Well, McDonald's is definitely fucking up the world much faster and much more extreme, contributing disease and bad health, clear cut forests, nightmarish lives for all the animals involved, the whole bit. But when it comes down to it, there's still resistance in McDonald's. No one wants to be in McDonald's. The workers are forced by the grinding capitalist system to be there and they want to get out as fast as they can, they want to spit in as much food as they can, they want to do as shitty a job as they can and be late and then flip out at work and cuss everyone out. Then you have this new face, Panera. This is the face of the new capitalism where everyone loves everything and we all have a lot of money and we all have a lot of Aero Postale on. And the workers are happy to be there! The workers at Panera are probably making eight dollars an hour too but they're buying into the culture. They have the most bullshit music on too. McDonald's doesn't play music I don't think. I don't know, I haven't been to McDonalds in a long time. It's probably just a cacophony of people chewing and dying.

MRR: It seems like with McDonald's also, most people know it's at least a tad unhealthy.
Nevin: It's out in the open.

MRR: Take it or leave it. So usually, most people have been driven there and don't really want to be there and are pissed off. So now some shit can jump off because employees and customers alike mostly don't want to be there. You can see some shit go down at a McDonald's. Whereas with Panera, you're bringing your laptop to hang out so the only thing you're going to be witness to is some posturing and people talking about their diet.
Nevin: Exactly. Don't tell me about some compostable cups at a corporate restaurant. Go to an independent place.

MRR: It's Target to Walmart's barebones skullduggery. With Walmart, you know what's up.
Nevin: Right. You've got McDonald's and Wal-Mart represent just naked exploitation, total disregard for the human condition, (laughter) then you've got Target and Panera and Starbucks which are all happy and nice but still basically doing the same thing with a couple of ameliorating PR maneuvers in there. So here's how it relates to punk; you've got your classic punk enemy – the nazi. That's your Walmart and McDonald's. It's just naked, it's right there. That guy's a nazi. We know what's up, we don't like this guy. Now you've got your undercover punk capitalist, trying to scheme on how to turn a profit from DIY culture while trying to stay in the scene socially. And you think "This person's nice!" Maybe you have a few beers with them and talk about records and it could be good, but you don't know what's going on in the background. They're eyeing up what bands to get on their limited Youth Attack art label or wanna be Relapse gloss label, and approaching punk as a hype machine or as a potential profit maker. Or they might even be from a fucking car company dangling carrots in front of our eyes. So is the moral of this that we want more Wal-mart, McDonald's and Nazis? I don't know(laughs), I don't think that's what we should take from this(laughs).

MRR: Anything in closing?
Nevin: Do more cool punk things. Do less stupid internet things and have fun in real life. The label is at www.ifbrecords.com. Email is architeuthis@comcast.net or mail me stuff at Nevin Marshall / 4447 St. Clair Ave. / Ft. Myers FL 33903

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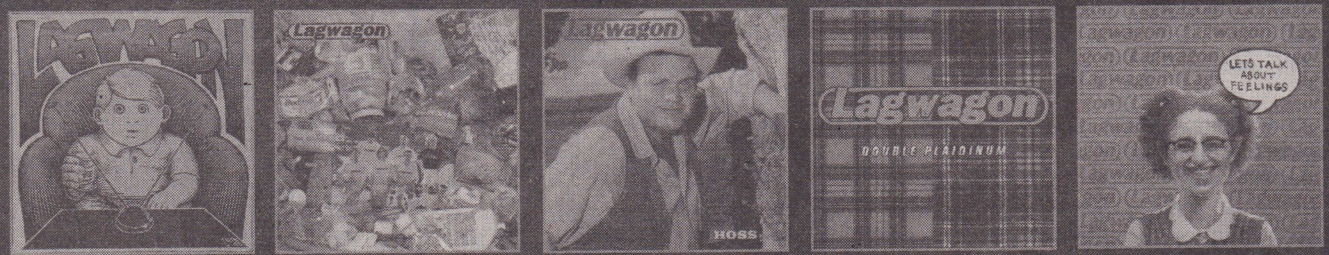
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BOOKS

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Sensation
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Sensation careens all over the literary map. Author Nick Mamatas spices up his loopy style of fiction (part sci-fi, part horror, part mystery, part romance) with dabs of politics, sociology, biology, and Web 2.0 technology. Along the way he tackles gigantic issues like free will vs. predestination, society's dependence on technology, gentrification, and the interrelationship of parasites and their hosts. In spite of such weighty subjects, Mamatas' writing style is light and airy, and his plot leaps along, delivering these concepts to the reader almost as an afterthought. The characters are smart, the story funny, and the action fast.

Broadly put, the plot centers on a NYC woman who "freaks out" and leaves her husband. She starts a loosely organized web-based protest group that rebels against society in general and gentrification in particular. Along the way, she causes someone to embezzle millions and assassinates a particularly odious developer, before going underground. Then, it gets weird.

Mamatas parodies earnest web 2.0 activists; his satiric barbs will be familiar to anyone who's technologically engaged in 2011. He's talented at taking cultural rebels out of their specific musical context (some have dreadlocks, but are they white-boy dreads? Rasta dreads? Hippie dreads?), highlighting the universality of the banality and thoughtlessness of much of current rebellion culture. Simultaneously, he clearly is not just a contrarian reacting against anyone who actually cares about humanity or the planet- he kids because he cares.

Part of the plot of this rollicking novel turns on one of the odder parasitical relationships found in nature: that of a Central American wasp called *Hymenoepimecis argyraphaga*. The wasp briefly paralyzes a particular species of spider, the *Plesiometa argyra*, just long enough to lay an egg inside of it. As the egg develops, the wasp larva in the egg feeds off of the spider's blood and eventually directs the spider, via a chemical it injects into the spider's bloodstream, to build a particular type of web that protects the larva as it forms a cocoon. At this point, the larva kills and eats the spider, and eventually emerges from its cocoon as an adult wasp. The web that the spider is forced to build for the cocoon is completely different from the web it would normally spin. In other words, the parasite (the wasp) forces the host (the spider) to fundamentally alter its activities.

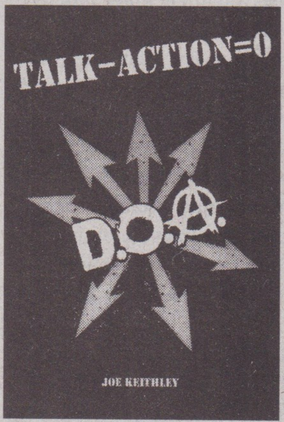
This neuromodulation is similar to the *Toxoplasma gondii* parasite that's a favorite topic of discussion around the Luscious household. (No, I'm not kidding about it being a favorite topic—it's a three species parasitic relationship of cat, rat and protozoa, not a "mere" two species one like the wasp-spider one I'm talking about here—and it's mentioned in passing in *Sensation* as well!) All of this leads the characters to say, in a completely natural manner, things like: "Human cultures are an artifact of parasitic neuromodulators; we have no free will, there's no real cultural evolution that isn't ultimately exogenous, no relevance perhaps to our material cultures." (p. 119)

The reader, at this point of the novel, doesn't bat an eye, because it all makes sense within the madcap storyline. It's honestly astounding that Mamatas is able to pull off inserting dry professorial pronouncements like this into *Sensation* and not have the story suffer from scientific stiffness or dreary didacticism.

This skill, this suppleness of style, permeates the book. The author's wit and flexibility allows the story to include absurdities like World Wrestling Entertainment's "Monday Night Raw," Anonymous-style hackers, a brooklynvegan spoof site called williamsburgist, and surrealist protest pranks, in addition to weighty issues like parasites, free will, living on the run, human nature, and spiders. Lots and lots of spiders.

This clever, funny, smart, and occasionally icky novel lives up to its name: It's a sensation!

—Jesse Luscious



Talk - Action = 0: An Illustrated History Of D.O.A
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301 pages of photos, flyers, archival notes, handwritten lyrics, recording notes and other ephemera from the 30 plus year history of Vancouver punk legends D.O.A. This book has a great quality of being able to drop in Joey Shithead's house as he digs through his boxes of the bands "3500 shows and counting," "thirteen studio albums," "fifteen European tours," "thirty cross Canada tours," "twenty national tours of the US,"... and on… and on.

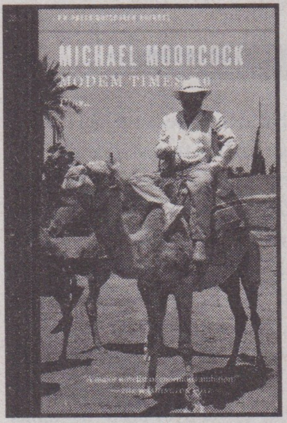
A perfect visual accompany to Keithley's *I, Shithead* memoir it puts perspective on what an integral part of the early evolution of hardcore, the DIY spirit and work ethic - something that a generation of kids on the more extreme spectrums of hardcore often miss. Even the title of their second LP, *Hardcore '81*, helped define the movement!

Some of the flyers here are mind blowing as D.O.A. supports '70s punk legends like the Avengers, the Dils, And then transitions to headline over countless legends of 1980's hardcore—Deep Wound, F.U.'s, Minor Threat—and then sharing bills with the other greats that transitioned with D.O.A out of the '70s punk scene to take the lead the 1980's punk scene: Black Flag, Dead Kennedy's, etc. There's even surprises like learning they took Italian punk legends Negazione on tour in the mid-west, or later when the band shared bills with bands as diverse as Sonic Youth, Rancid and even Nirvana's second show!

Their early pre-D.O.A. history as cover rock band Stone Crazy and the early punk band the Skulls are covered, as well as their later years of countless benefit shows, worldwide tours, riots political campaigns. The layout is clean with good reproduction, and my favorite photo is of the '90s lineup in front of San Francisco's famous Joe's Ice Cream at it's original location at 18th and Geary.

With their early shift to incorporate more hard rock influences and an incessant shuffle of record labels, D.O.A. is a band that, despite an unbeatable back catalog of hits often gets lost in favor of more extreme bands nowadays, this is a great book to give some perspective on the band and the time for novice listeners, and an immense treasure for the band's diehard fans!

—Ken Sanderson



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PM Press's "Outspoken Authors" series of modest-size paperbacks feel like primers. The authors profiled submit a story, which is then coupled with an interview, a biography, bibliography and commentary. Editor Terry Bisson has an impressive start on the series – Kim Stanley Robinson, Ursula K. Le Guin, Gary Phillips, Eleanor Arnason. British writer Michael Moorcock is profiled in this fifth book. Which makes sense given the series focus on established science fiction / genre writers.

I know Moorcock primarily from his Elric books, a popular 1970s fantasy series about a morose king and his vampire sword. You might know him from comics, or Hawkwind. Heads though will point out that Moorcock edited *New Worlds*, the British science fiction magazine. In the interview Moorcock recalls that he and J.G. Ballard "expected far more of American SF than it delivered."

Bisson's interview with the unapologetic Moorcock is the best thing in the book: "Anyway, we could only really publish in the SF magazines…But we also felt contemporary fiction was anemic and had lost the momentum modernism had given it. Most fiction we saw had no way it could usefully confront modern concerns–the H-bomb, computers, engineering and communications advances, space travel–not to mention changing social conventions and consequently language, politics, warfare, the altered psyche in the face of so much novelty of experience."

Another interesting turn comes when JRR Tolkien is taken to task for justifying war and sacrifice in their books, "to mystify and sentimentalize that conflict and /or their part in it. To make 'sacrifice' noble." His personal essay, "My Londons," details the "dreadful" entertainment in the '50s and '60s British capital. The matter-of-fact tone in his music remembrances is a welcome change from the typical bragging: "My children say I was a Mod. I say those were the only clothes we had." Or thinking about the psychogeography of cities: "I learned that what people want more than authenticity is a provenance, a narrative."

But I'm avoiding talking about Moorcock's short story in *Modem Times 2.0*. The bulk of the book is given over to this Jerry Cornelius story. Cornelius is described as "assassin, rock star, chronospy and maybe-Messiah" which is too much for me. Even when Grant Morrison ran with this idea in *The Filth* series of comics I thought the psychedelic explosions were neither campy enough nor serious enough.

What we get here is a Christmas story. The time-travelling Cornelius trying to get home for the holidays and encountering all sorts of modern problems. The ideas, settings, and barrage of pull-quotes are great. Noted UK authors get their gender switched – Maria Amis, Julia Barnes, Iona McEwan. His dialogue sharp as ever. But as a reading experience it's spinning a bit too feverishly. The second page admits, "Jerry wasn't sure what he meant and had never had a chance to find out."

I'm looking forward to future books in the series. PM Press is doing much-needed work here in advocating relevant Sci-Fi.

—Travis Fristoe

Women of the Underground: Music
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Interviews by
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I finished this book feeling inspired and ready for action… This is a collection of interviews with various female musicians, from Moe Tucker of the Velvet Underground to Patricia Morrison of the Bags and the Gun Club, Cosey Fanni Tutti of Throbbing Gristle, Jarboe from Swans, Deanna Ashley from Frightwig, Ana of the Raincoats and so so many more. The interviews are set up in the same style as the ones you'll read in *MRR*, straight forward question and answer sessions rather than rock journo essay style, so the interviewee really gets to have their say without any manipulation or input from the interviewer. It was cool reading something where the women actually just got the tell their story without having an "interpreter" make it into a "wild rock'n'ride." Sometimes the questions sort of stopped the "flow" of the piece, but I might just be so used to the endless parade of punk oral histories that are getting published nowadays… Most of the interviews made for interesting reading, even the ones with women whose music I don't particularly enjoy (Danielle from GWAR, Sean from White Zombie etc). It was just cool having all the different women's ideas and takes on art and culture and sound in one place…

Each interview really reflects the voice of the person being interviewed; some people are really forthcoming and full of crazy stories, some are more thoughtful and internal, some don't give up much at all. The book starts off with one of the originators of the rockabilly sound, Wanda Jackson, her interview covers being a woman in that era, when rock'n'roll and country were bedfellows. I found the focus on gender and the moral code of that era particularly interesting; who got to be "wild" and who had to fit in with the idea of what a woman *should* be. I loved the story of how Wanda managed to subvert the dress code of the Grand Old Opry by making her own dresses that fit her own style and youth and sense of rock'n'roll, subtly thumbing her nose at their staid ways…

My favorite interview was the one with Adele Bertei of the Contortions, she really brings to life a vivid and intoxicating picture of a particular era of downtown NYC. The wildness and freedom and decay, and all of the art that grew out of that. I think that is pretty much what I most enjoyed about this book; the way all the different voices evoke the scenes and time during which the speaker was making music, along with their own personalities and artistic temperaments. Adele's take on NY is really different from Moe Tucker's for example, whereas Jarboe mostly talks of the internal, a really self-focused personal vision. Pauline Black of the Selecter gives a great interview about race and politics in music; it was really inspiring reading about the second wave of ska, the Two Tone records era from that sort of perspective. A politicized, thoughtful, open minded feminist mindset acknowledging her own struggles growing up and the joy of making music and finding her voice in the face of the racism and ignorance rampant in Britain. The interview with Cosey Fanni Tutti shows where the Q and A system falters; she clearly does not relate to the questions at all, and if it had been an in person interview perhaps the interviewer would have been able to shift the focus a little? But it's still fascinating stuff, about Throbbing Gristle, Chris and Cosey and COUM transmissions… The interviews with Patricia Bag and Theresa from the Butthole Surfers were also all consuming reads. There are only a few bum notes in the book, the most noticeable one being the talk with Nina Hagen, whose music I do not care for; her insane new age diatribe will not change my indifferent opinion.

—Layla Gibbon

MOVIES

BRING ME THE HEAD OF GENE SISKEL

CAROLYN KEDDY

I WAS A KILLER BEFORE YOU WERE BORN, I'LL BE A KILLER AFTER YOU'RE DEAD

I was really annoyed when I left the screening of the documentary **Shut Up Little Man! An Audio Misadventure.** It wasn't at the film's stars Raymond Huffman and Peter Haskett, but at all the other sleazy people in the film who tried to manipulate and rip off the pair. It is not that Raymond and Peter probably cared that much. After all, they are famous for being really loud drunks and they wouldn't have even a modicum of fame if their put out neighbors didn't start recording the late night drunken shenanigans. It is just the low levels people will go to make a buck. Then the bigger question, was there really money to be made? I know it happens all the time behind the scenes, but here it is on display. No one in **Shut Up Little Man! An Audio Misadventure** gets off looking good.

The story of **Shut Up Little Man! An Audio Misadventure** begins almost innocently enough when two University of Wisconsin graduates Eddie Lee Sausage and Mitchell D move into an apartment in San Francisco's Lower Haight district. After they sign the lease the landlady mentions that the neighbors can sometimes be "loud." Loud ended up being an understatement and the thin walls didn't help much. After one unsuccessful encounter when Eddie Lee tried to ask Raymond and Peter to keep it down, he began to record the pair's drunken arguments. If you have heard the tapes, you know they are strangely engrossing. It is not every obnoxious neighbor who has the ability to hold an audience's attention.

The first part of **Shut Up Little Man! An Audio Misadventure** fills in the history of the tapes and the subsequent slightly above ground success. The tapes were dubbed and passed on to friends who passed them on and so on until there developed a following. Comic artist Daniel Clowes made a comic. He passed a tape on to his friend Gregg Gibbs who wrote a play based on Raymond and Peter. Seymour Glass of the zine *Bananafish* published an interview with Eddie Lee. Tapes started to be sold. Suddenly there was a commodity and a story. Naturally this leads to some people wanting to make a film.

The second half of **Shut Up Little Man! An Audio Misadventure** focuses on the attempts by three different parties to make a film of the story of Raymond and Peter. By this time Raymond has passed away and Peter has moved out of the Lower Haight apartment they shared. This is where things start to get really low. David Stein discusses a meeting he had with Haskett and an unnamed filmmaker to secure the film rights. In this meeting the unnamed person makes out with Haskett and gets him to sign over his story for ten dollars. Although I am aware of why the filmmaker's name is bleeped in the film, I did find it humorous that I easily found it on-line.

Another film producer Henry Rosenthal (AKA Hank Rank of the band Crime) also tries to secure Haskett's story. Rosenthal is shown in **Shut Up Little Man! An Audio Misadventure** giving a check for one hundred dollars to Haskett while he sits on the bed in his residential hotel room in the San Francisco's Tenderloin neighborhood. Filmmaker Matthew Bate not so subtlety contrasts the situation showing Rosenthal sitting at his enormous black desk discussing the deal and Haskett sitting on his twin bed while accepting it. Bate also shows Eddie and Mitchell in their present day comfortable suburban settings.

The whole scene is incredibly sad and creepy, but it continues to get worse. Eddie and Mitchell eventually track down the occasional third member of the Peter and Raymond's group Tony Newton in his Tenderloin hotel room. They offer beer and money as incentives for Newton allowing them access. At first Newton refuses. I hope he won't give in, but he eventually does. While the viewers are watching the scene unfold, Bate cuts to Eddie and Mitchell watching the scene as well. Later they complain that the film didn't really show how scary that meeting was. I realize they think the whole thing is all about them.

There is significant discussion in **Shut Up Little Man! An Audio Misadventure** about invasion of privacy and copyright issues as well as the nature of art and inspiration. How you view the issues will probably skew your feelings about the characters involved in this story. Everyone is wrong, yet everyone is right. A film did get made; 2001's **Shut Yer Dirty Little Mouth** based on Gibbs' play. Eddie and Mitchell continue to sell the recordings along with the truly tasteless copies of Raymond's and Peter's death certificates. (www.shutuplittlemanfilm.com)

I love going to the drive-in. One of my favorite memories of my childhood is going to a drive-in with my parents and siblings for a double feature of **Pippi Longstocking** and **One Flew Over The Cuckoos Nest.** The idea being that the kids watch **Pippi Longstocking** then go to sleep in the back of the station wagon while the adults enjoy **One Flew Over The Cuckoos Nest.** Of course, I ended up watching both films. There are still two drive-ins in the Bay Area, but neither is located that close to my house so I never go. I should.

When I heard the **Brainwash Movie Festival** was advertising itself as "Drive-In Bike-In Walk-In" and was happening in Oakland I was there. Debating between biking in or driving in, I chose the latter. I had to. The major disadvantage of the DIY drive-in is that the screen isn't high enough to accommodate more than one row of cars. Thusly my car ended up in the second row behind a pick up truck with a roof rack obscuring the lower third of the screen. Next year I will arrive earlier for a better spot.

The **Brainwash Movie Festival** is a collection of short films. The films were mostly entertaining with the exception of one that was really annoying. That one was written by, directed by and starred the same person so it may have been a personality thing. Overall it was a fun experience. I just need to remember to bring popcorn. There were two food trucks selling stuff, but no popcorn. Though I like quesadillas, it is not my first choice for movie food. (www.brainwashm.com)

The fight to save KUSF radio station in San Francisco rages on. No one thought we would make it this far. All the paperwork from both sides has been filed with the FCC. Now we wait. Go to savekusf.org for the latest and write to the FCC telling them to stop the sale and preserve local community radio. This could happen in your town.

I am always looking for films to review. If you made one, send a copy to Carolyn Keddy, PO Box 460402, San Francisco, CA 94146-0402. If your film is playing in the San Francisco Bay Area let me know at carolyn@maximumrocknroll.com. I will go see it. www.carolynkeddy.com

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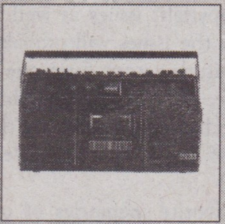

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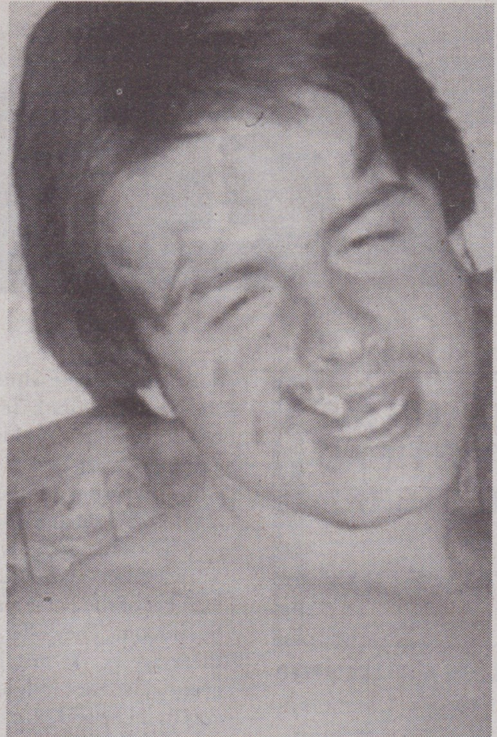

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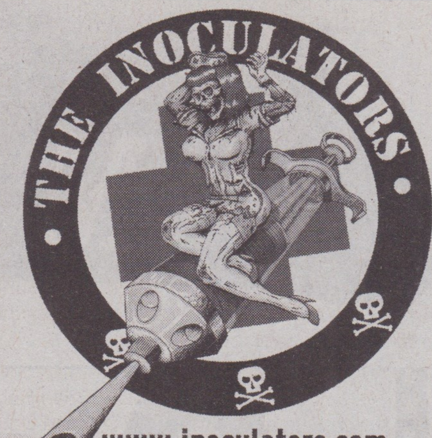

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1981 / SURRENDER – split EP

It's hard to imagine two bands that are a better fit to share a 7". Their union and song choices on this record seem so well composed, it has to be intentional. If it was done on purpose, this is art. If it was pure coincidence, the stars were truly aligned for this record. Where SURRENDER is aggressive and militant, 1981 is tranquil and thoughtful. Where SURRENDER is loud, rough and distorted, 1981 is poppy, catchy and harmonizing. Yet they are far more similar than different. Both are modern peace-punk bands with strong political principles. And lyrics that are not only articulate, but poetic at times. And both have a sound based off early '80s UK anarcho-punk, but both have created their own original take on this tried and true format. The California based SURRENDER have a more CRASS approach with a rat-a-tat drumming and lyrics born from anger and disgust. The Finnish 1981 play the white-dove style, with lyrics created from disappointment and empathy. This record is truly amazing and highly recommended. Don't sleep on this one, totally worth tracking down. (FS)
(Stonehenge)

AGHAST – "Blood Opinion" LP

While I haven't seen them but once since I moved out to the best coast, I vividly remember the early AGHAST shows in the DC area, and I often felt like I was the only guy in the room who liked what they were doing. As early adopters of the crasher-crust revival, these guys played to more than their share of blank stares and folded arms in the early days. Now, almost a decade later the noize continues unabated. Their last EP seemed to be leaning in a more UK '82 direction, but this LP is firmly in the DECIVING SOCIETY/crasher vein, though with some interesting tempo changes that keep things fresh. More solos and leads than before as well. Another solid offering of total distort. (AU)
(Distort Reality)

ALL EYES WEST – CD

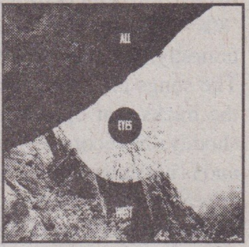
What we have here, my friends, is alternative rock. It's well recorded, the songwriting is strong, everything sounds suitably *huge*, the guitars are warm yet punchy™. Perfect if you can't get enough of later JAWBOX, SAMIAM, SUNNY DAY REAL ESTATE, *Dear You* era JAWBREAKER, and most especially FOO FIGHTERS. This band has a guy from the BOMB, which has a guy from NAKED RAYGUN. I guess this is his shot at the big time. I will say it's better than any FOO FIGHTERS song I've heard on the radio in the last fifteen years. (AM)
(Jump Start / Bermuda Mohawk)

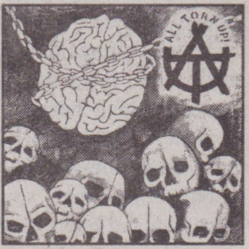
ALL TORN UP! / (A)TRUTH – split EP

From the filthy streets of the rotten apple (aka New York City) comes this collaboration of hardcore punk. (A)TRUTH begin with "Gaza," a somber track with full, melodic singing (in Spanish) over a dragging, pained tune. This segues directly into "No Boarders, No Lines!" (yes—they spell "boarders" that way on the record, in the lyrics, on the cover, etc.)—a straight forward, raging HC song with the righteous and catchy chorus, "fuck immigration and naturalization, your land is mine." Maybe this track is a bit over-long. Their side closes with the rest of "Gaza," a creative and cool effect. This shit has been stuck in my head since the first spin. ALL TORN UP! plays in the classic '82 NYHC vein—plain, angry, a little catchy, with lyrics in English (Spanish translations provided) about hating society. Some of these are a little fantastic, in the unrealistic sense— "incite violence, need to see more explosions,"—yo, you can't blow up a social relationship. Their strong feelings come through clearly but their songs are just average, nothing special. Both bands have a slightly dull sound, the drums in particular are flat, but it works with what they're doin'. I love this type of furious, political hardcore, but I'll be playing (A)TRUTH considerably more than ATU! (JM)
(self-released)

ALPINIST / MASAKARI – split LP

I saw these two crust bands destroy a couple weeks ago when their tour came through, so I was super stoked when this record showed up in my review box. I'm always curious to see how the record stacks up to the bands live and was not disappointed in the least. If there were a crust college, the ALPINIST side would be the subject of graduate seminars. The band uses its musical prowess to attain the elusive goal of sounding pretty and melodic without sacrificing brutality. The guitar work is superb,





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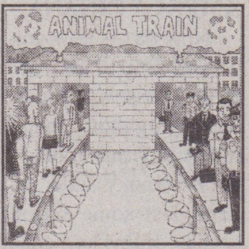
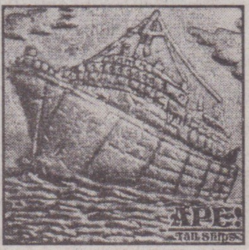




building the tone of songs to lofty pinnacles and then bringing it crashing down to slog it out in the mud with the brutes. The MASAKARI side of the record is more straightforward which fits their punishing style. The band blends D-beat with sludge, hardcore, and some grind into a crusty metal attack that has been known to melt faces. This band keeps getting better, I like this recording more than the other stuff I've heard and it really complements the ALPINIST side. This is a great split, I don't have a favorite side and both bands sound killer. The people who put this together know what they are doing, I approve and recommend. (BL)
(Alerta Antifascista / Halo of Flies)

THE ALTERNATIVE – "Demos 1982" LP

I want to love this, I mean how stoked am I to have the early demos from one of my favorite '80s UK anarcho bands put to wax? But honestly, this release is what the internet is for. The songs are great, the band is awesome, but the tracks that open this record are rough and shoddy, the recording is more than a little spotty and is not enhanced by this reproduction. There appear to be a few sessions on this LP, and by far the tracks that close out the first side are the best, screaming guitars and musicianship honed in, much more than the other sessions. Side two features more post punk numbers that also suffer from execution and reproduction issues, though hearing these tunes in a new context is still cool. ALTERNATIVE were head and shoulders better than most anarcho punk outfits—their song writing was always engaging and interesting, their message always accessible but never dumbed down. But this release, while packaged wonderfully (aside from the head scratching omission of lyrics and/or recording info) and clearly released as an homage to a great band, perhaps would serve the punks of the world better floating around in space as mp3s, traded by obsessive fans and sought out by nerds and completists. (WN)
(Anti Society)

AMEACA CIGANA – "Same" CD

Now *this* is how you play fucking crossover. These Brazilians definitely aren't one of those crossover bands that you can tell will be playing shitty metal in a year or two; their music is firmly rooted in hardcore punk. There are no wanky solos or grind parts to be found here, just some serious power chord riffage, speedy drums and coherent, shouted vocals (in Portuguese). This reminds me of early HOLIER THAN THOU?; ten short songs that all rip, including a RUNNING WILD cover. Way into this. (KM)
(Raw)

AMPERE – "Like Shadows" CD

Here's the newest record from AMPERE. According to their Wikipedia page (which I highly recommend for statements like "in all of their endeavors, Ampere has persisted in their commitment to intellect, art, and sincerity"), AMPERE contains members of ORCHID, which, if memory serves correctly, would make sense because this CD is more or less how I remember ORCHID and fellow screamo bands about a decade or so ago: heavy, chaotic, dramatic, and really screamy. It strikes me as hokey and dated, but hey, don't let me ruin the fun if this sounds like your bag. (JH)
(No Idea)

ANIMAL TRAIN – "NRA" EP

Dumb ass band name but this thing has my head bobbing. Basic mid tempo raw RAMONES or JABBERS tempos. Nothing mind blowing but a basic formula that works if it's done right. Great tough female vocals and not pussy modern punk lyrics. I thought they were young pups but I looked them up on the idiot box and they look like they've seen some years. Definitely not trying to be cool and worth your listening time. (RO)
(Global Market Extras)

ANOTHER FAILURE – "Another Failure in the Making" CD

I guess the band is aptly named, 'cuz every song is about hating one's family and much of it sounds like things your abusive dad would say to you. They play mid/mosh-tempo metal with simple, repetitive song structures, even by metal (and punk) standards. There's no branching out, and that's fine if you've got good songs, but this is third rate and boring. (JM)
(self-released)

APE! – "Tall Ships/And We Wait"

APE! have a time machine. They play revved up heavy rockers you could have heard in the mid-'70s or among any of the better early '90s grunge bands. Yeah, doesn't that sound strange? I hear a handful of things going on. A little STOOGES, a little GREEN RIVER and a little KYUSS. There are psychedelic moments, but these two tracks rock and rock hard. "Tall Ships" grabbed my ear with its almost catchy psychedelic rock and wah heavy solo. "And We Wait" is a bit slower and has the definite grunge influence including the questionable vocals. Hmm. (MH)
(SRA)

ARCHAGATHUS – "Canadian Horse" LP

More music from Canada's answer to AGATHOCLES. Mince core all the way. As in old-school, raw, messy grindcore. Lots of short, fast, grinding tracks. ARCHAGATHUS has always had a sense of humor mixed in with their political/social lyrics and they show that side a bit more on this LP. They even have a note on the insert, which says "To the fans—you maybe have noticed that this album is a little more ridiculous than usual." And the cover is a photo of the singer sitting on a horse in a field of hay playing sax. But, while a handful of lyrics are good fun, like the track "Hey Metallica," there are still plenty of solid, well, for lack of better words pro-animal lyrics. Most important a track that needed to be written, "Sexy Grinder" is an anti-pornogrind track with the opening line: "Grindcore and misogyny doesn't make any sense." (MH)
(To Live A Lie)

ARCTIC FLOWERS – "Reveries" LP

This record is perhaps one of the most hyped records of the month. But, it also happens to be one of the best records of the month, perhaps year. Surprisingly, this is a rare occurrence; like when Youth Attack puts out a record you want to listen to more than once. The rock lives up to the talk. This eight song LP is phenomenal. Without flaw. Their sound is deeply entrenched in the spirit of '80s UK anarcho-punk. Typically in the mid-tempo range, but with accents of more aggressive raw energy throughout. It rules in the same way that the NO HOPE FOR THE KIDS LP ruled. If you are a fan of the records Feral Ward typically puts out, this album is essential listening. That is, if you can find a copy by the time this review goes to print. One continually frustrating thing about hype records is it seems they always end up being pressed in excessively small amounts. Perhaps hoping that the hype will carry on to the next release. These tiny print runs are needed for hype when a band isn't that good. But ARCTIC FLOWERS are that good, we don't need to be playing these games. The first pressing of 500 copies sold out in a week, and the second press of 300 almost sold out before the jackets were back from the printer. Sure do hope there is a third press in the works, cause the kids gotta hear this shit! (FS)
(Inimical)

ARMLESS CHILDREN – "5 TRACK EP" EP

Way, way, way, way hot basic DISCHARGE riffage, This Finnish band's five tracks are driven by an overwhelming yet thinned out wall of guitar and searing solos, sinking in the complexity of the simplicity of DISCHARGE, but sidestepping the generic pitfalls of the sound, internalizing the ideas and spitting back something unique. High pitched (think the first CROW records) are distracting at first, but give the tracks an interesting and fresh sound. Completely wailing with blunt lyrics that hint at modern horrific realities and pure horrific fantasy, wrapped in 60+ year old pictures of the Nazi Holocaust, and a Japan-ified band / military cut'n'paste fold out poster sleeve... It's so close to completely sealing the deal, if only the graphics and lyrics could take as fresh of a take on the genre as the music, this is still a fantastic EP worthy of D-Beat Valhalla!!! Killer! (KS)
(Raakanaama)

ART YARD – "The Law/Something In Your Eyes"

I believe this was originally released on a cassette comp in 1981, so this 7" is this band's first vinyl outing… "The Law" is a more offbeat, uh nervous NERVES, an uptight shuffle deconstruction of something in a post-ELVIS COSTELLO world. It plays a little too straight for my tastes, but it's pretty immaculate pop tinged beat tinged wave… The lyrics are skewed and perturbing in a cool manner, and the end of the song crashes in a way that sorta makes me think pre-MISSION OF BURMA… The B-side starts off with a cool WIRE-esque intonation then veers off in a direction that seems generic waver boredom to these ears. The record label mentions the Paisley Underground and TEENAGE FANCLUB, which I totally do not hear. I would say it makes me think of WIRE and ELVIS COSTELLO more, a weird combo, but that's what I am hearing. Skinny tie music for art school dropouts. (LG)
(Ride the Snake)

ASPIRINA INFANTIL – "Dificil Olvidar" EP

Rapid punk/HC with nice hooks, quick changes and to the point by keeping all the songs slightly over the minute mark. The vocals compliment the music nicely and this band has done a good job on their first release. The winner on this EP is "Divide y Venceras" which brings later FREEZE to mind, cool. (MS)
(Metadona)

ARMED SUSPECTS / BROKEN HEROES – split LP

Considering the title of this record, it shouldn't be too hard to imagine what these bands sound like. This seems to be a reunion recording of BROKEN HEROES and they share a bass player with ARMED SUSPECTS, who occupy the A-side. Although ARMED SUSPECTS' tunes are replete with chanted choruses about being poor, drinking and having a kinship with fellow punks and skins, the music is only halfway what you would call "Oi!" The other dynamic of their sound is strictly corporate faux pop punk. There might be enough fans of both BLITZ and YELLOWCARD to warrant this record existing, but I don't know any of them personally. Don't let the title of this record lead you to believe it is remotely similar to OI POLLOI. Furthermore, to think that any song recorded in the Pro Tools era called "For the Punks and Skins" will sound anything but contrived is plain naïve. The cliché lyrics are as banal as the uninspired, rehashed choruses and subject matter. Oddly, flip the record over and BROKEN HEROES, the legacy Oi! group, sounds even more like sterile modern punk than ARMED SUSPECTS. The track, "Oi! Don't Pay the Bills" shows just how thoroughly out of touch these guys are. It asserts that new hardcore and punk bands make tons of money while Oi! bands never get paid. Boo hoo. Also, in another song they namedrop Rosie O'Donnell. It's 2011, get some more relevant public figures to rag on. (SL)
(Oi! the Boat)

ASUNTO PENDIENTE / SETIEMBREONCE – split CD

Two South American bands on one CD. SETIEMBREONCE play fast hardcore. Most of their songs check in under a minute. They remind me a bit of early Boston hardcore ala JERRYS KIDS or GANG GREEN. ASUNTO PENDIENTE is almost a complete 180. There first song is all acoustic. Thereafter the electric guitars kick in a melodic, somewhat poppy post-hardcore sound. I hear a tinge of JAWBOX, but mostly I think they would be Gilman regulars in the early nineties. The lyrics are in Spanish, but English translations are provided. The lyrics are quite good and very political. (MD)
(self-released)

ATERFALL – "Nail Me to the Cross" EP

This is kind of lackluster. The thin recording doesn't help, but neither do the uninspired tunes. The metal solos are pretty impressive, but the songwriting just isn't there. as they seem to be stuck between gears in terms of deciding whether to be a crust or thrash metal band. Compared to most of the crucial shit coming out of Sweden these days, this is second rate at best. The patch that came with it is pretty cool though. (AU) (Ontimagger / Alchoholocaust / Perchgate, no contact info for any of the three labels… sorry)

AVON LADIES – "Guns & Gold" EP

I'm pretty sure this record just made me dumber. I feel a regression to the days of sitting with my little sister eating spent cigarette butts in the front yard, I couldn't tell you why. The lyrics are surprisingly as articulate and cohesively poetic as they are dark and degenerate, which is a trait that no one should be surprised comes from a Cleveland-reared mind (even though this band is from Arizona.) The songs have a real ugly swagger that can only happen when one lives, breathes, and *feels* it, maaan; this isn't music spawned by sunny dispositions. As far as the sound goes, I can't help but be reminded of SICK PLEASURE, both musically and vocally, which is a really good thing, and carries that whole vibe of bad-time hardcore punk degeneration from one riff to the next. If when you get down, you get foul, this should place this platter at the top of your "to play" pile. (JU)
(Katorga Works)

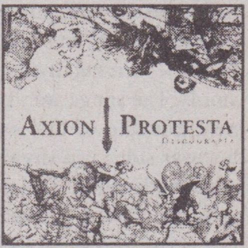
AXION PROTESTA – "Discografía" CD

This is a discography of an Argentinean anarchist punk band that started in 2006/2007. This is a cool collection of their demo, the *Afilando Nuestras Vidas* CD and their split with DESESPERANZA. Their politics are apparent, well thought out and a muse for every fiber of this music. Since this is a collection, the one can definitely the shift in their sound from punk with a street punk-ish vibe, to hints of D-beat, to a slight veering into straight crust to melodic crust. The earlier tracks have switch off throaty male-screamed female vocals. This band has grown, but you can hear their rage in ever track. They do a great cover of "Do They Owe Us A Living?" mostly in Spanish and their cover of "Asylum" in its entirety in Spanish sounds fucking awesome. This CD also comes with a comprehensive booklet with all the lyrics, articles and an article at the end contextualizing this band within the anarcho-punk movement in Latin America. (MB)
(Cabeza De Vaca / Corazones En Formol / Toda En Llamas / El Brujo / Corazon De Fuego / Gritos De Esperanza)

BESTHÖVEN / KONTATTO – split EP

Great showing between two prolific crust bands. The one man army that is Brazil's BESTHÖVEN blasts

asunto pendiente · setiembreonce



MAXIMUM ROCK'N'ROLL
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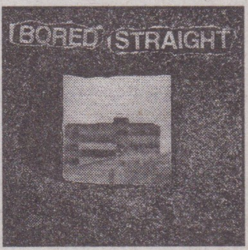


two UK-'82-ish tracks of lo-fi rumble with endearingly plunky bass lines, punched in leftfield guitar solos and ramshackle pie tin drumming that all speed to deliver powerfully shouted choruses of basic DISCHARGE haiku lyrics. Less overwhelmingly D-Beat than I remember the band, this hits a solid bullseye of authenticating and reproducing craptastic old punk recording values and drawing power from them. Ends with a WRETCHED cover. On the flip, two tracks by Italy's KONTATTO take a more polished route that kind of fulfills the promise that '90s TVOR records failed to deliver by taking a great, fast Italian hardcore band giving them a good recording and having them not devolve into limp metal or suck all the power out their songs. There's still squealing riffs as two guitars duel over a torrent of fast crashing beats at high tempo, but it's solid, brutal hardcore with great vocals and a refinement from their good LPs. Their side ends with an absolutely searing double speed cover of OHLO SECO's "Nada." Issued on a picture disc, which is kind of throwaway, with imagery of tour dates and a combo OHLO SECO / WRETCHED logo. (KS)
(Agipunk)

BESTHOVEN – "Dis Means War" LP

What is left to say about this one man D-beat project from Brazil that turns out more records than most bands and creates music in this genre better than most? It's fucking great! I have some mad respect for this guy... This LP is packed with the same heavy and fast early Swedish D-beat worship—driving rhythm section with menacing chords. The songs aren't ground breaking, but a great example of this sound. The last song on the "war side" is a slight artistic departure with some synth action. This guy rules for doing what he fucking wants—a self proclaimed "Dis one man army" and he rocks it. (MB)
(Agipunk)

BIG CRUX – "Nature Cruising" 12"

Do you like the BIG BOYS? BIG CRUX do. Let them tell you about it in the form of this one-sided 12". There, they rip through five tunes of funked out post-punk. And guess what? They nail it. Seriously. They're all so tight as a band that they just kill it. I think it's been said in this very magazine before: Redoing some old style will get you nowhere...unless you do it this well. Worth it. PS the record has no contact info for the label but a quick internet search revealed that you can order it from Iron Lung Recs. (LP)
((SD)F)

BIG EYES – "Hard Life" LP

Somewhere between the MUFFS and the REPLACEMENTS, with really cool tough girl vocals and of course there's an invocation of the RAMONES. The sound on this LP is incredible, almost too perfect, it sounds like what you want the cool girl band to sound like in '80s subculture movies but they always end up with some shitty synth puffpastries. This is tough punk *rock*. City street rock, the sound of trash strewn sidewalks, dogs tied up to chain link fences, feathered hair with leather jackets, a packet of Lucky 7s and beat up chucks. It's totally the more *rock* end of punk, and it's so easy to go into really gross territory when you are in those waters, you know shitty rawkin' Sunset Strip bar rock cheese chowder. This is somehow *badass* though. The band is so tight and the songs are so cohesive and tough sounding, hooks in all the right places, melancholy and mean rather than posturing and limp. So catchy it's relentless! I feel so cheesy writing this review, but it's the band you wish the girl from *Freaks and Geeks* had formed after watching that terrible CREAM cover band her friends were in. Kate's voice is sick, somewhere between JOAN JETT, KIM SHATTUCK and PAULA PIERCE... She invokes JOEY RAMONE and that's just dreamy. Anyway, I was not expecting to like this record at all, but I am convinced! (LG)
(Don Giovanni)

BIG KIDS – "Phone Home" LP

Emo pop punk, following in the HOT WATER MUSIC tradition. They do it well, and so I'm not just thinking, "Gee, this sounds like HWM," as I listen to it. No, I'm actually more interested in the dual guitars and the melodies that they push the songs along with. I'm also listening to the singers voice, which is impassioned and fits well with the rest of the music. While not reinventing the wheel here, BIG KIDS do provide an entertaining record that flows well all the way through. (LP)
(Protagonist Music / Adagio 830)

BIPOLAR – "Decent Into Apathy" EP

The title track is absolutely fucking genius. It's barely held together, yet retains the trying-too-hard lyrical punkisms that bring things like ALAN MILMAN SECT or FREESTONE to mind. Fake punk ridiculousness, which we all know is better than Real Punk. Ask Brace. Hell, ask Graham. The rest of this EP is pure fucking indie garbage, absolutely terrible in absolutely every way. We're talking bottom of the barrel horseshit here. *Doesn't matter*. Best fucking song in forever! I've listened to it fourteen times in a row and I can't wait to email this asshole and get my own copy to play at my neighbors. UNREAL. As far as I'm concerned, the other songs on this single don't even exist. (MC)
(Melting)

BLEACHED – "Think of You/You Take Time"

BLEACHED rule, OK? Moving forward; this is the Clavin sisters of past lives in the seminal SoCal punk band MIKA MIKO, and they admirably resist resting any laurels on that achievement. While BLEACHED is a decidedly new step in pop-structured songwriting and humming hooks like fellow Angelinos the ZEROS, a personal history in MIKA MIKO youth has nobody surprised that Jessie and Jennifer slid easily into a more focused and resolute path towards head bobbing distorted pop. The pair manage to keep their eye on the pop-jam ball while effortlessly skipping miles past their more humdrum contemporaries with Jennifer's unself-conscious vocals steeped in Joey Ramone's dead-pan-ism and shreddingly fun jangle leads from the ridiculously talented Jessie. It won't be surprising to see BLEACHED conquer the world, for better or worse, so don't even bother getting your boxers in a bunch now. You will love this record and much like their past groups, the live experience leaves you with this ambiguous sense that you are a lucky motherfucker. (1/16th point deduction for the hetero-pride parade cover art—insert sad face emoticon here.) (JS)
(Art Fag Recordings)

BORED STRAIGHT – "Locked Up" EP

This band has gotten better with each of their 7"s, and this one brings in new elements that are going to make RAW NERVE comparisons inevitable, but that is in no way a bad thing. As implied, this record has a sinister vocal delivery with an in-the-red production that's slightly dull sounding in this case, but it does not simply pummel you over the head with distortion and worthless riffs. Instead, they opt to write songs that taunt the listener in a chase through a maze of tense and inventive riffs that twist and turn but don't bore or sound like they were forced together. This is good, and I get the feeling they're even better live. (DG)
(Data Control)

BRAIN TUMORS – "Self-Server" EP

Minneapolis' BRAIN TUMORS plays raw, tough as nails hardcore full of snot and violence and this six-song EP is an invitation to the recklessness they embody. When I first heard this through some crappy headphones I was thinking of the great Scottish band SEDITION, but a couple of days later when I played the record at home it was more like PTL KLUB meets the FIX. Third listen and a few drinks later and I'm sticking with the PTL KLUB reference. Fucking killer. My only gripe is the absence of a lyric sheet. They have a contact on the back saying they will send you one, but why not just put the goddamn thing in the record!? Definitely hit this up. (BG)
(Fashionable Idiots / Pass Judgment)

BUCK GOOTER – "Devil Worship" EP

I think this is experimental music. A failed experiment. The last song sounds like the Broke Revue and is decent. (BB)
(Flannel Girl)

BULLETRIDDEN – "Upbeat Noise for Downtrodden People" CD

Zzzzzzzzzz…wake me when it's over. This is bog-standard metallic hardcore with death-metal-ish vocals and very few interesting hooks. Sounds like the kind of band you'd see open on one of those big package tours where the BLACK DAHLIA MURDERS or some other crap metalcore band is the big draw. To be fair, the recording sounds fantastic, it's just that the material is crap. (AU)
(Bad News)

CARNIVORES – "German Flower/Sense of Dread"

Two incredibly short, incredibly loud nu-garage punk tunes featuring a totally fucking piercing keyboard sound. It's all delivered with ample energy and I can truly appreciate that they didn't wimp out on the abrasive factor. This shit is so far in the red that it's almost a joke. Enjoyable. Not earth-shattering, but enjoyable nonetheless. (MC)
(Dirt Cult)

CHACHI ON ACID – "Your Nature is Intense, Magnetic and Passionate" EP

I can't say that I was ever a huge CHACHI ON ACID fan, but I do appreciate their appeal. There are five songs on this one, with a couple of unreleased "versions" or "mixes." Given that these are sort of short and sort of silly songs, are new "versions" or "mixes" really what we've been waiting years and years to hear? If you're a fan of this sort of goofy hardcore, you'll probably want to pick it up. These were all recorded in 1999. (KK)
(self-released)

CLOCKED OUT – "Playing Dead" EP

Opening this record with a sample of Ed Sullivan(?) introducing the BEATLES to a crowd of screaming teenage girls definitely starts things off on a good, humorous note for a fast, furious, and fun record. CLOCKED OUT plays fast, simple early '00s-style hardcore that reminds me of something between CUT THE SHIT, the OATH minus the breakdowns, and maybe a more Americanized JELLYROLL ROCKHEADS, or more specifically, the kinds of bands that formed in those bands' wake. I picture a bunch of dorky kids in too-small thrift store t-shirts, with tons of energy and steam to blow off, and who sound like they're having a ton of fun playing these songs and having their friends do backup vocals. The drums sound like they're trying to keep up with the rest of the band, but without being out of time, and the guitar riffs sometimes give the illusion of being complicated, but are really only a few notes. The lyrics are disgruntled but intelligent, and it's also good to see them take on the oxymoron that is hipster culture and the empty fetishizing of (sub)cultural signifiers, especially at a time when punks are becoming less and less distinguishable from *Vice* readers. (DG)
(The Final Comedown)

COMBOMATIX / WHITE FANGS – split EP

This starts off great. COMBOMATIX are up first with a punchy guitar blasting out a catchy little riff then the whole band kicks in and the singer exhales into panicked vocals. It is such a great song that I don't even mind that echoey recording effect (though the song could definitely do without it). Song two slows it down, but still has a nice sound to it. I have always liked songs about "Mary" whoever she is. WHITE FANGS on side B are much slower with a reverby guitar sound. The song plods along in an average CRAMPS-style. Yet, the singer goes more for a menacing sing-song. The second song is shorter so they pick up the pace. (CK)
(Frantic City)

CRIMINAL CODE – "Red Lights" EP

Killer mid-tempo hardcore from Washington with amazing guitar work that almost sounds influenced by mind altering substances but doesn't go overboard. The vocals are shouted and catchy and distant (like the singer was standing a little farther away from the microphone than he was supposed to). It totally works. Matching these guys up with BRAIN HANDLE for a show would be perfect. I can't really find much information about this band, and even this self-released EP seems pretty obscure and limited in availability (and sadly there's no lyric sheet or anything either). It would entirely be worth your time to track down a copy of this. (BG)
(self-released)

CROCODILE GOD – "Once Upon Time in the North" CD

I'm so irked! I just can't conjure from my brain who these guys sound like. It's right on the tip of my tongue. This is fast pop punk, I guess less like punks playing pop songs and more like punks just trying to write melodic songs that end up being really poppy. Oh shit, they do an ERGS cover. There you go. They're not as sappy as all that, just fast and melodic. Simple, basic pop punk that neither inspires me nor causes me to gag. (LP)
(Boss Tuneage / Waterslide)

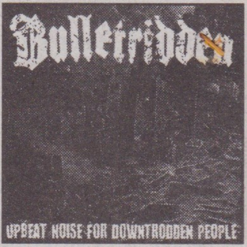
CRUDE S.S. – "Who'll Survive" EP

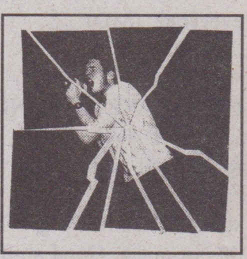
Holy shit go out and get this immediately. Having been out of print for eons, Voltage Records finally had the good sense to re-release this monster. Introduced to this band by MASSKONTROLL's cover of "Forced Values," I spent *years* searching for the original Uproar press of this EP (still one of my most treasured scores!) and it was so worth the wait. CRUDE S.S. definitely drew influence from DISCHARGE and ANTI-CIMEX, but there's a completely non-metallic heaviness to these songs that really stands out from their Sweden '83 contemporaries. It's a crying shame their discography is so small, as these guys were really one of the best bands going at the time. From the massive proto-crust sound of "Forced Values" to the opening dirges of "Destroy Capitalism" and "Who'll Survive…" (when those fast parts drop…chills) this is one of the absolute best records in the legacy of Swedish hardcore. "Respect the Earth" is so ripe for covering…get on it! (AU)
(Voltage)

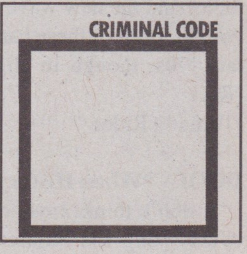
DADFAG – "Probably" LP

Whoa… DADFAG calmed the fuck down. It's like they followed SONIC YOUTH's trajectory but condensed it to a couple albums, like they went straight from *Confusion is Sex* to *Washing Machine*. Not to say they are derivative in anyway, but they do sound like a smattering of late '80s/early '90s era sound that would have been in the middle of DINOSAUR JR. and UNWOUND. While *Scenic Abuse* stayed abrasive and desperate this gets dreamy and creepy.

BRAIN TUMORS


Bulletridden
UPBEAT NOISE FOR DOWNTRODDEN PEOPLE





CRUDE SS
E.P.
WHO'LL SURVIVE

DAMAGE REPORT

Like they went from angry kids on speed with weirdly tuned guitars and atonal vocals to shoegaze stoner adults with weirdly tuned guitars and atonal vocals. What I'm trying to say is this album is fucking amazing. (MM)
(Broken Rekids)

DANGERBIRD / UGH GOD – split EP
This makes me think of a lot of the so-called emo bands from the mid-'90s. I could see these guys opening up for CAP'N JAZZ. DANGERBIRD start off with a mid-paced number that features a driving bass and drums and a noodling guitar. The second song is more straight-forward, but also has some nice guitar work. I like how the singer sends out some thanks at the end of the song. UGH GOD makes me think of CERBERUS SHOAL. This is music written on a back porch with a bunch of people with all kinds of interesting sounds and that sort of meanders around as the night moves on. Interesting stuff, but certainly not for everyone. (MD)
(SRA)

DAVE RAVE / MADNUTS – split EP
The DAVE RAVE cuts are very catchy rock'n'roll songs that include elements of rock, punk, fuzz, new wave and even pop. The sound is kind of big, which isn't at all bad in this instance. Good stuff. The MADNUTS are similarly very rock'n'rolly, though a little more subdued, but they definitely maintain the fuzz factor and the new wave factor, which is a good combo. Both of these bands take me back to the late '70s, though in slightly different moods. (KK)
(Tornado Ride)

DCOI – "When History Repeats…" LP
I don't think anybody needs to put out a twenty-song LP. Shorter, faster is better. That said these guys are kicking ass on most of these songs. A savage, ripping guitar drives through these *pissed* tracks, and the singer sounds tough as hell. The lyrics mostly deal with social and political issues. They're at their best when they tear straight through it, the few breakdowns and mid-tempo parts don't come off quite as good. Mostly they do capture and keep momentum going, delivering a satisfying beat down to the listener. This LP is recommend to lovers of plain, pissed, fast HC. Drop the needle on track sixteen and play it through the end, word! That shit is killing. (JM)
(Voltage)

DEATHCAGE –"Plague of the Rats" LP
Hot damn, hooked from the first song. I very much enjoyed the DEATHCAGE EPs, and this is more of the same incredibly epic fist-pumping Japanese hardcore-meets-epic metal ala the almighty DEATH SIDE. Every fucking song on this platter, even the lesser ones, has a part that cries out for the horns or a bit of air guitar. Sure it's derivative, so fucking what? The more important point is that it's fucking *great*! Got a metal friend who thinks punk is all untalented noise? Put this bastard on and laugh right in his fucking face. Everything on here, from the phenomenal leads to the brutal just-this-side-of-metal drumming to the massive gang choruses is so fucking on point it's ridiculous. By all rights this should be appearing on a number of "best of the year" lists. Flat out fucking awesome. (AU)
(Agipunk)

DEPHOSPHORUS – "Axiom" LP
I absolutely love when I get a record to review, have never heard of the band yet within seconds of dropping the needle I'm floored and headbanging. DEPHOSPHORUS are onto something here. DEPHOSPHORUS are a three piece from Greece. Their sound is unique in that it is somewhat a mix of the older German metalcore sound and grindcore but with some electronics added. Every track sounds *huge*. It's hard to believe this is just three people. "Collimator" could be a heavier BURIAL YEAR, "Continuum" has a slight metal leaning. "Dephosphorus" has more melodic guitars, has slower moments and more obvious electronics. The album has a cosmic or space and time theme throughout the lyrics. Wow. (MH)
(7Degrees)

DEVASTATION – "Rebel Streets" CD
These are some snotty young punks from the suburbs doing fast and raw hardcore punk with song titles like "Nazi Scum," "The Pit," and "Cops=Corruption." They also have a song about torturing, killing, and eating two Vietnamese women and their Facebook profile has a quote saying that they are "so hardcore they turn gays straight and straights into gays." I'm not going to be the PC police here but it doesn't seem like these kids quite get it yet. Keep trying. (BL)
(Low Budget Productions)

DIET COKEHEADS – "M Dumptruck/Gay Goters"
This record is much more dissonant and harsh than their previous releases and the band embraces their new direction with maniacal zeal. A-side "M. Dumptruck" is like a medley of a couple unreleased SWANS and MARS tracks with pre-pubescent LYDIA LUNCH wailing for help after she fell down a well somewhere in New Hampshire. At some point some space-age noise creeps in and it feels like the soundtrack to a deleted scene in *Repo Man* where Otto is dancing with the radioactive alien corpses on top of the East LA police precinct before the bomb is dropped. Flip it over. "Gay Goters" is a turgid funeral dirge about six minutes long that alternates between slow and fast, loud and quiet but somehow renders any listener immobile in their seat drooling a bit for the length of the song. This is pummeling, eerie, cosmic swamp sludge appropriate for the soundtrack to a future biopic about some sorry sap's psychotic descent into madness. Throw it on at your next party and stop speaking to any of your friends who complain. (SL)
(Vinyl Rites)

DISCHARGE – "Early Demos: March-June 1977" LP
You all know DISCHARGE. You learn about DISCHARGE before you learn about *MRR*. But one thing you may not know about the kings of D-beat, is that when they first started in 1977, they sounded like a total SEX PISTOLS knock off band. The songs are awesome, but not cool. Another perfect example of the difference between "awesome" and "cool." The tracks on this record were recorded between March and June of 1977, and this is a far ways away from the DISCHARGE you're familiar with. But it's a rad piece of history, and the songs are actually good. This was released as a CD in Japan a few years ago by Estado records, and I don't think they tried to find the original pictures cause everything looks super pixilated on the front and back covers. It looks like a bootleg, but its not and they did a good job with the vinyl. Don't let the cover fool you. I wouldn't break your neck trying to find this, but if it finds you, check it out. (FS)
(Anti Society)

DOUBLE VISION – "Cold Comfort" EP
Reflective, melodic youth crew with the same sort of restless and often-melancholy feeling as OUTLAST, BATTERY, the DAMAGE DONE, and early GO IT ALONE, all of which I wish were properly used as source material much more often than they are, so I'm pretty happy to have this in hand. This is a style that's easy to fuck up and pretty difficult to nail, but there's nothing too polished, saccharine, or recycled, and the songwriting is interesting and moving enough that even the vocalist breaking into song at the end of the record sends chills down my spine rather than making me cringe. I very rarely have any interest in new youth crew these days, but DOUBLE VISION has made a fan out of me. (DG)
(Elephant Skin / Refuse)

DRONE THRONE – "Everybody Dies Alone" CD
Don't be misled by the name. DRONE THRONE do not play drone. This band from Phoenix, AZ play hardcore influenced sludge, with riffs more along the lines of stoner rock bands. Their sound is in a hard to describe middle of those sounds. "Stone Dome" is a plodding, hardcore influenced DARK THRONE, "Contact High" reminds me a little

of old ST VITUS and "Getting Pitted" is a retro sounding heavy rocker. The CD is starting to grow on me. (MH)
(self-released)

DYNAMITE FISHERMAN – "Awkward Conversions" CD

Simple old school US punk here. This reminds of the stuff old timers in faded leather jackets with band names that are no longer readable on them are into. Bar band punk mixed with drunk punk, if there is a difference. This is decent for what it is but this stuff is better to see live with friends than to listen to over and over driving around. I'm just sayin'. (RL)
(Diogenes Club)

EDDIE BROCK – "Weapon X" EP

OK, so it's a twelve song 7", and the band is some dude's name, but I try to keep an open mind and not just dismiss shit right off the bat. Well fuck it; I was right this is dog shit. These vocals are like a parody of Springa mixed with Joe Denunzio, they actually remind me of something, but I can't put my finger on it, COLLATERAL DAMAGE, or at least how I remember those vocals sounding. I think that dude was at least a huge fat guy though, maybe this guy is too, who cares. It's totally disposable shit that may or may not be referred to as Power Violence in this day and age, it's fast there are lame cliché mosh riffs, the lyrics are just nothing really, I'm done. (AH)
(Photobooth)

EDDY CURRENT SUPPRESSION RING – "Walking in Unison" 12"

EDDY CURRENT! The only band I've ever seen that has made my palms wet, the kind of band that gives you a shake and makes you realize that there is still a future to Rock Music and guitars in general, puts out a goddamn three-song 12" EP that utterly demolishes any sort of competition that would stand in their way, if any existed. One new song that is a bit of a Kraut nod-out (that's a good thing), and very, very different takes on two songs ("Second Guessing" and "I Admit My Faults") that I'm sure any EDDY fan is familiar with. Highly recommended, the future of Rock Music, better than fucking BESTHÖVEN, that's for goddamn sure. (BB)
(Captcha)

ENVISION – "Changing Times" EP

Um, this band is good at what they do, and what they do is play nondescript youth crew revival stuff that's energetic and catchy, but also sickeningly wholesome to the point that I'm left wondering if at least one member of this band is Christian and/or or the Canadian equivalent of an Eagle Scout. Bands like this are the reason that people hate GORILLA BISCUITS, and, yes, you know exactly what you're getting with one look at the cover, but it's at least honest, unpretentious, and holds my attention. So consider this a positive review of a positive record, though it will in no way replace anything essential in your collection. (DG)
(No Comply)

ESBAT – "Up The Ante" EP

Hahaha. I started typing just as the second song started—it's boneheaded woozy headache inducing punk. Like in a good way or whatever. Super throbby distorto bass, shout echo-y distorto vox, uber lo-fi, and I am kinda surprised they pulled it off…very catchy. There's a 'lil promo one sheet that compares them to DIE KREUZEN and VSS. I don't really hear the DIE KREUZEN, maybe it's like VSS—I haven't heard them in over a decade. I pretty much just like that one song, and there's some drone-y minimal thing that starts the B-side and other songs are kinda meh. I think Termbros and latter day Weird Punk fans would like this. They'll probably just get distributed amongst friends, only to be rediscovered and championed in 2030. Limited to 50 copies, lathe cut by that New Zealand guy. (GB)
(Bombay Cove)

ESTUPAS – "De Interés Local" EP

This band from Spain pumps out six songs that mirror second wave punk from their region. Straight ahead with some nice moments, "Ninos Enfermizos" has a great bass line and "Soy Juan Carlista" is the strongest track on this EP. Overall, I was hoping for a bit more energy and speed that could have put this EP above the average line, but it just doesn't happen. (MS)
(Hillside Strangler)

FADE TO BLACK – "Corridors Revisited" CD

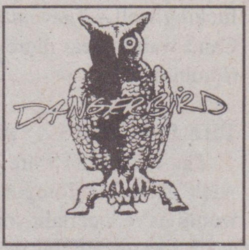
So this is a re-issue of sorts of this local band's *Corridors of Gender* 12" from 1984, which was on CD Presents records back in the day. This includes that release as well eight more live or live-in-studio tracks all from 1984 that are well worth the purchase price for those who already have the 12". Primal post punk with goth overtones, these guys were happening in the Bay Area while UK DECAY, early SISTERS OF MERCY, and the BIRTHDAY PARTY were happening elsewhere. A great historical post punk release from the good 'ol days. (RL)
(Tenderloin)

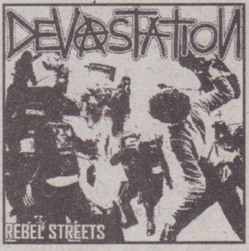
FATAL FIGURES – "Blue Zed/Alright"

The A-side is a lurching, muscular, blues-based dirge mired in so much blown-out muck and filth it could have been recorded in a grave. "In the red" doesn't even come close. The flip is a hyperactive PUSSY GALORE cover recorded in much the same fashion. Imagine a combination of Jon Spencer, Nick Cave, and Lux Interior but performed with out even those artists' casual acquaintance with sonic fidelity. (AM)
(Big Neck)

FEAR OF EXTINCTION – "Men in Black" EP

This is the Czech answer to ANTI CIMEX. Think *Country of Sweden* song structure with some gravelly screamed off kilter vocals—just a bit off the music in some spots and the effect is great. There is no metal here, nor are there melodic interludes, guitar solos, no crazy drum fills, no bass noodling—just simple, ugly and driving tunes. This recording is a perfect fit for this music—the guitars have just the right amount of distortion, the bass is muddy yet clear and the drums sound driving and simple. The lyrics are simple and in English and the liner notes have a brief one-line description of the subject of each song. I could do without the *Fight Club* sample, but this is good. This shit totally blindsided me. Yes, the sound is familiar and tons of bands are doing this, but FOE do this really





DOUBLE VISION

DRONE THRONE
EVERYBODY DIES ALONE

ENVISION
CHANGING TIMES

fucking well—*They nail it*. Damn good record. Can't wait to hear more. (MB)
(Phobia)

THE FORDISTS – "Watch You" LP

The FORDISTS are from Washington, DC; while it isn't a foregone conclusion that they would have a certain sound, it doesn't come as a surprise to spin this record and hear inventive, complicated post-hardcore in the vein of BLACK EYES, HOOVER, or later FUGAZI. Quirky rhythms, sporadic song structures, noodly parts, and bursts of jazz-funk drums will have 35-year-old math-rock fans blowing the dust off their slide rules. It sounds like these three chaps are playing for and to each other in an insular triangle of angst that makes this listener feel slightly voyeuristic. It's as if the FORDISTS would be playing whether or not anyone was listening. Which is probably true. (AM)
(Amor y Lucha)

FRANTIC / THE VECTORS – split EP

Not the amazing old SF band the VECTORS. I remember this Swedish band from awhile back. These songs are from 2006 and they sound a little better than I remember. It's pretty raw angry punk *rock*. They have the great song title "Sucking the Cocks of the Parasites" that is the weakest track. FRANTIC is very rawk and not in the way I like. Reminds me of when bands like the HELLACOPTERS and GRINNERS were super popular. This huge can of beer isn't helping this. (RO)
(SIK)

FUNGI GIRLS – "Some Easy Magic" CD

FUNGI GIRLS are adept practitioners of that reverb-drenched, slacker-freak acid folk garage punk that's been doing the rounds the past couple of years. Imagine the BLACK LIPS covering the THIRTEENTH FLOOR ELEVATORS onto a portable Dansette recorder at the end of a long tunnel. That's an approximation of the FUNGI formula. Anyone can string a couple of stomp boxes to a junky old Fender amp. The proof of the pudding is in the songwriting. FUNGI GIRLS have the sound *and* the songs. Dreamy, detached vocals drift over surf-tinged rock'n'roll. Fans of the new oldies aesthetic espoused by the likes of SHANNON AND THE CLAMS, NOBUNNY, etc might also embrace this and rightly so. This CD should actually have been reviewed last month, but was temporarily lost amongst the detritus on the floor of my '68 Impala. Luckily I rescued it and can share my thoughts on it with you now. Hopefully the record emporiums haven't sold out of it in the meantime. Although no one in their right mind buys a record until it gets the *MRR* endorsement. (AM)
(Hozac)

FUTURO – "MMX" CD

This is evidently the band formerly known as B.U.S.H., and I am seriously floored. The psychedelic artwork is actually an indicator of one of the music's facets rather than a false signifier, and specifically I hear a lot of this in the fuzzy guitar tone and subtle organ, which they use to craft songs that mix melody and anger in a way that's reminiscent of *Zen Arcade* in particular, especially in the changing emotion of each song that all unfolds to tell a greater story as a whole. This CD collects two different sessions, one from 2010 and one from 2007, and both are great, but the more recent one definitely has the band coming into their own. I dismissed this band based on their silly name, and wish I'd paid more attention from the start. (DG)
(Capitäo Uxo / Cospe Fogo Gravações / Läjä / Punch Drunk / Rock Mutante)

GAIN TO LOSE – "Gunlock Germ" EP

This sounds really '90s to me with the vocals sort of in the vein of melodic FACE TO FACE, anthem-y PENNYWISE stuff with the aim toward some SUICIDAL TENDENCIES hints. This is mostly fast punk with snotty yet scratchy vocals. There are some breakdowns and mid-tempo to slow jams here, but it's pretty straightforward stuff. The bass does a fair amount of noodling, but there are no obnoxious solos and the songs are short. I wish the guitar had a little less of a clean sound, but otherwise this is a decent record. The vocals didn't sell me at first but there are multiple singers and who ever does the faster songs nails it. I bet this band is best judged live. I do have to say that I am pretty impressed with the rhyming lyrics here. This band seems to have the ability to be positive with out disillusion, and to critique punk and the world with out the preaching. Well done. (MB)
(Suburban White Trash)

GENERATORS – "Last Of The Pariahs" CD

The eighth full length from the SoCal combo. I had no idea they had that many full lengths, I guess I lost track about five full lengths ago. Still cranking out the Epitaph meets Brit punk stuff with social commentary and catchy choruses. A couple reggae-ish ditties thrown in the mix here too. Although on the slick side, this is a decent full length after all these years by these vets. (RL)
(DC Jam)

GEOFFREY OI!COTT – "No 1 Hits Like – A Tribute to Geoffrey Oi!Cott" LP

American punks can tune out now. Pretty much every reference on this album relates to the game of cricket, except for the one about darts. Cricket is one of the few sports in the world in which England can still occasionally win, and it's exclusively played in countries that used to be part of the British Empire. Oi! is more usually associated with beer-soaked football terraces, but at last the cream tea and cucumber sandwiches munching, cricket-watching classes have their very own skinhead choir. If you like HARD SKIN, but wish that they were from Yorkshire instead of Gypsy Hill, and that the songs were faster and contained more cricket puns, GEOFFREY OI!COTT (named after Geoff Boycott, one of Yorkshire and England's most famous players and an outspoken commentator) are the band for you. The humor is hard to sustain across a whole LP, but the music is catchy enough. I'd much rather hear this than the same old Oi! clichés about loyalty, drinking, and working class pride. Cheers! (AM)
(Boss Tuneage)

GET DESTROYED – "Shut In" EP

Whoa! Rad to see this record on my list of reviews… It's been a while since we have heard from this AZ outfit and this EP does not disappoint. I can see why others always list CROSSED OUT or INFEST as comparison, but, come on… duh… There is more going on here aside from the old school. Chances are taken in sound, but never totally divergent—an extension of what came before. Living somewhere between powerviolence and fastcore, these tracks are pummeling, yet dredgy with some razor sharp stops and starts. Just hearing this makes my neck hurt and my knuckles bleed (PV stigmata…). Good stuff. Oh, and those mean back ups you hear once in a while is the voice of LANDMINE MARATHON's Grace Perry, lending his pipes to add to the brutality. I guess these guys are all spread out but are working on an LP and will be playing sometime soon on the west coast. (MB)
(625 / To Live A Lie / RSR)

THE GIBBS – "Going Somewhere Solo" LP

They get points for having the artwork from one of my favorite taco spots. They're from SF. It's a throwback to a time in the '90s when dirty vanloads of growly screaming female fronted bands ruled the clubs. You know; HOLE, DICKLESS, 7 YEAR BITCH, etc…The vocals cross between pre-plastic surgery COURTNEY LOVE and JOAN JETT or even that chick from the DISTILLERS. There's slower moody songs like HOLE and fast ones like the MUFFS or FASTBACKS. I'd like to say it's as good as any of these bands (except DISTILLERS) but it ain't. Maybe it's my time of the month. (RO)
(Conspiratorial Efforts)

THE GIFT – "Mostly in Sickness" LP

The exact sound of every slower song by BABES IN TOYLAND, HOLE (*Pretty on the Inside* era), JACK OFF JILL, T.I.T.S., and ANGELBLOOD at the same time. It verges on kind of cliché and cheesy here and there, like kind of color-by-numbers, and the back

cover made me cringe (man, I just really don't like posed band photos [especially "sexy ladies/casual dudes" type ones). Really like a stoner BABES IN TOYLAND, totally slow and heavy and hateful. Featuring Beck Levy of TURBOSLUT fame if that means anything to you (and it should). (MM)
(Amor y Lucha)

GOD EQUALS GENOCIDE / LIBYANS – split EP

Cool split from two very fun and rocking bands from opposite sides of the country. GEG from Los Angeles start off with a bit of a snoozer before getting things started in a big way with two excellent and mega-catchy tracks featuring a lo-fi guitar tone, great female-male vocals, and some of the more memorable choruses I've heard in some time. The perfect band for a sweaty basement dance party. LIBYANS from Boston crank the hardcore dial up a couple notches on side B, but it's still a lotta fun with prominent bass lines, angular guitar, creative drumming, and Liz's always-distinctive vocals, which alternate between singing and shouting. These bands are a perfect compliment for one another; I think it's time they go on tour! (JH)
(Dirt Cult / Shock To The System)

GRIN AND BEAR IT – "Deserve" EP

Start/stop bursts of high end hardcore madness. The guitars have a piercing clean tone that is diametrically opposed to (but mysteriously compatible with) the manic blasts from the drums. The mostly high vocals are complimented sporadically by low end growls, but this nihilistic trio spends most of their effort on accentuating the upper registers, garnering an uncomfortably visceral reaction from my ears, especially on the sinister closing track "Scared." One could describe this as powerviolence, and the overall presentation lends GRIN AND BEAR IT to be inappropriately lumped in with a host of mysterious modern HC bands…I will just say that this is one fierce slab of wax. (WN)
(Allergic to Fun)

GROWN-UPS – "Stopped Caring" LP

I fucked-up this month and skipped over this record and had to come back last-minute style to give it test run. I've had this happen in the past only to come up and have to listen to some stinkers of records. I lucked-out this time, 'cuz this record is pretty damn good on first listen. Sounds like these guys and gal listen to the SPITS a lot. The fuzzy guitars and poppy yet kinda grungy style is unmistakable. The main difference I can pick out is that while the SPITS are pulling tons of influence from the RAMONES, GROWN-UPS sort of have a more rock'n'roll vibe, almost like the KIDS if they had a poppier sound. (BD)
(Modern Documents)

HAMMER DAMAGE – "Laugh/Automatic Lips" EP

Much better sound quality than on the *Killed By Death* comp that "Laugh" appears on. "Automatic Lips" sounds like "Private Press" eBay bullshit but it's better than fuckin BESTHÖVEN, that's for sure. Manchild Harry Howes hits another home run, here's to American Punk. (BB)
(Last Laugh)

HARD SKIN – "Hard Nuts and Hard Cunts" LP

This record keeps coming back. Think there's a couple extra songs, and this was only on picture disc in the US of A. In case you didn't hear it the first time, these are dudes from THATCHER ON ACID doing Oi! parody. Like local Oi! jokesters, OIL, they make fun of the music, but obviously love it and rock their bollocks off. It's super heavy on the group shout-a-long vocals. Mainly on the COCKSPARRER, SHAM 69 and COCKNEY REJECTS (who are much funnier without being a parody) style of street rock, they have some genuine puke-on-your-mate's boots sing a long ditties. "First Day Angry Song" and "Me and the Boys" are some of my faves, but that's just me cuz "I'm a cunt, a cunt, a cunt, a cunt, a cunt cunt!" (RO)
(Broken Rekids)

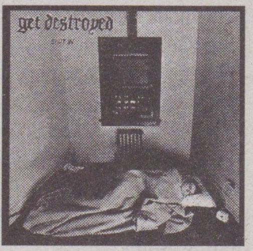
HDQ – "Hung, Drawn, & Quartered/You Suck!" CD

This CD marks the final installment in the trilogy of HDQ reissues planned by Boss Tuneage. The first full LP ("You Suck"), first 7", demo tracks, and the debut 12" ("Hung, Drawn, & Quartered") are all here. Whenever people talk about HDQ, the main focus of the conversation is that members went on to form LEATHERFACE. It's true that guitarist Dickie Hammond's raw Gordon Smith tones are the driving force of both bands, but HDQ can stand on their own merits. Now, to the record: If you ask me, the track listing is backwards. Maybe to appeal to fans of the band's later melodic hardcore sound, the songs from *Hung, Drawn & Quartered* are tacked on at the end, almost as an afterthought. This blistering, dynamic slab of Exploited / GBH / Killing Joke influenced hardcore was my introduction to the band, and is actually some of my favorite stuff they did. OK, it *does* sound like a completely different band to what came later, but I just prefer discography compilations to be chronological. Anyway, the singer left the band shortly after the release of the 12", but Dickie soon reformed the band with a new vocalist and a new approach: somewhere along the line he discovered DAG NASTY and other melodic American bands, and the rest is history. I have to say that although I loved that style, and was really into HDQ at the time, there was always something about Golly's vocals that could verge on a bit too far on the "emotional" side for me, similar to later KEVIN SECONDS. The best stuff from this period of the band was captured in their first Peel session, which is compiled on the earlier CD reissue of the *Sinking* LP, but an earlier version of one of those cracking tunes, "Just When I Thought," is included here. Still, as a primer to the band's earliest material, this CD is close to essential. Great band, great put together package. Seek this out. (AM).
(Boss Tuneage)

HIGH CASTLE – "Spirit of the West" LP

I don't fully have a grasp on what's going on, sometimes that's good, sometimes that's not. It's plodding and rhythmic. It goes from dirgy to spastic. There are parts that are separate, parts that may just be bass and vocals that merge with a noisy guitar part that doesn't necessarily sound like it was meant to be merged with. Some of the slower vocal parts have that chanted simplicity and ease that you could find in a STREET EATERS song. Not catchy or weird enough to be really interesting, but catchy and weird enough to not be bad. I like that it doesn't really sound like much else out there. (P$)
(Zum)

FEAR OF EXTINCTION



HDQ
HUNG DRAWN AND QUARTERED
YOU SUCK!

HOLLYWOOD STUNTS

HOLLYWOOD – "Stunt" CD

I've listened to this CD so many times I am convinced it may be growing on me until one small bit of a song negatively attracts my attention and I simply have to ask myself why am I listening to this again? I will admit that it is never the same bit so at least that's something. HOLLYWOOD reminds me musically of MUDHONEY, though MUDHONEY do have more catchy riffs and are better musicians. Think of them as a stripped down MUDHONEY. The singer alternately reminds me of MARK ARM (MUDHONEY), TIMMY VULGAR (HUMAN EYE-era) and GREG LOWERY (ZODIAC KILLERS-era). It is an odd combination of sing-song-y, off-kilter, high-pitched whine. I am impressed he can change from one style to the other within the same song. That takes talent. (CK)

(Big Neck)

INFERNAL STRONGHOLD / PIZZA HI FIVE – split EP

I don't really know where to begin with this one. INFERNAL STRONGHOLD is pretty good. Kind of an old school BATHORY style black/thrash sound with a little bit of grind. Pretty original sounding actually. I would try and describe it more, but I'm still trying to get over how insanely bad P.H.F. are. The recording is shit, just a joke. That snare sound is an instant deal breaker for me, and it can be found on countless '90s grind records that have been sitting in my "to sell" pile for over a decade. The high-pitched vocals are a fucking joke, and the lyrics are shit. I'm sick of this crap, I guess in my old age I am becoming a "part time grinder" as they would put it, but seriously why does this exist? Oh yeah the layout is fucking bullshit too. At least try to seem like you give a shit about what you produce. (AH)

(Sit & Spin)

ISTERISMO/KRÖMSOM – split EP

Ha, I feel like I've been talking up this record for months and now here it is and it's fucking awesome. The 20-second stretch on the ISTERSIMO side from the breakdown/solo of "Pecora Nera" to the bass intro of "Futuro" is a thesis on why I fucking love hardcore punk so much. I mean really, these guys can do no wrong. To cap it all off we get a rare mid-tempo burner in "Terra Di Vuoto" that stomps and rages with Satoshi in fine NEGAZIONE ranting form. On the flip KRÖMSOM (who killed it here live a moth or so ago) drop three tracks of ultra-distort that honestly make me say "PISSCHRIST? Who's that?" A hard band to top, but this stuff is top-notch distort, with "Fallout" being the instant classic of the bunch. The DOOM influence is apparent in the songwriting, but with a bit of rock in the riffs and Cormy's omnipresent distortion shredding everything in its path. Goddamn but Hardcore Survives is just churning out the hits these days. "Chaos night…arggh!" (AU)

(Hardcore Survives)

JJ & THE REAL JERKS – "High Anxiety Society" EP

Los Angeles County brings us a brand-spanking new clear 7" slab of self-professed "garage/punk." I take it these guys are SoCal punk lifers/weekend warriors keeping the dream alive in 2011, even got some assistance from friends with credentials… ex-QOTSA Nick Oliveri and ex-TSOL/JONESES Greg Keuhn appear on the track "Short Term Memory Lane." I can't hear any of these singles replacing the '80s beach punk / glam punk standards they are trying to rewrite, but they're competent enough and sound like a fun live band. Punk lyrics are a tough proposition in 2011, and that perfect chorus is mandatory for stuff like this to become an enduring classic; sadly I'm not hearing it here. 300 copies on clear wax. (GB)

(Kung Pao Chicken Pickin')

JUGGLING JUGULARS – "80 Million Barrels" LP

Ah! The irony of an LP's message questioning the world's use of oil, delivered on a round 12" disc of vinyl petroleum! Well, MP3s are more ecological, but less fun and this is a worthy of wax refreshing nine song new LP by this long-standing melodic Finnish punk band. It contrasts with the vapidity of a lot of current bands by striking a balance between having the music serve the lyrics as a vehicle to convey direct progressive political messages, and having good, fun and catchy music to balance it out as a good listen. There are tradeoffs of several singers, but the lyrics are mostly delivered by clearly sung and often scorching female vocals, there's an old UK peace punk feel as lyrics defiantly assail the destruction of the environment, corruption of democracy, American global influence, and support anarchist ideals…. But like the bands origins in 1989, there's the kind of inventive mix of rock, post punk and hardcore influences similar to that time, with a varied approach and delivery. The band often soars the highest on its melodic choruses. Great! (KS)

(Kamaset Levyt)

KOREAN GUT – " Your Misery, Our Benefit" EP

Named after a Korean Shamanic ceremony, this band is perhaps aiming to continue the exotification and Orientalist attitudes prevalent in the early '60s surf rock they emulate. I like surf instrumentals if I am watching an old Bruce Brown movie, ie in the original context, a classic surf flick, or maybe even at a basement show or a party, but listening to surf in my room makes me think of old geezer fonzies rotting out in some Tiki bar in flame shirts. I prefer the non-instrumental song, "If You Want" is a KBD styled ripper, it's so catchy and snotty it makes me wish the record was all that rather than DICK DALE for the grandchildren… (LG)

(Mammoth Cave Recording Co.)

KNIFEY SPOONY – "Art Show Press Pass" EP

I never liked ROCKET FROM THE CRYPT, so I'll admit that some of the charms of this record may be lost on me, because I think these guys, along with a lot of other people into this kind of blown out grungy garage punk rock really enjoy them. The slower parts remind me of ROCKET FROM THE CRYPT but there are some faster rock'n'roll riffs that go beyond straight forward chord progressions that remind me at times of a less frenetic SHARK PANTS. The vocals aren't always too distinguishable. Not bad. (P$)

(Orifice Dorm)

THE LASH OUTS – "Elation And Shame" CD

So these guys sound just like modern day GREEN DAY which isn't a good thing. I haven't heard one of these for a while. It's not bad pop punk meets borderline power pop but this sounds too much like the non-hits by GREEN DAY. Surely they have been told this. C'mon guys. (RL)

(Clam Jam)

LAST RESORT / OLD FIRM CASUALS – 2xEP

They're back! Yeah it's the old classic skin band of yore LAST RESORT. Looking at the mug shots on the back, I see two original old geezers, one younger skin and a dude with eyeliner, a mohawk, spiked collar and upside down cross necklace. Seriously, it's like one of these blokes is not like the others, but whatever it takes to get them playing again. They do a new version of "Soul Boys" and a new (I think) midtempo song that's ok. OLD FIRM CASUALS are from here and feature members of NEVER HEALED and Lars from RANCID, who's a skin now!?! I'm outta the loop. "Public Enemies" is a more uptempo pretty rocking song. "Gang Like Me" is more poppy and anthemic and not my thing. I wish this was better than it is but a guess I'd rather be watching these bands live with a pint. (RO)

(Oi! the Boat)

LEATHER – "Wretch" EP

I'd heard good things about these freakers from Philly, so it was a pleasant surprise to find this in my inbox and as it turns out, I've not been mislead! Like PISSED JEANS, this is heavy, sick, and twisted punk. Sure, it's hardcore, but there's a lot more going on than that: I hear elements of sludge and doom, the rocking noise attack of classic mid-'80s Touch

and Go bands, and the depravity of early SWANS. It's hard to think of many bands these days that really sound threatening. Unlike everyone seeking to outdo those that came before, this is natural, effortless, even subtle in its delivery. And *goddamn* it is refreshing. (JH)
(Fan Death)

LEATHERFACE – "Viva La Arthouse" CD

Does the world need another LEATHERFACE live LP? Absolutely. I mean, there *are* two others out there, but none of their stuff is (criminally) widely available (save the last couple of releases on BYO and No Idea). And that's tragic. Which makes this release more than welcome. At their best, of course, live releases serve as both "greatest hits" collections, and a glowing reminder of what is great about said band—the power, passion, emotion, musical chops, raw and in your face. This one doesn't fail in either of the categories, save that I'd have preferred more of their early stuff, but I guess that's just me. For the uninitiated, LEATHERFACE managed to seamlessly cross the steamrolling speed and power of MOTORHEAD with the melodic velocity of HUSKER DU. Sounds weird, I know, but I kid you not. They hit the ground running in 1989, and blew away their buddies SNUFF, which takes some doing. Bands like HOT WATER MUSIC (who helped to introduce 'em to you lucky Yanks) drew heavily on the aforementioned early work, including their second LP, the incomparably mighty *Mush*—perhaps one of the few perfect albums in the world, where every track deserves to be on a greatest hits effort. I kid you not. Six cuts from that epic are showcased here, with only one from the *Fill Your Boots* 12", and none from their first. Oh well. Given the difficulty of getting the early stuff, this is a superb place to start. Recorded on a recent tour, and featuring the original twin guitarists/songwriters. (RK)
(No Idea)

LEPTOSPIROSE – "Aqua Mad Max" CD

First off, this is some of the best album art I've ever seen anywhere. Second, this is some fucking *weird* fast-core. The bass is only slightly distorted ala BGK, and there are plenty of interesting digressions mixed in to their hardcore attack. I'm definitely getting a NOISE-A-GO-GOS vibe from this. The off-putting thing is that they seem to have some sort of sponsorship deal with a Brazilian clothing company called Weird, who might be totally cool and DIY but without being able to read Portuguese I can't really tell, though a cursory internet search suggests that they're not. I hope it's not a Scion-type situation with these guys, but who knows? The record's pretty good, but I have to say I'm a bit sketched-out by the label. (AU)
(Läjä / Weird)

THE LIFE PARTNERS – "Music Is Hard" LP

Skitzo pop music with over-the-top rawk flourishes sprinkled about. Why? To further drive home how smart, bitter and stoned these dudes are. Life is not college. (MC)
(Ride the Snake)

THEE MARVIN GAYS – LP

I groaned when I saw I was assigned this record to review. THEE MARVIN GAYS? Really? And they don't even spell it correctly. It's Marvin Gaye, guys. Forgetting the "e" is as lame as naming your band THEE MARVIN GAYS. But I sucked it up and put the record on the *MRR* turntable. It is going to take a really great band to get me past that name. Unfortunately, THEE MARVIN GAYS are not a great band. They play some jangley pop garage in the modern way that reminisces about '60s music seemingly without knowing what it really sounds like. There are so many bands doing this kind of stuff. Some of them are better than THEE MARVIN GAYS, some are much worse, but they are all so blasé. (CK)
(Frantic City)

THE MEAT SLUTS – "Skank Yank" EP

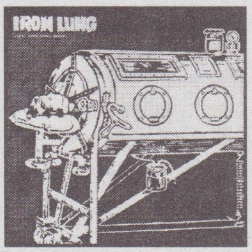
The title cut is apparently inspired by yanking a girl off stage by her hair, which isn't something I'd condone, but is something I'd search for on YouTube, as the insert here suggests. In a word: meaty. In a couple other words: simple, cheesy punk delivered with a humorous flair and a highly charged libido. Four tunes total, including the absolutely fucking absurd "My Baby is a Ding Ding," which I enjoyed for its immediately familiar structure and liberal use of the word "mutherfuckin." (MC)
(Makin' Bacon)

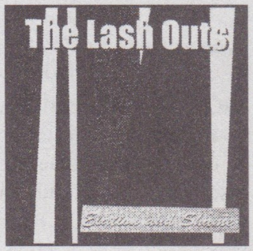
MEHKAGO NT – "Massive Fuckin' Headwounds" LP

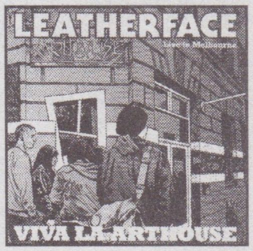
A blasting and great ten song final statement from Miami's MEHKAGO NT, this is tough as fuck metal-laced hardcore that recalls points in the late '90s and early '00s. Before metal seemingly broke off from hardcore and hardcore got remarkably conservative, where there would be wild mixes of powerviolence-ish sludge, full tilt grindcore, NYHC style breakdowns and whatever else that would make it intense. Sometimes in the same band, usually in the same album, often in the same song. MEHKAGO NT pull this off seamlessly, brilliantly; a solid marathon of angry hardcore with crude, brutal lyrics expelled over waves of crushing riffs, fast thrash rampages and whiplash-inducing 360s into full-bore blastbeat grind. Members of SHITSTORM and TORCHE, with a sample or two between tracks to complete the '90s feel… but it doesn't feel dated, just ultra ultra pissed off... *bruuuuutttttaaaal*. Crank this! (KS)
(To Live a Lie)

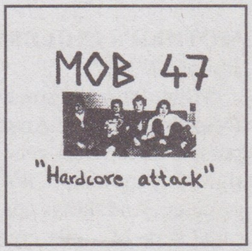
MINUTEMEN / SACCHARINE TRUST – split EP

This is a split record between two of Pedro's finest, all the songs are from previously released compilations (*Life is Ugly So Why Not Kill Yourself, Cracks in the Sidewalk, Chunks* and I think the SACCHARINE TRUST *Christmas* 7"…). It's from the same label that reissued the REACTIONAIRIES LP. I think the MINUTEMEN songs have been reissued before via those SST *Mersch* comps, but not so sure about the SACCHARINE TRUST stuff. Being that they are the ultimate mutation sound, Joe's voice is carved outta wood or some shit, created somewhere between a John Fante book and a CAPTAIN BEEFHEART LP. A true expansion of what is possible outta the limits of hardcore punk. These are more straightforward than some SACCHARINE TRUST shit, until of course you get to *A Christmas Cry* and you might as well give up on trying to make sense of it all. Let it sink in and stew in your brains. The MINUTEMEN songs are small fireworks, a million ideas crammed into songs, the music and lyrics are just as exploratory. "What does America mean to you?" A succinct comment on statehood,









MUKEKA
Di RATO

religion and celebrity in under a minute. The last two songs are instrumentals. I am pretty sure each side is under three minutes long but what you can achieve in that space, well it's the mark of a good band. This is one of those things that initially seems sorta pointless, I mean all these songs are previously released, but listening to them on repeat reinforces how creative and incredible these bands were. The paranoia and freedom inherent in the punk rock is also engraved on the grooves of the record. (LG)
(Water Under the Bridge)

MOB 47 – "Hardcore Attack" EP

Ruling. This is like at least the fourth issue of these trax in some form or other throughout the years, but I think it's the first as a stand-alone release of MOB 47's first demo since it was first released when I was five years old. These eleven tracks are significantly more rudimentary, reckless, and straightforward *punk* than the absolute rocketing blitzkrieg that they would go on to record within the year following this demo, which features original vocalist, Mentis, who had parted ways shortly after, and the band blazed on as a three piece. Things really pick up the pace for the second half of this, and tracks like "Snobb," "Profitbögar," and "100 Döda Snutar" hinted at what was to come, but as I said, this stuff is much more subdued piss-and-vinegar punk. I feel like maybe I have an unfair bias towards the 7" because songs like "Kärnvapen Attack"—and also LÄRM records—really changed my outlook on music in my high school years and trying to think of MOB 47 in another light than as the songs that became a turning point in what has literally been an obsession of mine for the last 17 plus years, is a great challenge. With that said, as a historical document and as a musical one, this is good shit and I don't mean to sound like I'm just panning it. A mandatory purchase (if you can find it). (JU)
(Hardcore Survives)

MOTHER'S CHILDREN – "Are You Tough Enough?" 12"

Wow. This is some catchy tunage. "Sue Doesn't Live Here Anymore" is a classic pop-punk number that gets things started off just right. It's up-tempo, it's catchy, and it has lots of guitar. And things continue along exactly the same way. My only complaint, and this isn't a real complaint, is that there are only six songs. Don't tease me like that. I want more. This is clearly power pop band and not a pop punk band. (KK)
(Taken by Surprise)

MUKEKA DI RATO – "Atletas de Fristo" CD

As soon as I started to listen to this I got flashbacks of BOOM BOOM KID shows, although this band is more of a fast and straight up punk rock band. Then I looked them up on the internet because almost everything in the booklet is in what I am guessing is Portuguese, and found out that they are from Brazil and are into BBK. That was a relief, I was starting to worry that all non-English punk rock sounded the same to my non-traveled American ears. These guys are pretty angry but the songs are still very listenable and catchy, very rock 'n' roll influenced with a pop sensibility. I don't know what they are saying but they do include an English explanation of what Fristo is (weed with crack in it) and warning that it is a big problem where they are from. There is a drawing of a one-legged Fristo fiend on the cover and it looks like some bad shit. (BL)
(Give Praise / Pisces / MCR / Läjä)

NATIVE CATS – "Process Praise" LP

I get where these guys are going…MARK E. SMITH cynicism and some kinda Factory records worship straddling the tenderness of DURUTTI COLUMN with the quip of NEW ORDER…but I just...fell asleep. Oh, they're from Tasmania, that's cool, I guess. (JS)
(Ride the Snake)

NIGHT SIEGE – "Power of Death" LP

Fukkn A+ on the packaging, this thing just looks like it's going to melt your face, and I was excited instead of curious when I dropped the needle. After soaring guitars and military toms marched me through the intro, I was treated to exactly what I was expecting: raging Japanese influenced American hardcore. The vocals pay frequent homage to Jack Control's gutteral *'yeow,'* and the structure of a few of the songs manage to incorporate midtempo USHC riffs in a blistering hardcore context in the same way that WORLD BURNS TO DEATH do (take the first song on the flip side as a perfect example). *Power Of Death* sounds absolutely huge, every element of the band seems to be in your face from the first needle drop, this positively crushes. Heavy and subtly melodic US crust has not been in vogue lately, but hopefully records like this one will help give it a kick in the ass…a great record, but why are there no lyrics? Shit, why are there no song titles? (WN)
(Nation On Fire)

NEO CONS – "Hardcore Elite/Kill the Police"

A two-track shredder from these bay area cretins has crept its way into my top ten of the month. Raunchy production and enough power make this a standout release. The flip side is a cover by JESUS AND THE GOSPEL FUCKERS, what a great song to cover and the NEO CONS do it justice. My only complaint is that it would've been nice to have one more track of their own, on this fine, fine EP. A winner. (MS)
(Abscess)

NO BABIES / WHITMAN – split 5"

WHITMAN comes out the gate with some post-*Juno* pre-apocalyptic indie folk jams. At the end of this short song there are some dissonant parts that include electric guitar-sounding pieces (but could also sound like toms or a kick drum run through a distortion pedal). This side doesn't seem particularly interesting. NO BABIES switches from sounds similar to a *Give Me Back* or *Heartattack* (in its death rattle days) influenced band covering GARY HIGGINS to a screamier more frantic part. Then it switches to some poppier FINALLY PUNK influenced sounding parts (which are the most memorable and enjoyable). What they're doing is a cool idea (by including what sounds like woodwinds and strings and different styles), and they have plenty of energy, but they can't quite translate that idea into a memorable outing. (P$)
(Folktale)

NO BABIES – LP

Contorted punk with saxophone, shouty lady vocals over shards of guitars and drums. Some weird collision between early DEERHOOF, TEENAGE JESUS and, yeah the CONTORTIONS. Meaning it's sorta "cute" destruction much like DEERHOOF in their earlier incarnation, but it's also skronky, and a total deconstruction with aggressive female energy rather than gentle lady tweeness. And it's punker than that sounds… The vocals are death shrieks, the lyrics are sorta doomed and world weary, but are also funny and paint excellent pictures of attempted existences. The music jumps around, like mosquitoes, scratch n sniff jams that expand and contract. When I first heard this band they reminded me of fellow Oaklanders KIT, but this is way more fucked up and dark than anything KIT have done. I have no idea who is in this band as they just put a bunch of puppets, along with what looks like a block of concrete next to a list of instruments played on this record. What do you think about music made by puppets?! (LG)
(Upset the Rhythm)

NO COMPLY – "Fiend" EP

A new NO COMPLY release?? NO COMPLY never fit the mold of pure powerviolence or pure grindcore. They are their own two person crazy mix and the new stuff doesn't stray from their unique take on hardcore / powerviolence / grindcore. They still use a drum machine and still have different sounds on every track. The difference is they appear to have added another person who plays bass, Theremin and sings. They cover "Monopoly II" by ANSOJUAN and "Jesus Whore" by CAPITALIST CASUALTIES. It took me a second to figure out that the same tracks are on side A and B. (MH)
(To Live A Lie)

NOFX – "[The Hardcore]" 10"

OMGzzzzz LMFAO! Is god punishing me this month?! In case you were wondering, NOFX has been listening to the *real hardcore* ever since they started way back in the '80s. Actually, I have a NOFX T-shirt from the '80s, you know that Doug Moody era silk-screened in a garage *real ish*. Also about a month ago I got a *Cokie The Clown* 7" on *very limited* white/pink *swirl* vinyl (*only 103 made*) at Amoeba SF for $1.99. Also in 1996, I bought an original NOFX *PMRC Can Suck On This* 7" (the original one with Tammy Faye fucking Jim Baker on the cover) for $12, and I thought it sucked and sold it for $65 in 1997 on rec.music.marketplace.vinyl. On this 10" NOFX does what NOFX does best, churning out some of the blandest versions of all your favorite hardcore classics ever waxed. Kind of like an M.I.A. LP. You know, just having a little bit of fun in this crazy little thing we call life. Also, if you are bored, google "NOFX hardcore 10" it is somewhat fascinating. (GB)
(Fat Wreck Chords)

NOISE BY NUMBERS – "Over Leavitt" CD

This is somewhere between pop punk and indie rock. Sounds like later GREEN DAY. I guess some of these dudes were in the BOMB, SCREASEL, bands that punks may have liked at some point. This is GET UP KIDS for the new generation of Warped Tour brats. Being from Chicago, I know this is sad, safe, boring bar shit. There *is* punk going on in the Chicago…this is not it. (MB)
(Jump Start)

NOTHINGTON – "Borrowed Time" CD

Latest full length from these melodic hardcore chaps. It continues their fine tradition of melding the best bits of JAWBREAKER's *Unfun* with AUTOMATIC 7 playing HOT WATER MUSIC covers. Or something like that. Y'know, that not too hoarse, yet melodic vocals, with a thick, twin guitar attack, and lots of layers of backing vocals, and driving tunes, with a fair dash of melancholy, just so you don't get too uppity and mistake it for NO USE FOR A NAME. Their strongest release to date, and no surprise to find it on that most particular of labels, Red Scare. Top notch. (RK)
(Red Scare)

N-POLICE – "Artificial Suns" CD

A few songs into this album I thought I was in for some pretty solid Australian hardcore punk that had a propensity to conjure up thoughts of the mighty DOUBLE NEGATIVE and C.O.C. among other things. Then I turned up the stereo louder and got mentally distracted in the kitchen for a few minutes before getting the sensation that a different CD was playing in the background. The song I was hearing sounded like some kind of glam-ish metal rock that I wasn't digging, but just when I was starting to walk back into the living room to face my disappointment a sonic blast of hardcore erupts through the speakers and stops me from hitting the eject button. Back into the kitchen and a song or so later there is some catchy, melodic hardcore ballad taking up the airwaves. Huh? Then the total power kicks back in and brings things back full circle, forcing me to hit the play button again when it's all over. This sort of variation totally works in breaking the monotony that many hardcore full-lengths tend to become. Definitely worth checking out (though I still can't stand the one metal song!). (BG)
(self-released)

NUX VOMICA – "Embrace the Cycles/The Two"

So I've seen NUX VOMICA live, and own a 7" *and* their split with the MAKAI, so I thought that I had this band pretty much figured out but they hit me with kind of a sucker punch with this record. There are only two songs, but they offer a departure from the offbeat crust I've heard this band do in the past, especially the song on the first side. It builds from a drone into some kind of atmospheric crusty black metallish thing that I wasn't expecting. It's a little weird in a good way. Kind of an abrasive-to-listen-to good way if you know what I mean. The other song is more like what I remember with a little more death metal guitar leads added. There are also viola parts in both songs as well, for that classical crust feel that the kids seem to like these days. I'm not really a fan but it doesn't hurt this recording. This one caught me flat footed. I guess I'm going to have to pay more attention to this band in the future. (BL)
(Aborted Society / Active Rebellion)

ORANGE COAX – "Pimps n Bows" 10"

This sounds very much as if NO BABIES ditched the wall of guitar noise and stuck only with the lady vocals, saxophone punctuations and constant drum spazz. Free jazz trying to play hardcore, singing that simultaneously nods to SLITS, ESSENTIAL LOGIC and DAISY CHAINSAW, all in short complex bursts. And they are really good live. (MM)
(self-released)

ORDER OF THE VULTURE – "Martyr For Nothing" EP

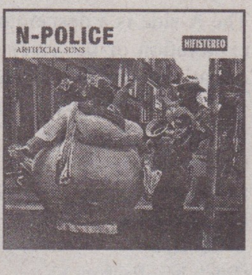
I hadn't heard anything recently from OOTV so was excited to listen to this and hear where the band has gone. Turns out these are older tracks (recorded in 2004) that never saw the light of day until now. This Portland, OR band does blackened crust thrash well. I also enjoy these older tracks a bit more than their more recent stuff, because the tracks are more to the point. Fewer drawn out intros and samples. Just raw buzzing guitars, basic mid-paced drumming and black metal style vocals all of which would make HELLHAMMER proud. The crust influence is minimal and the lyrics are vague enough to read more like death metal lyrics than pro-Satan / anti-Christian. (MH)
(Aborted Society)

ORGANIZED SPORTS – "I'm So Proud of Him" LP

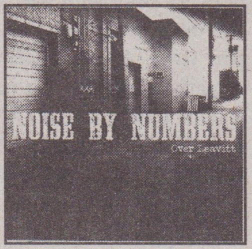
I remember this bands first EP really standing out of the pack and this 12" continues to move in a direction that I can get behind. I love the guitar sound on this recording and everything comes together in the production. The shouted vocals let us know that this singer is frustrated, upset and needs to be left alone. Can you relate? Angry songs for angry times. (MS)
(Bulkhead / HIV Town)

OUTER MINDS – "Give Me a Reason/Bohemian Grove"

Wacky bubblegum garage with farfisa-ish organ blasting merrily over the top. This is like early BANGLES meets the TURTLES, total bubblegum goofoff jams.



NEO
CONS
HARDCORE
ELITE B/W
ALL THE POLICE



nothington
BORROWED TIME

Order of the Vulture

The A-side is a desperate love ode, the B is an exploration of the creepy power moves going on at Bohemian Grove. The kind of thing you would pick up in thrift stores; groups of teenagers who wanted to be the BEATLES but end up somewhere closer to the MONKEES, a sanitized *Nuggets*. The sort of band who would have their own TV show if they were around in 1968. (LG)
(Push My Buttons)

OUT ON A LIMB – "Drowned" LP

OUT ON A LIMB are a German band that play driving post punk. The singer has dry, spoken/sung approach and to me sounds like he has an English accent. In fact the music makes me think of late '70s or early '80s English post-punk. A not-so-arty WIRE or the FALL perhaps with a touch of JOY DIVISION. The guitars have some good melodic leads and interplay. And in fact the last two numbers up the arty-ante a little with these long, slow dirges or by mixing up the dynamics and adding a little vocal effect. Worth checking out. Nice hand screened covers (MD)
(Taken By Surprise)

THE OVENS – "Now It's Over" EP

Finally, the classical rock cretins are writing pop punk songs. So, take basic punky indie rock/pop punk songs, sing over them in a kind of BEATLES / SIMON AND GARFUNKLE sweet melodic way, throw in a solo at the end of every song with BRIAN MAY's guitar tone, and then occasionally do a quiet classical guitar part (ish). Also include hints and undertones of early East Bay pop punk and one song that sounds totally like a DINOSAUR JR song (to me). You hate it, but I love it. Bizarre. I just listened to this 7" three times. (LP)
(Catholic Guilt)

OS PEDRENO – "Pinup Gordinha" CD

Goddamn, I need to start coming here a few days early so I can take all these Brazilian band's CDs to work with me and have my co-workers translate them for me. I can't tell for certain, but I think this is supposed to be offensive in same vein as the NOBODYS or SLOPPY SECONDS. The music itself is pretty basic '90s influenced pop punk that is honestly quite boring. I think this stuff is pretty huge down there, though, so who knows, maybe this is all the rage in Brazil and us Americans are not getting something. (BD
(Läjä)

PANIC BEATS – LP

A concept LP by a one-man band about stalking and raping and possibly killing a woman. The cover features a female figure walking down an alleyway with a man behind her, knife in hand. When asked about why he chose to put out such creepy material, Dale Van Thomme says "I wanted to make something darker than the usual pop punk record." So he was bored by the borderline misogynistic love songs that make up most of the pop punk oeuvre and decided to take it to the extreme and just write an LP about stalking, raping and killing women? Seriously fuck this guy and his shitty vision. I wish douche bags like this would stay outta punk and stick to the sports bars and donut shops where they belong. (LG)
(Night Fighter)

PEST / YENDUBA – split LP

YENDUBA's side is a wild ride that's the musical equivalent of driving through the desert at top speed without having slept the previous night. What we have here is a melding of rudimentary Japanese hardcore, hard rock with noodling, and a tinge of crunchy, math metal, backed by a hypnotic vocalist that sounds disconnected from the music in a J Mascis sort of way. PEST do a bit of hopping around style-wise, but generally play polished bar-ready punk that dabbles in D-beat drumming, melodic hardcore, bar rock, and extended solos, but ultimately isn't anything too attention grabbing. (DG)
(Too Circle)

P.R.O.B.L.E.M.S. – "Cold Cold Rain/The Things I Know" EP

So the members of this group have been in PIERCED ARROWS, POISON IDEA, RESIST, DEFIANCE, DETESTATION, SEVERED HEAD OF STATE and about every band to ever come from Portland but you shouldn't pick up this rad little two-song picture disc because of what these folks have done in the past. P.R.O.B.L.E.M.S. stands on its own merits. The band plays well-crafted hardcore punk with a fast and dirty rock 'n' roll swagger. I'm pretty sure that this band has only released two other EPs of the same format in limited quantities so you might have to fight some collector douchebag for a copy but it is worth it. And no, the "Cold Cold Rain" song is not a DANZIG cover. (BL)
(Doomtown Sounds / Power Blaster)

RANK/XEROX – LP

An urgent, desolate sound that evokes collapsing modernist architecture, awkward photographs and polyester trousers. Post-punk nausea for those that would rather reach for *Soma Holiday* than anything outta Leeds in 1982. This is my favorite local band. Their music is constantly moving, a million parts in action creating a picture that's stark and powerful, and there're only three people in this band—one Australian accent and two American ones. Former members of HC acts BURNING SENSATION and JUMP OFF A BUILDING now making out of place music for desperate listeners. They are excellent live, propulsive energy and power to flatten all dispassionate audiences. I've heard people compare them to ZOUNDS, I think they are more in line with the PROLETARIAT with some MIDDLE CLASS aggro snot additions. At any rate, this LP is a totality of nervous energy and dark movement, it sort of makes me think of the KEBAB song "We Live in a System," that paranoid force. It's hard to write about a band you love sometimes, it's easier to dismiss things than to explain what the secret ingredient is that makes something rule... Listening to this on headphone in a dark review corridor it feels like a transportation device. Lyrics are incisive surgical cuts, evocative and nightmarish constructions. It's stark, dark music with underlying currents, PETER HOOKish basslines and scratched out guitars and the drums are like a more organized PALMOLIVE! For real. If you like skating around town with WARSAW on your headphones, this is your sound. (LG)
(Make a Mess)

RAT COLUMNS – "I Wonder" EP

I understand that RAT COLUMNS is essentially the solo voice of RANK/XEROX's David West, and he is responsible for most of the sounds. These sounds are, quite simply, wonderful. Breathy and uncomfortable '80s new wave not at all unlike JOY DIVISION in its delivery (at least on two of the tracks), but without the abrasive edge and presented in a manner that is sweet rather than scary. SPACEMEN 3 comes to mind on one song, while the second side starts with a minimal and potentially pretentious track that could easily be dismissed as nonsensical clangs and rambles were it not for the mesmerizing crescendo that closes the song. As with many one person 4-track projects, the sound here varies greatly from song to song, giving this the feel of a mix tape as much as a cohesive release, but mostly it feels like it is awesome. I hope that RAT COLUMNS remains a secondary outlet, a repository for sounds not welcome in his other bands, though I can easily imagine these songs taking center stage...I just hope they retain this magic if that happens. (WN)
(SmartGuy)

RAW NERVES – "Burnt Skin" EP

RAW NERVES continue their assault with three new tracks of straight ahead political burly hardcore. I like their no frills approach. This is simply political hardcore. No more, no less. The only curveball they throw is on "S=Klogw" which is the B-Side and much slower. It plods along pummeling you into the ground. They remind me a bit of BURY THE LIVING. Check the interview of the band *MRR* published in the July 2011 issue (#338) and give this band a listen. (MH)
(Inimical)

REALITY SHOW – "A Candle in Hell" EP

Thrashing Finnish hardcore played in the American tradition with hints of crossover hidden inside heavy hardcore riffs. Super pissed, periodic blasting…I'm not trying to be a lazy reviewer here, but it's bare bones hardcore from Finland, it sounds really mad, and the drummer sometimes throws blast beats into otherwise kinda fast songs, so what else am I supposed to say. Oh yeah—it's pretty damn good. I can say that. (WN)
(Raakanaama)

RED DONS – "A Forced Turning Point/Se Foi"

By this point, most of you probably already know and/or love RED DONS. For those of you who don't, this band is comprised of members of the OBSERVERS, CLOROX GIRLS, and BORN DEAD. As for influences, I can hear X and WIPERS the most, and maybe even some MISSION OF BURMA here and there, but not as artsy. Their overall northwest sound brings it all together nicely. Highly recommended. (BD)
(Taken By Surprise)

RESIST CONTROL – "Dissipation" EP

I should really get over this stupid and ancient prejudice I have against Buffalo, that place has been producing some incredible bands lately. If I could have forgiven or forgotten a couple bad tour experiences in that weird town then I might have known about RESIST CONTROL earlier, maybe have their demo or something. This is the kind of powerviolence-y hardcore that gets me in a stagediving mood. And when fat guys start stagediving, you know the band is ripping some new assholes to inspire such a level of don't-give-a-fuck. Imagine WHAT HAPPENS NEXT? and NO COMMENT with a death grind drummer who is a fucking machine and you have an idea of what this band is doing. This shit is off the chain. I'm going to stand up in my chair now and wait until someone walks by that I can Superman on to. (BL)
(Feral Kid / Shock to the System)

SCAPEGOAT – LP

My favorite record ever could realistically be broken down, front-to-back as nothing but bastardized Chuck Berry riffs, and I'm okay with that, because beyond disease, there is nothing more infectious, and which seeps into your psyche and cells like music does, and *nothing* exists in a vacuum. With that in mind, SCAPEGOAT certainly plays on the lineage that their powerfully-violent and grinding hardcore elders paved, but they do so with very much of their own style. You might hear a riff that sounds like some variation of a cop here or there, but show me a record where you don't, and, well, I don't know what I'll do, really. Who cares. The 'GOAT jumps seamlessly between brooding crawls, blasting flashes, and mid-to-fast paced reg'lar old hardcore with nary a misstep, and so much finesse it ain't even funny. This album is perfect in every way. It was also in the works for a long ass time and was *the* album I was most looking forward to in 2011, partly due to how ferocious they were when I saw them last year in JP, so, the simple fact that it is a good and as blazing as it is, makes the anticipation worth every second. (JU)
(Painkiller)

SLATES – "Prairie Fires" LP

A year or so ago, I would have written this off as sappy artsy emo rock without a doubt. Without reading the lyrics, you probably would to. It's part political, part heart-felt honesty without the poetic schmaltz that makes so much of this kind of music cringe inducing. These guys take lessons from the likes of the WEAKERTHANS and MISSION OF BURMA to create something that is rarely done well enough to catch my attention. There are straightforward pop punk parts, but it's the lack of three-chord formula that makes this enjoyable. (BD)
(Handsome Dan)

SOCIAL CIRCKLE – "Expiration Date" EP

Very tight, surgically delivered farewell EP from this relentlessly fast, but catchy and accessible hardcore punk band. This record definitely hones the insistently tasteful hardcore dynamic on their *City Shock* LP. SOCIAL CIRCKLE is a great example of hardcore that flaunts their early '80s influence without becoming annoyingly retro. Their instrument tones and vocals are rather clean and nicely separated. SOCIAL CIRCKLE doesn't rely on muddy guitar tone and poor recording to fool listeners into thinking their tunes are "brutal." The wiry and jagged guitar riffs beneath clear but savage vocals deftly maneuver between crushing speeds, mid-tempo breaks and instrumental segues all within songs that don't exceed one minute thirty seconds. This band is definitely not breaking up for lack of new material or innovation. (SL)
(Side Two)

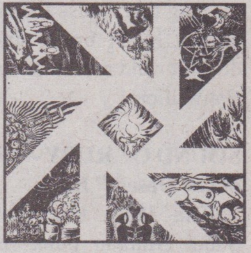
SOKEA PISTE – "Oire" EP

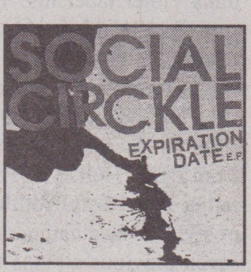
It makes perfect sense that a band this weird comes from one or two of the mad minds behind KYKLOOPPIEN SUKUPUUTTO. Now imagine if they slowed it down quite a bit and added something that to me is more of a brooding "industrial" approach to their hardcore and you end up with whatever the fuck this is. The atmosphere is cold, futuristic, and thick as spent oil, with one unpredictable hook after another, as awkward as it is catchy and an anomaly in a world of anomalies. I liked the LP, which is also reviewed in this issue, quite a bit, but the three songs on this EP kind of elevate SOKEA PISTE to a whole new level, especially the B-side-long, "Imbesilli Jättiläinen," which translates to "Imbicile Giant." Look no further if discord, panic and paranoia, originality, confusing rhythms, and oppressive slower-paced punk with twisting melodies that you have never heard before is what you seek. And I shan't forget to mention that it looks great too. I love this thing. (JU)
(Peterwalkee)

SOKEA PISTE – "Ajatus Karkaa" LP

The crazy and intricate cover illustration does give some indication of what's found on the record. The first side (four songs) is dark and almost free-form, like a kind of spastic oozing which barely holds together. They don't flail—they're reserved yet chaotic. The flip (three tracks) congeals like a slime mold, and I could start to appreciate that the band has some background in ugly, crusty Finnish hardcore à la UNKIND. Going back to the first side, it makes a little more sense, but not much more. This LP does have a lot going on, all the instruments keep busy, and they don't have to play fast to hold my attention.

P.R.O.B.L.E.M.S.
COLD COLD RAIN
THE THINGS I KNOW





THE LAST RESORT
THE OLD FIRM CASUALS

Surrender
1981

Typically I don't play stuff like this much at home, but I'm digging this record. The lyrics are in Finnish, and the English translations reveal the rottenness and alienation prevalent in modern society. (JM)
(Kamaset Levyt / Karkia Mistika / Tuska & Ahdistus)

SOUL SWALLOWER – "Devoured" LP

I just got done reviewing a release featuring the same three Beantown Bums, (that's what people from Boston like you to call it, Beantown), but this has different vibe, well not that different. Dude from THEE RIVAL MOBBE sings, and for the most part it's raging fast hardcore, a few tasty old school death metal riffs thrown in here and there, pretty much what I want to hear more often than not. Actually, quite a few of these riffs could be called death metal but the overall presentation is more CITIZENS ARREST style ballistic thrash shit and then a nice slow paced jammer. Man, I'm digging this, guess I'll have to buy it tomorrow on my lunch break since as usual Painkiller doesn't send reviewer copies. (AH)
(Painkiller)

SOUND OF RUBY – "From Under the Sands of the Desert" EP

The label touts this as the first ever Saudi Arabian punk record. The band calls themselves grunge on their website. I don't think either label fits. The music has a bit of surf style blended with a more '60s jam band quality until they add some distortion. The singer screeches it out on the first song of each side, but then adopts a much more softer vocal style for the other two songs. They seem to go from BUTTHOLE SURFERS to easy listening rather seamlessly. Yet the random combination of styles is fascinating. You can download their seven previous albums through their facebook page too. (CK)
(Tian An Men 89)

STEVE ADAMYK – "Desecrate" EP

Powerpop influenced '77 punk, (or punk influenced '77 power pop depending on your perspective) but with some pop punk (ie SCREECHING WEASEL, the ERGS) leanings. I don't know how exactly to define '77 influenced power pop or '77 influenced punk, but I know it when I hear it. In the same way I'm pretty sure a band like the TRANZMITORS, or STATUES, or EXPLODING HEARTS could fit into that category and this band certainly has some things in common with those bands. A quick internet search reveals that this is 3/4 of the SEDATIVES. Simple but catchy chord progressions laden with melody, and hooks that pull it all together. This is good. (P$)
(Taken By Surprise)

SUFFERING LUNA – LP

It's been about ten years since the last SUFFERING LUNA release but these dudes are still crushing it. You may remember them fondly from their split 7" with DYSTOPIA or maybe you're a powerviolence weirdo but they were an important early force in the LA scene. I like the noise in this recording, it effectively adds to the traditional instruments but isn't overdone like in many other noisy hardcore/ PV bands that I'll leave unnamed. Samples of dialogue and straight up noise parts make it trippy, like really aggressive and negative psych. The guitars are generally on the slower and heavy side with deep voiced vocals delivered in a growling yell, often with some delay or other effects on top for added cave-scream quality. Taken as a whole, this is a gnarly record for the connoisseur, not the bike-jock PMA hipster. It makes me want to take a bunch of drugs and watch a battle set between them and BASTARD NOISE. Then kill people. (BL)
(To Live A Lie)

THESE DAYS – "Merging Bodies" EP

The cover had me thinking emo, with its picture of a forest and hand written titles. This three piece fits into the indie rock vein, or perhaps noise-pop, with mostly jangly guitars and quiet vocals. Makes me think of some of those DC area bands like TSUNAMI or GEEK. To me the drumming seems a little off at times, or maybe it's just too busy for my taste, and the vocals can be a little off key. The backup screaming on one of the songs is nice. A pleasant listen. (MD)
(self-released)

THULSA DOOM – "1998-2000" 10"

A fuggin' THULSA DOOM discography? Now I've seen everything. I guess it's good to see the '90s shitpunk gods a'smiling. From like mid 1996 to early 1999 high school kids were popping off by the hundreds and realizing that they could start bands to open up for all their spikey-mopped-and-crop-topped (anti-) heroes. Heroes whose names and logos they had scrawled in primary-color-paint-marker down the sleeves of their leather jackets and zip-up hoodies. Names like the CASUALTIES, VICE SQUAD, and AUS-ROTTEN, became the impetus for a "boom," of sorts, across suburban (and urban) America—at least in the northeast, where I was—for drunken Mohicans to wear down the heels and toes of their boots, and sprawl their teenage vomit across the car parks and alleyways of Clinton's America. Kids like the UNSEEN, and ANTI-FLAG were among these hordes that would go on to headline—sometimes *over* their heroes—at these gigs. Why certain groups got popular over others will forever be a mystery to me; they all had the same riffs, the same look, the same influences, the same lyrics, and the same drum beat, yet bands like the DREGS, :30 SECONDS OVER TOKYO, DISCO CRISIS, 99% of the bands on the *Runt of the Litter* comps, and THULSA DOOM, will forever revel in obscurity and left to die in the hearts of the regionally loyal. Until spinning this 10", I forgot all about the additional influence that Two-Tone and ska / ska-punk had in all this too, since every one of these bands had to have at least one ska number / ska part. This record is a great nostalgia trip for me and surprisingly sounds better to these ears than a lot of what's happening now even though it couldn't be any more cheesy, and absolutely of a time-and-place thing, but if any of the bands I mentioned pique your interest, this platter is worth your time. (JU)
(Sit & Spin)

TRENCH ROT – "Back On Top" EP

Debut EP from this new SoCal band featuring folks from TIPPER'S GORE. I usually don't like playing the ex-members game, but the songwriting approach is definitely similar here. Heavily influenced by catchy early '80s American hardcore bands with some Scandinavian elements present as well; namely the drum parts and leads that pop up occasionally. The songs "Empty Room" and "Nothing Left" sound like they were written after listening to *Damaged* repeatedly, but the tracks on the B-side are more D-beat influenced. This is one of those "good" records that doesn't really stand out in any particular way; the word that keeps coming to mind is "competent." These guys know how to write memorable songs and though this isn't a modern classic by any means, it's certainly enjoyable. (KM)
(Do Some Harm)

UK SUBS – "Complete Punk Singles Collection" CD

Two things stand out from this retrospective from the legendary punkers. Firstly, Charlie Harper, the "granddad" of punk (the man was already thirty or so when punk came along, and was an R'n'B man at heart) sure has gone through a lot of band members. Secondly, and perhaps crucially, while Mr Harper was (and is, still, today) the motif of the SUBS, it's always been guitarist Nicky Garratt that has provided the heart, and soul, not to mention the engine, of said legends. Not only did he arrange, and produce their first five classic full-lengths (and was the architect of the classic line-up resurrection twenty years later), but he also wrote many of their best songs. Unfortunately, you won't find said Garratt classics in this box set, as it only features the title track of each single. Not the B-sides, or rest of the tracks on the EPs. So classics like "Rockers," "World War" or "New York State Police" are sadly absent. And frankly, much of the non-Garratt material showcased here is shoddy, at best... On the plus side, many of the greats are here.

And it is a nifty wee box set, complete with some great liner notes. I'd have preferred the B-sides on a third disc to the UK SUBS coaster included, but I guess you can't have everything. Between them, Captain Oi! and Nicky Garratt's own New Red Archives do have the best LPs still available, so there's no excuse really for not tracking them all down. Failing that, you could do a lot worse than this. (RK)
(Captain Oi!)

UK SUBS – "Complete Punk Singles Collection" CD Box Set

Asking me to review a UK SUBS singles collection is like asking me to review "Never Mind The Bollocks." A band I've probably seen fifteen times, these guys are the RAMONES of Brit punk by sticking to their sound after all these years and decades. This double disc comes in a nifty little box with a coaster and a booklet to boot. Although this only includes the A-sides, this does go all the way up to the present. Classic and a good place to start for SUBS newbies. (RL)
(Captain Oi)

UNIT SIX – "Infection" EP

This is a bit of a head-scratcher, and not in a good way. The first song sounds like DEFIANCE, or some shitty band of that ilk; a fast punxxx song with super-clean production. The other three tracks are really sugary oi influenced pop-punk. It's sort of like THE BRIGGS but without any balls. Teenagers with full-sleeves their parents paid for who wear fedoras might like this fucking garbage, but it makes me cringe. (KM)
(Oi! the Boat/This is Not Dead)

UNRULED – "Time is Running Out" EP

Like most punks of high school age in the mid '80s I idolized bands like G.B.H. and DISCHARGE. The sounds and images found on British punk hardcore at that time were a mental escape from the horrendous shithole urban sprawl society many American and Canadian teenagers found themselves stuck in. British punk was almost like a fantasy realm; somewhere out there across the Atlantic there were these fucking punks that went the extra step in their way of dress and their commentary on politics and society. The culture it reflected was inspiring and indelibly helped shape many people's worldview. Of course lots of North American bands of similarly influenced punks soon popped up sporting liberty spikes, studs and acne; and of course, unapologetic British accents. Some of those groups were pretty fucking good, though, like PHLEGM from Maryland and the UNRULED from Montreal. Unlike most bands that are influenced by DISCHARGE, these guys seem to capture the earlier punkish sound like the *Realities of War* EP rather than the later, heavier era. They could also make the claim that they were worshipping at the DISCHARGE altar way before the armies of clone bands that would come a few years later. Three of the tracks on this EP are from the original 1984 release, while a fourth track seems to be a demo from the same sessions. UNRULED might not exactly deliver the original jams or anything, but fucking the tunes are killer Clay Records-style punk all the way through and totally worth checking out. (BG)
(Schizophrenic)

VIOLENT ARREST – "Tooth And Nail" LP

The whole package makes me think of OUT COLD. The band plays straight-ahead, simple, fast hardcore and they have a well-balanced, tough recording. These dudes are veterans and so know to put ten songs on a 12" 45rpm and be done with it. The lyrics are angry and attack this rotten system. Not mandatory, but a cool sound and some particularly raging moments. The JAGS cover is well done too. (JM)
(Boss Tunage / Tadpole / Farewell)

WANTON THOUGHT – CD

Inspired typically by the likes of DAG NASTY's first couple of records, *You* era GOVERNMENT ISSUE and the DESCENDENTS, the late '80s/early '90s showed a real flowering/renaissance of what became to be known as melodic hardcore in the UK. Early protagonists were the INSTIGATORS, and the STUPIDS and it probably reached its peak with SNUFF. A bunch of other bands followed, of course, many of them so so, such as HDQ (though HDQ axe-hero Dickie Hammond went onto co-found the mighty LEATHERFACE, so we forgive him such transgressions). WANTON THOUGHT were one such lesser light, only producing one 7" in their brief time giving it a melodic welly. Those tracks, along with a couple of compilation appearances, and their second demo (from 1989) are all on the ten tracks captured here. Certainly, fans of that speedy, melodic hardcore stuff won't be disappointed. Hardly mandatory, but a great slice of UK musical punk history nevertheless. When you need to get into the vaults, Boss Tuneage will take you there! (RK)
(Boss Tuneage)

WASTE MANAGEMENT – "Power Abuse" EP

If you've been following WASTE MANAGEMENT the last couple years, you should know what to expect: classic old Boston hardcore worship along the lines of X-Claim! records and the like. There are a few modern flourishes thrown in here and there, but mostly this is stripped down hardcore with ultra fast NEGATIVE FX beats and tough dance parts (it doesn't hurt that the singer, Craig, also happens to sound an awful lot like SSD's Springa). Aside from the cover (which I'm sorry to say is worse than the most atrocious Sean Taggart/CRUMBSUCKERS/AGNOSTIC FRONT "Cause for Alarm" rip-off you could dream up), this is a slamming record start to finish. Don't miss out. (JH)
(Painkiller)

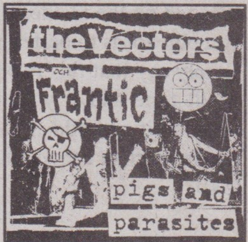
WEIRD PARTY – "Honey Slides/Sarah Palin"

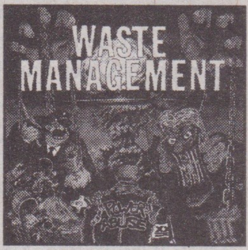
If you are going to use "weird" in your band name, you really need to lay it on the line. There should be no fooling around. Put up or shut up. Then when you add to that writing a song about Sarah Palin, well what are you waiting for? Let me have it. Unfortunately, WEIRD PARTY is relatively reserved. "Honey Slides" is a rockabilly-ish tune with pounding drums and thumping bass. "Sarah Palin" is more straightforward rock with a few rockabilly tinges, but lyrically the song could really be about any person. (CK)
(Sex & Death)

WHITE WHALE – "Widow's Peak/Rats in the Snow"

Aggro-punk attack featuring some of Buffalo NY's HC luminaries. Snotty and swaggering punk with hooks and

UNIT SIX
infection





WHITE WHALE

SINGLES & EPS
ZOUNDS
1980–1984

turns that bring to mind the venom and power of the HOT SNAKES but also the SPITS. Also reminiscent of "She Won't Know" classic era MARKED MEN, but it's got a total FU air about it, totally aggressive and dark rather than celebratory. If any of the above appeals grab this shit… (LG)
(Big Neck)

YOUNG IDENTITIES – "New Trends" EP

This has got to be one of the greatest Australian punk records of all time. The title track is perfection. The snotty lead vocal and the aggro back-ups and hand claps with the trashed out guitars and crashing drums all equal what punk is and shall always be. Throwaway and eternal! It's about time someone reissued this, get off the KBD blogs and onto my turntable! Every song on this record is essential and must be listened to fifty times a day as part of your duty to punk rock. I am gonna start a band called "Instant Feelings," and get all the lyrics tattooed on the insides of my eyelids. How can you put words to perfection? You can't so I will simply say that this is one of the best punk 45s of all time and if you don't make use of this opportunity to add it to your line up you are worse off than I thought. (LG)
(540)

ZOUNDS – "The Curse Of Zounds" LP

Broken Rekids bring us a deluxe vinyl reissue of one of the finest records to come out of the early Anarcho scene. Aiming their barbed, political yet personal attacks on complacency and rigid lock-step thinking, ZOUNDS wielded the weapons of staccato, spindly guitars, sparse arrangements, and catchy melodies. The band's "hits" "Subvert" and (debut single) "Can't Cheat Karma" are some of the best songs to come out of the early (77-82) UK punk explosion. If you're reading this, you probably know them and in all likelihood own them. But if not, here's your chance to own this on vinyl (for the first time since its original release). A classic record that still sounds fresh and relevant. They were singing about war in Afghanistan in 1981! Act now. (AM)
(Broken Rekids)

ZOUNDS – "The Redemption of the Zounds" LP

I was stoked when I saw that not only had Broken Rekids reissued the *Curse*… album, but also a box set of all the singles. Let's face it, the ZOUNDS are arguably among the top five anarcho peacepunk bands that ever existed. They were intelligent and original. They stretched the boundaries of what punk could sound like, incorporating moody new wave and post punk elements into bitter political punk standards that slightly set them apart from contemporaries like CRASS and the MOB. But what's this other album in the stack? No fucking way, a new ZOUNDS album! Immediately the passions of excitement and trepidation begin to battle it out in my head. I can't wait to hear it but I was I'm afraid of getting let down. Seriously, there's nothing more heartbreaking than bands that exist in my canon of perfection coming back to taint their image. I'm not really blown away on the first spin. Yes, the distinct voice and lyrical wit of Steve Lake are there and the songs are catchy and diverse, but it doesn't captivate me immediately; I not feeling the magic I was hoping for. Two days later I'm listening to it again and having a whole new experience. This time I notice a sort of early PSYCHEDELIC FURS sound in the tunes and the magic I was seeking begins to return. For all intents and purposes it sounds like the ZOUNDS, but just with a faintly different approach. Now that I think of it, I didn't like the original releases that much when I first heard them because they weren't "hardcore" enough for my narrow minded teenage sensibilities. It took some time to realize what I fool I was. I hope this new album does the same trick. Definitely pick up the *Curse*… album first if you're unfamiliar with the band (a record all sensible punks should have), but everyone else needs to check out this new release. You won't be let down…just give it time to grow. (BG)
(Broken Rekids)

V/A – "Brutal Supremacy" 2 x 7"

This is a great comp. I know that *This Comp Kills Fascists* series was supposed to be sort of a modern day version classics like *Cry Now, Cry Later, Reality, Left Back Let Down* etc… but they kind of blew it, this though is the shit. IRON LUNG deliver three songs of their usual greatness which after this many releases, doesn't really require a comparison, they are their doing their own thing, although the first track keeps remind me of the song "Night Stalker" by IMPACT UNIT. The four MIND ERASER tracks are fucking killer I don't think Justin is singing on every track, and it adds some nice variety. Seriously, crushing shit by these dudes, once again you should know the drill by now. Up next is HATRED SURGE, who I was kind of burning out on, but fuckin' A this is great, Rahi from INSECT WARFARE is singing with them now as opposed to Faiza, and it sounds a million times better. I still miss the DESPISE YOU worship from the early days, but this is so heavy, and yes, brutal that it doesn't really matter any more. SCAPEGOAT sound like CROSSED OUT, but I mean they really do, it has the same aggro unhinged feeling the San Diego stoners had, that so many bands try for and fail. Each band has their own page in the layout, and there is just a real attention to detail and putting out a complete product with some fucking pride behind it that is so lacking in most releases, let alone comps these days. A job well done. (AH)
(Painkiller)

V/A – "Conspiração Ao Contrário" CD

A Brazilian comp featuring the bands VELHO, HOMEM ELEFANTE, OS ESTUDANTES, RENEGADES OF PUNK and ORNITORRINCOS. This is a good comp! The music is sort of all over, but it's all punk on the melodic side. VELHO sounds like a mix of later Danish punk with OBSERVERS influence. HOMEM ELEFANTE has some MINUTE MEN in these tracks with a harder edge. These OS ESTUDANTES songs are some straight punk with a touch of melody and rock'n'roll. Tough sounding female fronted RENEGADES OF PUNK are similar to VELHO in sound with some really catchy guitar leads and more singing than yelling. ORNITORRINCOS both sound a bit surfy with some interesting guitar leads and a DEFECT DEFECT sound. The booklet has a spread dedicated to each band with lyrics and artwork. Overall, it's a strong comp and if you are into any of the comparable bands, you should check it out! (MB)
(Läjä / Oxenti / Xaninho / Punch Drunk / Eighth Day / Rock Mutante)

V/A – "Ex-Yu Rocknroll Bastards!!!" LP

So this is an LP compilation of bands from all across the former Yugoslavia territories. Less than twenty years ago this region was devastated by some horrendous violence as the nation splintered into numerous smaller independent countries. The conflict pushed neighbors and friends against each other and cultivated some truly unspeakable atrocities. Which is what makes a compilation like this genuinely meaningful. Emotions run deep in the former Yugoslavia, and this is a compilation of unity. Musically, the compilation is all over the place. They all play a form of rock'n'roll, but that's where the similarities end. A few numbers on here are punk, one or two does the rockabilly thing, but most stumble into hard rock territory. It's a good glimpse of what the underground rock scene is like out there. Memorable standouts include CONCRETE WORMS, HITCHCOCK and NO RULES. And the band PSYCHOSONIC BORIS AND HOSENFEFER is so goddamn Slavic it hurts. Oh, and according to the liner notes "Otto Corporal Cutt-Butt" plays guitar for MUSKAT HAMBURG. And yes, he does indeed shred. (FS)
(Subkulturni Azil Maribor)

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Bombay Cove: www.bombaycove.com, www.myspace.com/bombaycove
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Doomtown Sounds: kellymotxo@hotmail.com
Do Some Harm: dosomeharm@gmail.com
Drone Throne: dronethrone.bandcamp.com, www.facebook.com/dronethrone
Elephant Skin: c/o Michel Mirkowski, ut.Olimpijska 3/29, 05-600, Grójec, POLAND, elephantskinrecords.com, elephantskinrecords@gmail.com
Envision: 959 Ritchie Dr., Halifax, NS, B3H 3P4, CANADA, youthcrew@gmail.com, facebook.com/xenvisionx
Fan Death: www.fandeathrecords.com
Farewell: www.punkdistro.de
Fashionable Idiots: 2400 Harriet Ave S. #113, Minneapolis, MN 55405, www.fashionableidiots.com
Fat Wreck Chords: www.fatwreck.com
Feral Kid: 27 Ripley Place, Buffalo, NY 14213
The Final Countdown: thefinalcountdown@gmail.com
Flannel Girl: PO Box 2483 Christianburg, VA 24068
Folktale: www.folktalerecords.com
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Frantic City: www.franticcity.free.fr
Give Praise: www.givepraiserecords.com
Global Market Extras: www.reverbnation.com/animaltrain
Halo of Flies: www.haloofliesrecords.com
Handsome Dan: 3244 31a Avenue SE Calgary, AB T2B 0H9 CANADA, www.handsomedanrecords.com
Hardcore Survives: hcsurvives.exblog.jp
Hillside Strangler: www.soloespunksiyolodigo.com/hillside
Hozac: www.hozacrecords.com
Inimical: PO Box 2803, Seattle, WA 98111
Jump Start: PO Box 1469, Southampton, PA 18966, www.jumpstartrecords.com
Kamaset Levyt: Iisakiftie 18, 37560 Lempaala, FINLAND, www.punkinfinland.net/kamanen
Karkia Mistika: Jyrki Laiho, Harjunpaankatu 5 C 42, 28100 Pori, FINLAND, www.hahmot.net/karkiamistika
Katorga Works: katorgaworks.bigcartel.com
Kung Pao Chicken Pickin': jjandtherealjerks.blogspot.com
Läjä: Caixa postal 25519,Vila Velha/ES CEP 29102-973, BRAZIL www.laja.com.br
Last Laugh: 313 President St. #2, Brooklyn, NY 11231 www.lastlaughrecords.us
Low Budget Productions: Devastation.dvt09@gmail.com
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Orifice Dorm: knifeyspoonyband.blogspot.com
Painkiller: www.painkillerrecords.com
Pass Judgment: passjudgementrecords.com
Peterwalkee: www.peterwalkeerecords.com
Phobia: www.phobiarecords.net
Photobooth: 1819 Sunnyside Lane, Baltimore, MD 21221
Pisces: piscesrecords.com
Power Blaster: powerblasterrecords.com
Protagonist Music: PO Box 64574 Tucson, AZ 85728
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Push My Buttons: www.pushmybuttons.se
Raakanaama: www.raakanaama.fi
Raw: www.portalsmd.com.br, ameacacigana@gmail.com
Red Scare: www.redscare.net
Refuse: PO Box 7, 02-792 Warszawa 79, POLAND, refuserecords.prv.pl, refuserecords@gmail.com
Ride the Snake: www.ridethesnake.com
Rock Mutante: myspace.com/rockmutante
RSR: www.myspace.com/rsrec
Schizophrenic: www.schizophrenicrex.com
(SD)F: bigcrux.bandcamp.com
Setiembreonce: myspace.com/setiembreonce
Sex & Death: theweirdparty.tumblr.com
Shock to the System: shocktothesystemrecs.com
Sik: www.sikrecords.se
Sit & Spin: PO Box 31402, Philadelphia, PA 19146, sitandspinrecords.blogspot.com, sitandspin@gmail.com
SmartGuy: 3288 21st Street #32, San Francisco, CA 94110, www.smartguyrecords.com
SRA: srarecords.bandcamp.com
Stonehenge: B.P. 30005, 33037 Bordeaux Cedex, FRANCE, www.stonehengerecords.com
Subkulturni Azil Maribor: Cesta K TAM-u 12, 2000 Maribor SLOVENIJA, www.ljudmila.org/subkulturni-azil/, zalozbaplosc@gmail.com
Suburban White Trash: www.suburbanwhitetrashrecords.com
Tadpole: www.tadpolerecords.blogspot.com
Taken by Surprise: c/o Michael Krenner Landsberger Str. 3 80339, Munchen, GERMANY, www.takenbysurprise.com
Tenderloin: www.tenderloinrecords.com
These Days: thesedaysbrookyln@gmail.com
This is Not Dead: www.unitsixmusic.com
Tian An Men 89: www.tam89records.com
To Live a Lie: www.tolivealie.com
Too Circle: 221-3 Hihome kodaira 510 Nakamachi Kodaira-city, Tokyo #187-0042, JAPAN, toocir@xd5.so-net.ne.jp
Tornado Ride: Vicolo Caselline 19, 41100 Modena, ITALY, www.myspace.com/tornadoriderecords
Tuska & Ahdistus: Kannaksenkatu 6 as. 7, 33250 Tampere, FINLAND, www.elisanet.fi/tuskajaahdistus
Upset the Rhythm: www.upsettherhythmn.co.uk
Voltage: wwww.voltage-shop.com
Waterslide: www.watersliderecords.com
Water Under the Bridge: www..waterunderthebridgerecords.com
Weird: www.weird.com.br
Zum: www.zumonline.com

DEMOS

Send demos and CD-Rs to: MRR attn: Demos, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146. Please provide a postpaid price and a mailing address with your demo! Reviews by Robert Collins, Layla Gibbon, Dan Goetz, Samual Lefebvre, Langford Poh and Alex Ratcharge

AGATHA – Modern hardcore from Seattle, pissed off yet melodic 'n intense, featuring (mostly) female vocals that are yelled rather than screamed (thanks for that) in a way that brings to my mind a lot o' bands I'll have to admit I'm not too familiar with, so I'll just say it evokes slogans like "the personal is political", words like "passion" or "revolution", and they probably are into a bunch of really serious '90s bands on Ebullition. The songs are well-crafted, well-recorded, and the whole thing is gonna be released later on a 12". I don't miss *HeartattaCk* magazine, but those who do will most likely enjoy this. (Alex) (6-song cassette, lyrics included, 3319 17th Ave, Seattle WA 98144)

THE ANIMALISTICS – Manic three chord hardcore punk. There is absolutely nothing here that strays from the tried and true punk formula, and everything is very by-the-numbers, but still these tunes are fukkn good, and the execution has enough of that indefinable something to hold my interest. Perhaps it's just simply that punk is good, but it might be that this is simply good punk. (Robert) (6 song CD-R, no lyrics, theanimalistics@hotmail.com)

APPALACHIAN AUTONOMOUS ZONE – Weird rock stuff that I wouldn't call exclusively anything. It starts off as electro inflected shit punk, and slid from there into noise. Like they all got really stoned and then couldn't hold together the songs. Normally, these would be positive descriptors, but this is just not that engaging. They seem bored. (Langford) (15-song CD-R, lyrics included, no contact info [Roanoke, VA])

ART INSTITUTE – This tape claims to contain live recordings from 1976/77, though I'm inclined to believe that ART INSTITUTE are a current punk rock 'n roll band from Houston. Mature and adult sounding punk rock, taking cues from early DEVO and THE KNACK, with as much influence drawn from '70s rock as from punk. This is your dad's punk band, and these songs were indeed recorded live. (Robert) (9-song cassette, no lyrics, artinstitute.bandcamp.com)

AVITACION 101 – Great female fronted emotional crust from Uruguay. A lot of the melody that made early '00s European shit so powerful (and I'm talking mostly Germany here; AKEPHAL, ZEROID, ABC DIABOLO...though CONTROPOTERE comes to mind as well) is present on this tape, and those soaring guitars compliment the intensity of the vocals - vocals that sound more than a little bit like one of our coordinators here at *MRR*. Powerful stuff from really far away. (Robert) (8-song cassette, lyrics included, distroyrecords@hotmail.com, catalinarecords@hotmail.com, myspace.com/xavitacion101x)

BEARDAGE – From start to finish, this listens like a bunch of, yes, beardos that gradually go from a state of depression and being bored out of their skulls to an alcohol-induced state of rowdy pacification that makes things OK for at least a little while, until an overwhelming feeling of what seems like hopelessness takes over at the very end. Musically, this sounds like the band's own take on early BLACK FLAG and the CIRCLE JERKS via the frigidity and darkness of Buffalo, fronted by some beardo that sounds like he was imported from the No Idea roster and magically (drunkenly) given the ability to belt out some raging venom. Throw in frequent gang vocals that have a "we're not in this alone" [editor: this is a quote, not a YOUTH OF TODAY album title in this case] feeling of camaraderie to them (take that, New York via Danbury!), what sounds like a loosely-strung bass that makes for a cool sound, and plenty of gloomy leads to set the mood, and Buffalo has another winner. If they haven't already, I expect that this band will do a record that won't disappoint. (Dan) (8-song CD, no lyrics included, beardage.bandcamp.com, beardageband@gmail.com)

BEDWETTER – Chaotic and brutally heavy grinding Southern hardcore. I would throw in the word 'emo,' but only if you use it in the context of early so-called emoviolence bands like IN/HUMANITY and END OF THE CENTURY PARTY, which is to say that this is brutal and uncompromising hardcore, but with a weird and introspective bent. Devastating and odd can be a perfect combination. (Robert) (9 song CD-R, lyrics included, myspace.com/areyouabedwetter)

BOO FROG – This is a seriously awesome tape of some slightly, dark, road trip-ready garage rock that likely draws from the SEEDS, DEAD MOON (in music and definitely in spirit), and the ballads that Columbia Records mandated that Iggy include on *Raw Power*, among others, with everyone in the band taking turns doing lead vocals on different songs. I could do without certain slower and sappier songs on the second side, but these are easily skipped, and don't take away from the greatness of the first side. This was recorded at the Satyricon in Portland, and is a good example of how to do a live album right, with a good mix of songs, a great sound board recording, and in this case, banter that is modest and minimal. (Dan) (10-song cassette, no lyrics included, boofrogrock.com)

BRAINWAVES – Killer gassed in the garage punker blow yer brains out core. Sorta in the same vein as earlier SHITTY LIMITS, with a little *First Four Years* flavor, this is fucking great. Franca's vocals are so fucking rad, total shouty vicious appeal, over the best in urgent destructive guitar attack... This band is *insanely* good. Deceptively simple jams, super catchy and classic. It's hard to do something like this and it not sound like a pastiche, like a Xerox of a good idea from 1981. BRAINWAVES make it seem effortless. I would have loved to see this band live, but they are I think done as a band? Not sure! They are Australians and have a sick 7" too, which as soon as I heard I wrote the band, and got this tape. You should do your part and act in a similar fashion... (Layla) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, brainwavespunk.tumblr.com)

CINEMA, CINEMA – This disc comes with a promo sheet talking about how this guitar/drums duo is the noisiest and most innovative thing to hit rock since Thurston Moore first spilled seed onto an active pickup, and a list of previous reviews that seem to back up that claim. Too bad they included the CD-R in the package, or I might have been intrigued. CINEMA, CINEMA play perfectly typical '90s college rock, influenced by SONIC YOUTH, NIRVANA and the like. True, some of the noisy parts are pretty good, but the lack of low end is glaring when "Pleased To Meet You, Anesthesia" starts to rock, and the quiet bridge that follows is about as exciting as long lost EUGENIUS demos (read: not even remotely exciting). Just a three song teaser to get me all charged up for their next release, perhaps the inclusion of a fluffer would have helped? (Robert) (3-song CD-R, no lyrics, www.cinemacinemaband.com)

COMPREHEND – If this EP was recorded on an 8-track cassette recorder it could have easily been a Mystic Super Seven record from the mid-'80s. It has the straight-ahead skate-punk mentality that characterized Nardcore bands as well as the crossover inspired guitar solos and noodling found on records by the GRIM, the FREEZE and DR. KNOW, amongst others. Evidently, this is their first recording in ten years although I could not seem to find any information on them prior to this reformation. The vocals sound classic and the guitar tone is tastefully raw, finding that elusive middle ground between sterility and a-tonality. I cannot find out whether or not they have material recorded prior to this but I will now seek it out with a vengeance. I strongly recommend this EP to those who dig the Doug Moody School of Southern California punk. (Samuel) (5-song CD-R, no lyrics included, comprhehendmusic@gmail.com)

CONTAGIUM – Brutal, metallic, evil 'n desperate sounding crustcore from Nova Scotia, Canada. Faster and more straight-forward overall than, say, HELLSHOCK, but still includes plenty of apocalyptic mosh-parts to get the kids jumpin'n'pukin' in the pit, oblivious to the fact that the cops are tryin' to destroy the door of the house. Who cares? By the time they come in, CONTAGIUM will be done playing. Reverb on the vocals and chaotic drum parts are nice additions, and the production is perfect for the style, clean enough, dirty enough. If you'd rather start the day with a cold bottle of cider than a hot shower, this is for you. (Alex) (7-song cassette, lyrics included, contagiumcrust.blogspot.com)

THE DEAD – Melodic Scandinavian punk (in sound and geographic origin) in the vein of GORILLA ANGREB and MASSHYSTERI, mixed with liberal dashes of (French) pop-punk. I wish it was a little more the former than the latter, but there are still lots of sweeping vocal hooks to keep me bopping. (Langford) (10-song CD-R, lyrics included, thedeadosd@gmail.com, thedeadband.blogspot.com)

DEAD MAN – Slow and sludgey modern hardcore. Touches of that noisy shit the kids love. When the double bass pedal kicks in, there's a definite black metal feel. Then, at the end of the tape, we are treated to an ambient noise piece composed by the bassist. The singer has both a raspy scream and gravel guttural growl. The cool thing is that the two styles aren't different enough to make me think that there's two singers, just one dude who can use his voice well. Yo, Mark McCoy, if you're reading this, you should probably send these guys like five bucks and then offer to put out their record in a small run so you can wholesale it for like $15. I'm just sayin'. (Langford) (4-song cassette, lyrics included, 2847 West St. Oakland, CA 94608, deadmanoakland.bandcamp.com)

DECREPIT YOUTH – A promo sheet instead of an actual CD cover? I will give your disc the attention that you apparently feel it deserves. Three chord, three minute street punk songs that outstay their welcome by about two and a half minutes each. Tracks like "Implants And Tramp Stamps" convince me that they live in a world far removed from mine, and the singer seems to have an early Danzig fetish. (Robert) (11-song CD-R, no lyrics, decrepityouithnj@hotmail.com)

DENNIS MOST & THE INSTIGATORS – Sometimes this sounds more like rejected theme songs for Saturday morning superhero cartoons, other times it sounds like someone tried to mix MOTÖRHEAD with *Too Tough To Die*. The latter would not be inherently horrible, but it definitely is here. (Dan) (7-song CD, no lyrics included, PO Box 1124, Westfield, MA 01086, dennis-dennismost@comcast.net

ETHICAL DEBATING SOCIETY – This is like a mash up of CRASS, RED MONKEY, FUGAZI and um HUGGY BEAR!? Shouty aggro punk, rad male/female vocal interplay with guitar parts that remind me of FUGAZI dynamics, and even more like later HUGGY BEAR, *Weaponry Listens to Love* era. Really good exuberant and savage sounds from the UK with an urgent attack. Seriously, if you are into semi-anarcho punk infused grrrl jams with sorta hardcore inflections this is gonna be your new soundtrack. They remind me of RED MONKEY with less of the herky jerk, the vocal standoffs between the male and female singers are super HUGGY BEAR stylee, and at any rate, this rules and I bet they also rule live (Layla) (6-song CD-R, no lyrics, www.myspace.com/ethicaldebating)

THE EX-BOOGEYMEN – An attempt at CRAMPS/IGGY POP induced shock rock that actually sounds more like college redneck garage rock. This is not a bad thing, and the best songs ("Fuck The Sun") are the slower, mellower numbers that sound like dark pop rejects, departing from their apparent desire to be wild and crazy. (13-song CD-R, no lyrics, theexboogeymen@gmail.com)

FOUL CRUX – If you need some raging feminist hardcore songs about dismantling the patriarchy, the male gaze, demanding that rapists be held accountable for their acts in a sick victim blaming culture... then this is your jam! So good, totally fierce no apologies FU sounds for punks who want more outta life than complacent message board bro mentalities. Really rad, just guitar and drums I think?! If you dug RED THREAD or CARNAL KNOWLEDGE and want more this is the answer. Comes with a really cool fold out lyric sheet. (Layla) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, foulcrux@gmail.com)

FATHOMS – Musically, I applaud this Reno outfit. Straightedge fastcore with great breakdowns and primitive mosh friendly mid tempo action. Lyrics assailing the most obvious (but most necessary) target is society and in punk, FATHOMS rip through eight smart hardcore anthems-to-be (the short but sweet straight punk beat in "Push/Pull" is the best bit on any demo I've heard all month, and the line "I'm far to young to be this bitter / I'm far too young to be alone" takes the lyrical cake as well). These kids are going to go on to greatness (unless they drop out of punk, which I hope they do not), but I really wish they had made a cover for their demo, because the product they are hawking is a soulless CD-R packed with heartfelt (and killer) music. (Robert) (8-song CD-R, lyrics included, $1 ppd % PO Box 41266, Reno, NV 89504, myspace.com/fathoms)

GRETSKI – Excellent fast hardcore from Florida. For fans of Thrash2K and West Coast shits, heavy on the blast beats and nailing it on the breakdowns. Good shit, but unfortunately the band has called it quits, so get your taste before these tunes slip away. (Robert) (9-song cassette, no lyrics, myspace.com/gretskifl)

HOUNDS OF HATE – From the name of the band to the hate-filled lyrics I was hoping this to be some seriously damaged dark straight edge HC but instead I'm just getting clean-sounding, kinda melodic, safe 'n generic HC that has spent too much time getting a "good" sound and not enough destroying their guitars or findin' ways to make their music at least as menacing as lyrics like "Bend my trust until it breaks, won't face your fears you seal your fate." Bummer. (Alex) (6-song cassette, lyrics included, hounds.of.hate.bdse@gmail.com)

HYSTERESE – This is a weird one to nail down - the multiple vocals and general sound remind me of '90s US emotional hardcore, but the driving beat and apparent attitude are beer soaked SPITS or SOVIETTES styled garage punk. The combination is confusing, but the result is glorious. (Robert) (4-song cassette, lyrics included, yakuzzi.blogspot.com, hysteresepunk.blogspot.com)

HYSTERICS – This is one of the reasons Olympia is so on fire right now. This band is great. I got this tape on their West Coast summer tour, and I think by now it's probably a 7" you can pick up on M'Ladys records... A sick all girl hardcore band in the tradition of the WRECKS maybe, but these girls are more into the first AGNOSTIC FRONT record musically than anything SPITBOY put out so don't let the all girl hardcore band idea blow your sexist brains out... Yeah this is raging with sick breakdowns, barked out viciousness in the vocal department, full sounding yet rudimentary hardcore. Timeless, classic destruction. (Layla) (6-song cassette, no lyrics, hystericsoly@gmail.com)

LAST CHAOS – The kind of raging mayhem you would expect from a band named after a CROW song, LAST CHAOS rip through five tracks of metallic, no bullshit, Japanese influenced hardcore with reverbed vocals and bullet belts cranked high in the mix—at least in spirit. From Australia, these kids share members with the equally awesome TEARGAS, and you can take that band as a reference, though LAST CHAOS are more raw and stripped down. This shit fukkn rules. (Robert) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, nuclearblood@hotmail.com)

LAZARUS TAXA – Starting with a hoarse scream and a burst of low end sound that instantly perked my ears, LAZARUS TAXA explode with the manifestation of years spent with the greats. Influences are worn proudly here, but this is no recreation of downtuned crust of days gone by - these songs are relevant and crushing. Hours clearly went into crafting these songs, and they dart from disjointed breakdowns to sparse emotional interludes…but always quickly return to the tonnage and fury that made them so appealing in the first place. This is high quality stuff, fans of Euro crust rejoice: your new favorite band has arrived. Actually, this recording arrived in 2009 but has just been put to cassette by some friendly French Canadians, and maybe they can't be called Euro crust if they are from Michigan? I'm not sure. (Robert) (7-song cassette, lyrics included, deordre.ordonne@hotmail.com)

LIVING IN HELL – Tracks from their upcoming *Portões* EP, this CD-R is a great teaser from a new band made up of members from GRITOS DE ALERTA and UNIDOS PELO ODIO, though I think this release crushes the already great output from both of those bands. A relentless crushing hardcore assault, these four tracks are devastating and fantastic—gutteral vocals drive heavy metallic crust that nods in the direction of current European rippers while honoring the legacy of hardcore from their home country of Brasil. Sporadic Scandi-leads and a constantly driving pace, breaks exactly where they belong and vocals ripped from the bowels of Japanese hardcore—this is fukkn awesome. (Robert) (4-song CD-R, no lyrics, lih@terroten.com)

LUBE – Snarky and irreverent garage punk with the distortion know turned up to ten and the attitude blasted to "I-Don't-Give-A-Fuck." There are tunes buried in this wash of white sound, but they mostly peek their head out while the guitar takes a lead here and there. Still these songs are packed with hooks, you just have to use your ears to find them. FUNCTIONAL BLACKOUTS (but slower) in approach, DISCLOSE in their delivery. (Robert) (4-song cassette, lyrics included, free % lubesemailaddress@gmail.com)

MACHETTEZ – Mid tempo bar punk - somewhere between NASHVILLE PUSSY and DANZIG. (Robert) (5-song CD-R, no lyrics, www.machettez.com)

THE MANUAL AND THE MACHINE – This comes packaged in a home-made patch featuring a lot o' bones and also comes with an insert that has a pictures of a desolate suburban looking wasteland with a spraypainting that says "A good scab is a dead scab." The music pretty much sounds like that picture – industrial drum-machine driven slow jams with swampy guitars and plenty o' weird sound effects fucking with your brain while the vocals are reciting poetic lyrics that I don't really understand even though they're written on the insert. I mean I understand the words but fuck me if I know what they're trying to say… Probably something bleak 'n pessimistic about the state of America in 2011 but what do I know, right? Music for cockroaches. (Alex) (4-song cassette, lyrics included, $2 ppd from 285 Turk St, Apt 301, San Francisco, CA 94102, vinylpuma@gmail.com)

MARGY PEPPER – This tape is called *No Boys No Bass* and it's from Olympia... Seriously if K Records doesn't scoop this group up they are sleepin' on the job. This is rad secret spy all girl ice cream summer adventure band, it's really cool and charming. Melodic and surging, reminds me of walking round town listening to KICKING GIANT tapes on my walkman, also makes me think of an all girl CAP'N JAZZ in a really excellent way... It's really sweet and poppy then it sorta surges forward, and has this dreamy nostalgic quality to it. They craft great songs that might be too dreamy for most *MRR* readers but I am sure a few of you out there would dig it. (Layla) (7-song cassette, no lyrics, margypepperband@gmail.com)

MIND CEMETERY – Well fuck. This came out of the demos box divorced from its envelope. No contact info on the insert either. Which is too bad because it rules. The easy way out would be to say it sounds kind of like WOMB RAIDER (de Montreal) + NU SENSAE. I guess that's fair enough, but doesn't really do this tape justice. Sludge, hardcore, doom and maybe something else combine to form a jaw-clenchingly terse listen. This is perhaps mostly due to the ferocious screaming and the tempo that both fast enough to be pummeling and slow enough to bring the fear. If you know these weirdos, tell em to drop a line my way. (Langford) (6-song cassette, no lyrics, no contact info)

MINEFIELD – I'm always keen to hear some bands from Russia as I'm kinda fascinated by that country, but most of the new stuff from there I managed to get my hands on in the past couple years has been a bit disappointing, not because of the quality of the releases but just 'cause, y'know, the styles weren't really my cup o' tea. This, on the other hand, is pretty sick – straight-up USHC sung in Russian, with plenty of energy 'n aggression going on. I don't have a clue what they're singing about but the general atmosphere seems more positive and ready to fight than the legions of nihilistic cunts playing retro HC these days. I could see them sharing a bill with LIFE'S HALT or NO REPLY in the early '00s. Good shit. (Alex) (4-song cassette, lyrics included, minefield.bandcamp.com, minefield3412@gmail.com)

MOTHERHOOD – This ten song CD sounds like an exploration of all of MOTHERHOOD's favorite '80s post-punk avenues. The songs are mostly unified by the recording quality. Most tracks sound like they were recorded with one microphone in the middle of a room during rehearsal. Actually, the microphone might have been slung over the blade of a spinning ceiling fan in the middle of a room. This fidelity does not harm the music though. In fact, it evokes Chris Knox's recording aesthetic for early releases on Flying Nun Records, particularly the *Dunedin Double* EP and "Tally Ho" by The CLEAN. MOTHERHOOD's use of keyboard and rudimentary drumming is also reminiscent of The CLEAN and other New Zealand bands associated with Flying Nun. Their song writing travels from girl garage primitivism to YOUNG MARBLE GIANTS minimalism and arrives at art-fuck nihilism somewhere between FLIPPER and The STONES. The lyrics are often unintelligible, but on the songs that can be discerned, MOTHERHOOD's eclecticism remains intact. The various vocalists likely pen the words on the tunes they sing and that variety becomes endearing rather than a hindrance. I imagine that MOTHERHOOD and I have a lot of the same records, and I am envious that they can hone their influences in such a charming way without becoming annoyingly reminiscent or pastiche. (Samuel) (10-song CD-R, no lyrics included, www.soundcloud.com/motherhood, 21 Brook Walk, London N29RB)

NECRO HIPPIES – I am not sure if this band still exists but they were (or are) great, ominous bratty hardcore, somewhere between the TAR BABIES and DEEP WOUND. This might be better than the 12"? I am a virulent fan so I am not sure my judgment is clear but one thing that is clear is that it is a tragedy that this is only a tape and not a vinyl. I mean tapes are the ultimate format, but this is not just a demo... It sounds amazing and the song writing is incredible; NECRO HIPPIES write seemingly classic straight forward hardcore, the eternal sound of basements and rec rooms, but they are not generic or dumb sounding. This is hard to do. Seriously, being someone who listens to a thousand new hardcore 7"s and tapes a month it sometimes all blends into one hive mind sound... The guitar is so fucked up and cool, *Cows and Beer/Vengeance*... so many weird ideas, it's so tight but so disconcerting at the same time. I am unclear as to whether they broke up or not but fuck they were a great band... This is just so good. If you like the TAR BABIES/MECHT MENSCH split tape you will like this. Someone needs to put this shit on wax ASAP. (Layla) (9-song cassette, no lyrics, Candice / 25 Jane Place / New Orleans, LA 70119)

NÖ PÖWER – Chaotic blown out destroy D-beat from North Carolina. You like this shit noisy? NÖ PÖWER has a tasty demo filled with blazing hardcore and guitar screeches, vocals howls surge out of the madness, and I'm sold. (Robert) (6-song cassette, no lyrics, nopowerclt@gmail.com, statuestorytapes.blogspot.com)

THE OUTS – Really blown out lo-fi destruction, savage lady vox over beat up guitar doom; definitely recorded on a boombox in a tin shed. FATAL MICROBES on PCP armed with shivs. The song "Fuck You" by the AVENGERS played on a too fast turn table the morning after the night that didn't ever really some to an end. Relentless punk rock attack that will make you wanna break windows and claw out your cat's eyes. This is punker than a stick n poke of the flipper fish on the back of your hand.... (Layla) (6-song cassette, lyrics included, notnormaltapes.blogspot.com)

PREGNANCY SCARES – Murky and mysterious Canadian hardcore - chaotic song structure and delivery, blistering fasts and pit inducing mids are led by snotty and sophisticated vocals. The drums are furious, propelling songs that are difficult to pull off into an upper echelon of killer kvlt hardcore jams. Searing guitars, clean and cranked to the point of insanity, layer the whole recording with a blanket made of magic…yeah, metaphors be damned, I love this. (Robert) (9-song cassette, no lyrics, $5ppd % pregnancyscares@gmail.com)

PSYCHIC BLOOD – Walls of guitar noise anchor a cassette steeped in '90s guitar rock. Male vocals seem to appear only when the wails subside to a dull melodic roar, and images of SONIC YOUTH hover in the air. The band is comfortable and unpretentious, a rarity for music so rooted in the past - these songs are played with an earnest determination that precludes unflattering comparisons to a bygone era. Steady, driving, noisy, catchy songs with spaces in between filled by cacophonous psych sounds. This got even better as I listened further, but a warning: Leaves is limited to a ridiculous 35 copies. (Robert) (4-song cassette, no lyrics, blastingconcept.tumblr.com)

THE REHAB RATS / THE DEAD PAWNS – Energetic street punk from the REHAB RATS, smoking guitar leads and dog pile inducing back up vocals. Raw lo-fi three chord punk from demo veterans DEAD PAWNS, whose flirtations with melody from the vocals and the guitar are still keeping them from sounding totally mundane. As with all releases from this crew, their demos are free, which is a pretty reasonable price. (Robert) (10-song CD-R, no lyrics, 8UP Records c/o PO Box 465, Pilot Knob, MO 63663)

ROUGH ROPE – Noisy punk dirges from the hills of Tennessee, ROUGH ROPE conjure up '90s acts like SHELLAC and JESUS LIZARD while hawking their wares in the context of modern crushing hardcore. It's a difficult mental combination to convey, but that's what crawled into my brain when I pressed play, so I'm sticking with it. Mid paced and bone rattling jams with howling masculine vocals, these songs would be instantly dismissed as grunge if presented in 1992, and possibly dismissed as stoner rock if released in 1999, but in 2011 they manage to sound exciting—even if (or perhaps because) they sound so familiar. Folks from this band are also responsible for GRAVEBOUND, one of the killerest powerviolence releases I heard in all of 2010…in case anyone cares about such things. (Robert) (4-song cassette, no lyrics, $5ppd US/$8 ppd World % 509 Heartheron Lane, Hixson, TN 37343, roughrope666.blogspot.com)

SEB AND THE RHÂÂ DICKS – Ultra lo-fi bubblegum pop, not a shred of punk or angst to be found anywhere, but delivered with a charming irreverence. Kinda dreamy in a very uncool way, charming in the same way the MOLDY PEACHES pull off adolescent love songs, and full of chopped and edited songs and various samples so that the end result sounds as much like a mix tape or a sound collage as it does and normal release. Hey, I listened to the whole cassette and I'm still interested, which says something at this point in the demo review process. (Robert) (14-song cassette, lyrics included, radixandthesebs.bandcamp.com)

SEX HAIR – I saw this band *rule* at Thrillhouse so I bought the tape. This is nowhere near as killer as they were live. In fact I did not like it at all, until the last four songs came on and I was reminded of why they ruled live. I think the noise and chaos of their live show made them seem like this other thing that they were not. This is still cool, it's just not my thing though. It starts out really jammy, in that classic mission punk way, carnival-y careering pop punk but with riot grrl appeal. It seriously sounds like a totally different band, maybe they switch instruments? I don't know, at any rate the last four songs are awesome, ("C U L8ter" " Yr So Punk Rock" "Girl Cell.") they even sorta remind me of HEY GIRL (the SF band) at their best... High praise! At any rate SEX HAIR have a terrible band name and are all girl punkers from Portland that are absolutely killer live. This tape might be your jam so ignore my half assed review and send off for it if you are into a new take on grrl sounds. (Layla) (8-song cassette, no lyrics, www.myspace.com/499485035)

SICK CHARADE – One more proof that clean guitars, fast drumbeats and gallons of snot always work, this time courtesy of some ex-members of Canada's REPROBATES. Cover features a drawing of some guy going insane with his head trapped in what looks like a Roman prison (?) and song titles range from "Victims" to "Lock Up", "Modern Genocide" to "Fucking Hesitation" so I'm guessing these guys aren't the most socially well-adjusted people out there and wouldn't mind punching you in the face if you asked politely for it. Anyway, it sounds good so give it a listen if you're into the stuff on No Way Records, the more straight-forward shit on Fashionable Idiots or just good falling-apart NO BS 1-2-fuck-you '80s USHC in general. (Alex) (6-song cassette, no lyrics, sickcharade@gmail.com)

SIREN SONGS – Vancouver's answer to THIS IS MY FIST. Legs' vocals are a touch sweeter than Annie's, which can be either a positive or negative comparison depending on your perspective, but these songs are packed with the same endearing innocence and packaged with the same aggressive self assuredness. It's a little lazy to review a demo by simply comparing it to another band, but in this case the comparison makes itself, though these raw reproductions of catchy punk songs will appeal to even those rockers who find melodic shits (and even that region rock stuff) to be off putting and/or wimpy. The pace is frenetic, even while the mood stays personal, which also helps them stand apart from the crowd. If they clean up their act and wipe off some of the distortion, SIREN SONGS will be an unstoppable force in the world of lofty eyed dreamboat punk (see there? I made a new genre), but if they keep it dirty, they might just be unstoppable. (Robert) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, 289 Alexander St. #818, Vancouver BC V6A 4H6 CANADA, sirensongs604@gmail.com)

SOCIOPATHETIC – Just really really good hardcore punk. Not super fast, but super good, with guitars crunching and sliding through riff after riff of catchy ass balls out hardcore punk. Every part is good; the slower parts are made even bolder by vocals with urgency and clarity typically reserved for early '80s jams, with all of the anger requisite in newer shits. This gets better the more I listen, simply great. (Robert) (4-song cassette, lyrics included, eliminateculture.blogspot.com)

SOULFUL AGGRESSION – Adult punkers playing with the energy of teenagers. That teenage energy manifests itself in the form of female vocals slogging awkwardly over the top of amateurish bar punk played with a complete disregard for rules or (admittedly loose) punk quality standards. SOULFUL AGGRESSION clearly don't give a fuck, and I commend them for that, but I also don't really give a fuck. (Robert) (10-song CD-R, lyrics included, $10 ppd/free at shows % PO Box 61, Dunkirk, MD 20754, www.soulfulaggression.com)

THROUGH THORN AND BRIER – This is good. Totally intense and really really pissed, technically proficient well beyond their genre of choice. The label's press release suggests that fans of TRASH TALK and SOME GIRLS will dig this, and I suspect they might be right, but I also suspect this that might be the calculated intent of THROUGH THORN AND BRIER. I might be placing too much emphasis on the "press release," but I fear that this is a band from the outside trying simply to emulate the aesthetics that have been created from the heart for years. I hope that I am wrong, because regardless of intent, this tape smokes (except the longer slow song on the flip, which is honestly kind of annoying) and if this rage is genuine, then they are a force to be reckoned with. (Robert) (4-song cassette, no lyrics, baldylonghair.com)

TRASHCAT – Fronted by the former drummer for the RESTARTS, this is TRASHCAT's second album with a new lineup. I would give more details about the lineup and history, but reading the boring, self-indulgent press release again would make me puke. Besides, I still have to listen to this thoroughly innocuous and tame CD a couple more times before finishing the review to make sure I am being fair when I call it useless. It is mid-tempo, burly, shout-along pub punk at best. Maybe the music is only effective in the pub. There are a few songs with ska-punk verses that sound like a "how to play ska-punk guitar" video on YouTube, only slowed down and out of time. The lyrics are just plain unimaginative, as indicated by the title track, "Living in the City," and other song names like "We Don't Owe You Nothing" and "Born to Punk Rock." The guitar sounds sterile, the vocals are forgettable. I can't recommend this disc to anyone. (Samuel) (9-song CD-R, lyrics included, www.trashcat.co.uk, Trashcat, 119 Imperial Ave, London N16 8HN, UK)

VIXENS – Holy shit! This is another raging all girl HC band, this sounds like fucking VOID playing GERMS songs, a total frenzy of noise and dissolution. Fuck this is so good! Actually scratch the GERMS this is just total chaos in vicious doses, this is what every CONFUSE/GAI nerd clone *wishes* their band was like. Seriously just intense noise with bits of destruction falling on your head, like a Survival Research Laboratory show in your bedroom with the *Exorcist* playing at the wrong speed in the background while DEEP WOUND knits you a sweater out of your stomach tubes. This is the reason punk exists. Fuck! Seriously, the singer's voice is fucking possessed! Sick!!!!! (Layla) (6-song cassette, lyrics included, email for $ info vixenshfx@gmail.com)

WEIRD FEAR – Every bit as chaotic as the name suggests, this tape is packed with MOHINDER styled breakneck hardcore and blasting fastcore madness are interspersed with short bursts off wonky punk played at light speed. Dual scream/howl vocals drive this beast, and their tempos rage from really fast to just a touch faster— killer lo-fi shits. (Robert) (7-song cassette, no lyrics, weirdfearofbands@gmail.com)

V/A – 8UP Records Sampler – Regular visitors to the Demo Reviews section should be familiar with these bands, A DISCO FOR FERNS and DEAD PAWNS seem to contribute discs on an almost monthly basis, plodding multi vocal punk from ADFF that periodically ventures into heavy stoner jams, and mid tempo three chord teenage punk from DEAD PAWNS. They are joined on this comp by TASK FORCE (lo-fi fast and drunk with great female vox), THE REHAB RATS (street punk with a rousing chorus of backing vocals) and RIMJOB (gutteral and comedic grind). This label offers their shit up for free, just sayin'… (Robert) (15-song CD-R, no lyrics, 8UP Records c/o PO Box 465, Pilot Knob, MO 63663)

V/A – "Crack Rock City: Vol. 2" – This compilation is the first release on Pirated Records (whose founder is also responsible for *Criminal Behavior* Fanzine, available at the same address) and it nobly endeavors to provide a comprehensive introduction to the contemporary punk and hardcore scene, primarily in Detroit, as well as the larger Michigan area. The variety on this 32-track compilation is sprawling. It ranges from blazing thrashcore to left-wing punk rock through psychobilly and D-beat then back to powerviolence faster than the changes of a suburban high school student's musical interests. Despite a broken auto industry, the Motor City has enough fuel to propel the savage hardcore of U.D.I., DEATH IN CUSTODY, BILL BONDSMEN and HELLMOUTH. These bands are fast, fierce, well rehearsed and don't make any real musical mistakes, but don't have any super original elements either. FINAL ASSAULT is a solid D-Beat band with Anarcho-tinged lyrics. Their recordings are sub-lo-fi, instrument tones are nearly indistinguishable and vocals completely monotonous, but somehow the loud snare drum and sonic wash is engrossing and brooding. The guitar solo that ends their song "Battlefield of Death" is a huge surprise, as it doesn't toe the genre line at all, and is all the more eerie because of it. The KALASHNIKOVS are on the "fuck you prez!" side of Anarcho but they are snotty enough to ride your skateboard to. The HAND-ME-DOWNS are one of few bands on the comp that actually have hooks in their songs. They have really intricate, attention-grabbing intros and a tasteful amount of pop-punk influence that doesn't become overbearing. One of the most memorable songs on *Crack Rock City Vol. II* is "Hunter" by STATE. It is a super tough hardcore anthem in which the chorus declares hunting to be "wrong," "cruel," and "wicked" before describing a poor fox's death. I guess your diet indicates whether you'll find it funny or sad, but STATE certainly has some admirable conviction. The variety does the comp a disservice at times. The inclusion of the annoyingly anthemic, faux-street punk of the A-GANG is a glaring mistake. Featuring members of MEST, The A-GANG's corporate rock slickness sourly infiltrates this otherwise DIY comp. The two tracks from the KOFFIN KATS are also firmly out of place. They are certainly a band from Detroit, but so are WAS (NOT WAS), and they would stick out just as much. Perhaps a parallel can be drawn between Lower Manhattan and Hollywood of the late '70s and modern Detroit. A large part of what seems to spawn innovative and extreme music and art scenes is decrepit, forsaken urban areas. When young, inspired punks can rent or squat massive spaces to rehearse or perform at any time with no interference, scenes tend to thrive. Is Crack Rock City indicative of a burgeoning punk scene capitalizing on the urban decay of Detroit? Get it and decide. (Samuel) (32-song CD-R, no lyrics, Pirated Records, PO Box 1196 Royal Oak MI 48068, detroitpunk.org)

V/A – The Here And Now Comp a Great comp of bands from the Upper Midwest (a region that for some reason seems to pretty much denote a 100 mile circle around Chicago, with the exclusion of Wisconsin). Garage punk (RADIATOR HOSPITAL), hardcore (CULO, POSITIVE NOISE), noise (SLACK BABBATH) and loads more on this tape. 16 bands deliver 26 tracks, and it's cheap as shit. (Robert) (26-song cassette, no lyrics, $3ppd % Knot Music, PO Box 51, South Haven, MI 49090-050)

V/A – Let Me See That Other Hand: The Now Sound Of Montreal – As the title suggests, this is a tape comp of current Montreal bands, moving from psychedelic other worldly sounds to hipster garage punk (this is a descriptor, not an insult, the JESUSLESFILLES track is great) and featuring one of the best *Oi!* tracks I've ever heard in THE AVERSIONS' "Bloodstained Shoes." A laid back synth number from BOBO BOUTIN is followed by a total electro-punk burner from MINGO L'INDIEN, and this makes for a well rounded and top quality sampler of the shit going on in Montreal, from punk to indescribable "other." I'm sure there are a lot more "Now Sounds" to be heard, but every city can't make a box set and you have to start somewhere. (Robert) (10-song cassette, no lyrics, vintageviolencerecords.tumblr.com)

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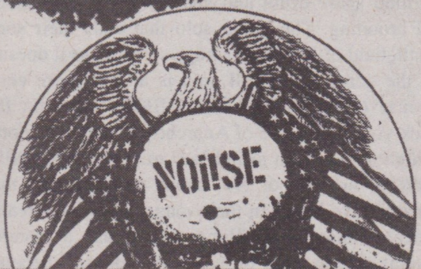

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ZINES

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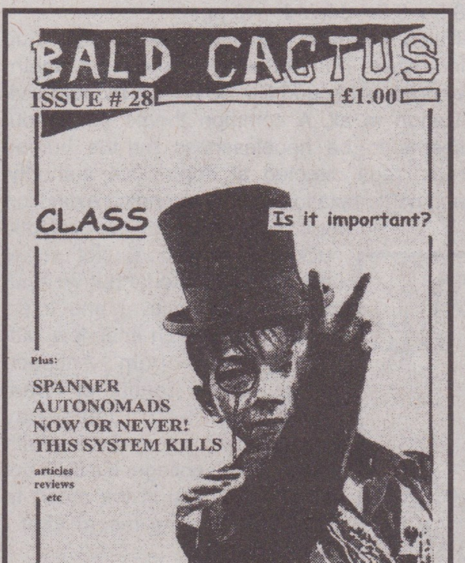
Reviews by:
(MB) Mariam Bastani
(JB) Julia Booze
(EC) E.Conner
(AE) Amelia Eakins
(DG) Dan Goetz
(DJ) Danielle Gresham
(LG) Layla Gibbon
(BG) Bob Goldie
(SL) Sam Lefebvre
(BL) Brad Lambert
(MM) Marissa Magic
(KM) Kevin Manion
(JM) Jeff Mason
(LP) Langford Poh
(CR) Casey Ress
(FS) Fred Schrunk
(DS) Dionne Stevens

BAD BONES #1 / $?
8.5 x 11 – copied – 20 pgs – Spanish
Not a "fanzine," but a self proclaimed "Funzine" and they mean it! This is what I remember zines looking like when I was a kid—sorta of crazy cut and paste, simple, yet busy with ripped off pics, hand drawn stuff. There is a minimal amount of digital manipulation, but it still feels old school. Inside this Argentinean zine are interviews with Los Caidos, an article about the Proyecto 4 Patas animal rights education group, reviews of some releases from Pippol Under Distro, a short article about 4 Barras store and more! This is super posi, skate heavy, world conscious and punk. Funzine, indeed! (MB)
badboneszine@live.com.ar

BALD CACTUS #28 / $3 or trade
5.75 x 8.25 – copied – 32 pgs
One of the older English zines that takes time off but comes back for more, *Bald Cactus* has returned with another strong issue. The most interesting part to me was the section on class, mostly short essays by other English people answering the question "What class do you consider yourself and do you think it's important?" The responses range in length from a few jocular words to longer essays. A few people deny being any class at all! I know "class" has different connotations over there than here in the US, but I'm always glad to read what people have to say about how they relate to it. The interviews are actually slightly better done than this section—Spanner, This System Kills, Autonomads, and the zine *Now Or Never* ("A punker version of Class War with worse politics") get the spotlight. Music and zines are reviewed, but this is the least exciting part of the zine. This is especially recommended for UK readers, but I liked it fine. (JM)
145-149 Cardigan Road / Leeds / LS6 1LJ / UK / baldcactus@gmail.com

BROKEN PENCIL #52 / $6 plus postage
8 x 10.5 – printed – 64 pgs.
Broken Pencil exists on the periphery of what would normally be covered in *MRR*, as it's largely a magazine focusing on independent literature, art, and indie rock type of music. As you can imagine, it's well written and the layout is top-notch. I actually savor this type of variation as standard formats of interviews and reviews get tiring after a while. In this particular issue there are good articles on Cornelius P McStone (a 78 year old zinester), how to make prosthetic fish gills (!?), tips on staging public performance art "spectacles," and how independent game developers and other artists can use the Internet to get exposure without having to rely on being associated with a business or corporate label. Reviews focus on atypical things such as indie podcasts, books, and other literary-type of zines. I also noticed that some of the funding for the magazine comes from official Canadian government subsidies for the arts, which is another item on my mental list of why I might want to head far North someday. Indie rock aside, *Broken Pencil* is a highly recommended read for the more cerebral punks out there. (BG)
PO Box 203, Station P / Toronto, Ontario / M5S 2S7 / Canada / brokenpencil.com / subs@brokenpencil.com



DEGENERATE #8 / $2 US, $3 World, trade
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 16 pgs.
Degenerate is a cool little DIY fanzine that suffers only from being too deficient in material. I mean, how could you give us an awesome, in depth four-page "retro record review" of Legal Weapon's *Death of Innocence* LP and then just leave us hanging with only a few (heart-felt) reviews or so? The people are demanding more! There's also a decent interview with the singer from Waco Fuck and a neat write-up on Frank Black and how his newest album is so good because it's under produced and not trying to be the Pixies. I dig the variety of music covered in the pages, from hardcore to old punk to Frank Black, and the cut and paste aesthetic is always attractive. I just wish this was triple the size and had more of the enjoyable song-by-song breakdowns of classic albums like the treatment given to Legal Weapon. Cool zine! (BG)
1805 Canyon Pl. / Carlsbad, CA 92008 / degenerate.bigcartel.com
degenerate@gmail.com

DREAMS OF DONUTS #12 / $1 US $2 international ppd / trades accepted
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 24 pgs
Very earnest, handwritten and illustrated zine detailing a slice of life from the author about living in Oakland, going to see local bands she likes, rescuing a dog, and being in a relationship. This issue focuses largely on her relationship and its expiration, then her means of coping with it. Most interestingly, she discusses examples of prejudice against parents within her community and her own reticence and nervousness about dating a parent as well. Her illustration is endearing and memorable and the handwriting shifts styles according to the section in a way that subconsciously reinvigorates the reader's interest with each new topic discussed. Apparently, the next issue will be written during and inspired by the author's travels and it should be interesting to see how she transcribes life on the road into another delightful zine. (SL)
Heather Wreckage / 836 57th Ave. / Oakland, CA 94608 /
all4choice@hotmail.com
heatherwreckage.blogspot.com

EMBARRAZINE #3 & 4 / $5
8.5 x 5.5 – printed – 42 pgs
This is a collaborative effort based loosely on the theme of family. The first part is a collection of memories, of the writer's mom and grandmothers. Each story features some charmingly rudimentary art, the first is the story of his mom competing in a ski race that ends with a hot air balloon ride in which the

balloon crashes in a snow field and she has to pull it along as she skis! It seemed like something outta some young adult novel or a '70s beer commercial. This story has some *Rugrats* meets psychedelic art cartoony drawings, which I enjoyed. The next part is the writer's memories of his family moving from a small ski town in Colorado to the "land of strip malls and chain restaurants" of Ohio, to be closer to his grandmother. Memories of being a snotty teenager and of his grandmother's last joke on his family... This story features paintings, which have an outsider art appeal. The last comic is by another writer/artist and is about growing up in the suburbs, being a teenage punker. It made me think of idealized American teen movie landscapes, sleepovers with tons of pizza, cover bands, finding crazy shit in forest landscape, everyone having a Latin nickname. I enjoyed this zine, it seems sorta expensive for what it is, but the cover is really beautifully printed. A window into the lives of privileged American teens of the Midwest! (LG)

Max Wheeler / 45 Central Ave / Athens, OH 45701 / Gnaryasiwannabe.com

EQUALIZING X DISTORT Vol. 11 Issues 1 & 2

8.5 x 11 – printed – 18 & 22 pgs

This zine is a print extension of the Toronto-based punk radio show of the same name, which includes transcribed interviews from the radio show that usually comprise at least half of each issue. Inspired by the recent vinyl release of the *T.O. Hardcore '83* cassette, these two issues take a look at the Toronto area's hardcore history, with great, intimate interviews with Negative Gain (from nearby Oakville) and A.P.B. (from Toronto proper) in these two respective issues that have each band offering up stories about being punks in the early '80s, going to great lengths to practice and play shows (including crossing the border to play in Buffalo at times), opening for larger out-of-towners as well as some insight on what made Canadian hardcore unique, and some of the differences between how they saw the world then and how they see it now. Issue 1 also has some "best of 2010" picks, and both issues have record reviews that are better than average. (DG)

21 Foundry Ave Unit 5 / Toronto, ON M6H 4K7 / Canada
equalizingxdistort.blogspot.com

DREAMS OF
DONUTS
#12

EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO KNOW TO KILL YOURSELF WITH #1 / $1

8.5 x 11 – copied – 44 pgs

This is what I would expect a high schooler or a narc would write if they were trying to pass themselves off as a punk. It's like a constant stream of such gems as "the articles of clothing are a skirt and a blouse she had lifted from a department store famous for a lackadaisical return policy" "it's a discomfort tangled in gender roles I was supposed to have done away with at one of those workshops I attended..." "reinforcing my gender role insecurity" "my fruitless effort to romanticize a cash crop that is nearly as responsible for South American oppression as the CIA and the drug war" "its fantastic with all the various forms of sugar they put in here" "what we once relied on the straight edge/not straight edge or emo/hardcore dichotomy for" "everyday I would come home he would be there at the houses communal computer" "a meeting has been planned where we can all talk this issue over in order to maintain our friendship and not stir up needless drama that would divide our community". Seriously? Where's the vegan potluck at? I didn't consent to this. Embarrassing. (MM)

d_billington@riseup.net

FEUDAL SOIL / $4 US, $5 world

8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 48 pgs

This is the most negative 'zine I've picked up in a while. This Andrew guy who put it together does not sound like he enjoys modern civilization at all. A common theme throughout seems to be hopelessness for the human race, rage directed at oppressive authority, and contemplation of our impending extinction most likely through apocalyptic nuclear annihilation. Not super light-hearted material but well put together, provocative, and interesting. There is an interview with the drummer from Antisect, comics, and a reprint of Adam Parfrey's "Latter-Day Lycanthropy," all sprinkled with drawings and collage. It's dark but potent. It put me in the mood to listen to a Vaccine record after I finish this. (BL)

scullyac@gmail.com

THE FURY #19/ $2

8.5 x 7 – copied – 32 pgs

Recent history is enshrined in the pages of *THE FURY*. Old school (well. For punks anyway) graphic design including rub off letters, typewriter, and vintage bicycle porn are spread heavily. There's this deep nostalgia vibe I'm digging. There's a good history lesson regarding the Chicago punk scene of yester year (remember the Fireside??) and is nicely balanced with a piece on the Dil Pickle Club an even older mainstay of Chicago phreaky history (we're talking turn of last century). Mark details his deep ass friendships and his recent move to Providence while pontificating on the beauty of the Midwest he left behind. Plenty of thoughtful reviews of music, books, and zines too. For fans of AMERICA? (the zine) and PALATKA inserts. (EC)

Mark Novotny/thefuryzine@hotmail.com

GENERAL SPEECH #1 / trade only

5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 20 pgs

It seems like Lexington's most prolific zine writer has a new issue of something or other every month. The first General Speech is pretty right on. It looks to be typewritten and photocopied, there's no wasted space, and it captures the timeless appeal of grainy photos and crude punk drawings. Mexico City's Inservibles are interviewed, this is a cool talk with discussion of class divisions in the Mexican scene. A Deathside interview from 1990 (conducted by Tadashi of HG Fact) is reprinted from a Japanese "glossy professional magazine." Some music is reviewed, things the author is excited about. The intro goes into his "trade or free in person only" policy—"the last thing I want doing a fanzine are customers." (You can send him a letter, and he asks you include a stamp when trading.) So get writin' or tapin' or whatever you gotta do. (JM)

c/o Tom Mayugh / 2964 Winter Garden Unit D / Lexington, KY 40517

THE INNER SWINE Volume 17 Issue 1/2 / $2 per issue, $5 US subs (1 year), $6 International subs (1 year), trades accepted

5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 100 pgs

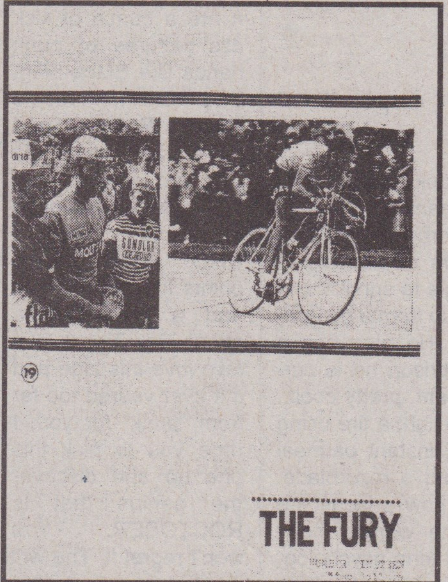
So apparently this dude Jeff has been putting this zine out for something like 16 years. What we get with this new issue is a bunch of editorializing and musing and then some fiction. All the writing is supposed to be tied to a theme (The Past in this issue), and the loose threaadkinda holds everything together. The fiction is engaging, if only on a brain candy level. Nothing groundbreaking or mind shattering, but it's obvious that Jeff's been practicing his craft for a while and nows how to be compelling and tel a story well. One of the pieces is from his new novel, and I could see myself chewing through it. Total brain candy. The nonfiction is not bad, but I was bored or annoyed reading so many of the essays at once. If I had time to just pick it up and read a piece here and there, then it would have been a better experience pour moi. Ultimately, this zine feels like to creation of a writer who just loves to write. Jeff's better than most people with the written word, and it's cool to see someone jazzed about that. I have issues with the way he writes about women, but he's not a piece off dog shit (i.e. Hemingway, Bukowski), he's just kind of a bro. I find it annoying because I like his writing otherwise. It's easy, chewy, candy. Bleugh, I dunno. I am conflicted! (LP)

The Inner Swine / PO Box 3024 / Hoboken, NJ 07030 /
www.innerswine.com

INTERVIEW #2 / $5 ppd with CD
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 24 pgs
This zine begins with an interview with a skateboarder turned skateshop/venue owner in Omaha, NE and from there on, numerous bands and artists from the larger Nebraska area are interviewed. To read many of the same local bands and punk houses name-dropped by various interviewees unintentionally reinforces the sense of community between punks in Nebraska. There is a shared feeling of loss for some local punk venue that caught fire and a shared admiration for some local bands. When the groups speak of themselves, they do so in modest, unpretentious terms and they all seem genuinely excited by the activities of their peers within the scene. In this sense, "Interview" effectively conveys a sense of the Nebraska punk scene's goals and values. Specifically, the interview with Cordial Stew, a reunited 80s hardcore band from Omaha, is rather captivating. They speak about the punk scene from then and now with equal enthusiasm. Their quote, "In prison it (punk) is a bad thing, in the real world is sold as currency, and we don't fit in either of those" deserves reprinting. The interviews are all rather short, with pretty typical questions and each band is accompanied with a couple of pictures of themselves. The layout is very simple and digital looking but direct and effective. Considering the inclusion of a CD sampler of Nebraska punk bands, this zine is a pivotal slice of the contemporary punk scene in Nebraska. (SL)
Crucial Changes c/o Keith McGrath / 110 S. 49th St. #410 / Omaha, NE 68132 /
crucialchangeshq@gmail.com
crucialchanges.blogspot.com

JESSE OWENS #1 / stamps, trade or $1
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 18 pgs
There is a delightful upswing in zines! I received a bunch in the mail from a dear friend who organized a zine fest in DC, of course I was thrilled. One was Mixtapers Do it Better, which was made by the same prolific zinester who did this Jesse Owens thingy. It feels like a one-off, less directed collection of writing than Mixtapers. She also does a great zine called Haunted Ground with true ghost stories, so I have faith! But Jesse Owens is slightly dribbly and maybe too inwardly confessional; it is all about the first crush, then some break up blues, and the most awkward of the three, "Sleeping in Beds with Other People". This last piece isn't about sex, disappointingly. Maybe I am a perv but I was hoping it would get nasty. One thing I will say is that it looks mighty fine, with all the dark pages and typewritery goodness intermingling with pictures of lions and Exene that gets me going…(JB)
mixtapersdoitbetter@riseup.net
Karen H. / Crable Zines / PO Box 6912 / Grand Rapids, MI 49516

MORE NOISE #6 /$2
8.5 x 11 – copied – 10 pgs
More Noize or *More Noise* (SKITSLICKERS or SHITLICKERS?) is a punk fanzine from London covered in references to our favorite punk bands like TOZIBABE, EU'S ARSE, WRETCHED, and CONFUSE. Just that alone and the "I just huffed glue" cut and paste layout is enough to make any raw heart swoon. In this issue, KRIG I HUDIK, the Swedish hardcore punk band featuring members of TOTALITÄR, BRAINBOMBS, and MISS-BRUKARNA is interviewed. Excerpts from the *MRR* CRAZY SPIRIT interview are present as well as a small Mexican scene report, which mentions current rippers like INSERVIBLES and RATAS DEL VATICANO. There is a guest column by the rather insightful Rich Walker with a call for some ASOCIAL A-Beat resurgence, among other invaluable insight into punk now and then. There are also a fuck ton of reviews of demos, records, and zines which basically covers any relevant band to the raw punk and noise community from the past year or so. If you want to know what is going on with the current world of raw punk, this review section is like an index of all current happenings. Apparently Tony has a blogspot for *More Noise* and likes CHAOTIC DISCHORD—good in my book. This is a true noise punk fanzine—no filler. Looking forward to *More Noize #7* with FOGNA and SVART PARAD, among other sick bands. Real fucking punk—so hey goth, fuck off! (AE)



MORENOIZE / 313 Woodville Road / E17 7ER London / UK
morenoizerecords.blogspot.com/
slobodanburgher@gmail.com

NODE PAJOMO Summer 2011 / $1 ppd USA, $2 ppd World
5.75 x 8.75 – printed – 16 pgs
The first time I read the introduction/explanation in the opening pages of this zine I was quite intoxicated and had no fucking idea what was going on. The next day, I read it again sober and discovered that Node Pajomo's focus is Mail Art. I then headed to Wikipedia to find out exactly what Mail Art is. It's a pretty interesting movement, a worldwide network that allows for collaborations and trades of various art projects using the postal system. For example, send a visual or literary work on a crumpled up piece of paper to someone in Cuba and it'll end up displayed in a cultural space down there. Node Pajomo serves as a directory of sorts for people looking to participate in various Mail Art projects, and their list of contacts is definitely comprehensive. Usually I'm of the 'How Much Art Can You Take?' mindset, but I'm honestly intrigued by some of the listings here. A unique zine for sure, and a must-have if you're already familiar with the movement. (KM)
P.O. Box 2632 / Bellingham, WA 98227-2632

NOW HERE #1 / $?
5.5 x 8 – printed – 92 pgs – Greek and English
This is the first issue of this very posi, very earnest zine from Greece (by a woman named Lydia who contributed a list of greek punk bands and distros for the website a month or so back). Featuring interviews with My Turn (Greece), Black Listed (Greece), Bernay's Propaganda (Macedonia), columns, reviews, comics, artwork all in mostly English, but some Greek. It's cut and paste format with a few pages in color that feature an artist whose work is color heavy. The interviews are like a conversation with friends, discussing musical, political and personal issues faced by each of these bands. The columns are mostly personal narratives about experiences in punk, calling out bullshit and pushing for a more cohesive community. The material here is local heavy with a universal appeal. If you want to get a good slice of what is happening in punk and diy in Greece, particularly Athens, and the and informed perspective, start here. Great zine. (MB)
info@nemesisknox.com

OBSTINATE DUHS #1/$2 USA $3 IN'TL
8 x 5.5 – copied – 28 pgs
A debut issue by this Portland dweller. While I could do without the computer pixels there is a lot of well-intentioned work in this zine. Rachel writes short stories about her mother's death, dealing with grief, volunteering, and IUDs. There are some brief book reviews and accompanying lists of cool shit in Portland and music she's been jamming on lately. (EC)
4426 SE Yamhill St. / Portland, OR 97215 /
rachelduhs@gmail.com

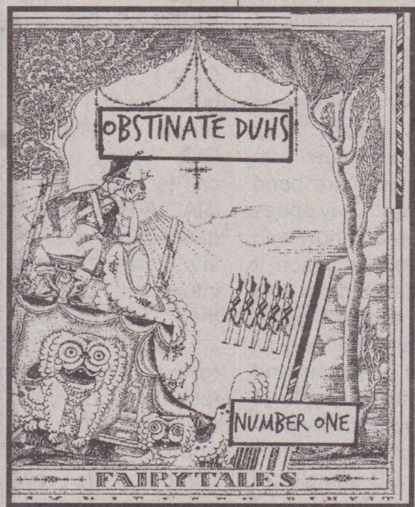
PLASTIC BOMB #76 / 3.70 EURO
8.25 x 11.75 – printed – 78 pgs
Latest issue of this awesome zine which I'm assuming is one of the cornerstones of the German scene. Plastic Bomb has always looked fantastic and this installment is no exception. The obvious and only downside is that it's entirely in German, so I can't read the interviews with Victims, Network of Friends, Flogging Molly, Jello Biafra, Bambix, Knochenfabrik, Molotov Cocktail, RKL, SS Kaliert, Heratys, The Freeze or Carlos Mogutseu. Alongside the chats there are

pieces about ska (blech), a group road trip to France, a shit-ton of reviews and other gooey German goodness. The best part of this issue is the two-page photo spread of 80's bands - Cheetah Chrome Motherfuckers, Lärm, Heresy and others. Fucking rad! Every time I come across this zine I kind of want to learn German, if only so I can figure out why there's a picture of Walter Matthau next to one of Joe Strummer. Mysterious. Anyway, #76 also comes with a pretty good compilation CD featuring a wide array of bands including; Krum Bums, Krautbomber, The Gumbabies and more. (KM)
www.plastic-bomb.de

PUNK ON THE INSIDE #1 / no price listed send stamps
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 24 pgs
This is a zine created by a punk prisoner who is currently serving time for bank robbery. It's radical politically, coming from an anarcho-punk perspective, and covers all aspects of prison life, the internal struggle to survive and maintain sanity while locked up from a personal and political perspective. He also has a band, the Remains, as the prison he is currently in has musical equipment, pretty cool... The centerfold details how to light a fire using a battery, some foil from an instant oatmeal packet, some toilet paper and a razorblade. There's a piece discussing how prisons are used as rudimentary psyche wards, many people that should be in long term psychological care are locked up, and are victim to abuses including being forced to take dangerous untested experimental drugs with no recourse, being prisoners and all. The author, Scotty, lost one of his friends this way. All the art and writing was contributed by different prisoners. This was a great read. It's totally worth sending off for. He doesn't specify a price, but I know if you send a book of stamps it will be appreciated. (LG)
Scott Brigden 10067-007 / USP Florence / PO Box 7000 / Florence, CO 81226

RADIKAL #7 / 1.75 euro, $2.60 world, trade
5.5 x 7.75 – copied – 28 pgs – Spanish
This is number seven of this rad Spanish punk zine with a political edge including interviews with Cojoba (Puerto Rico), Gobierno Militar (a spanish raw hardcore band whose 7" is on regular play in my room), Pripyat (Czech Republic) and the maker of Almeria Inmunda zine. There is also a detailed Castellon scene report, a report examining the possibility of anarchism realized, reviews and more. There is a lot of material packed in this 28-page zine and it is done well. The interviews are not fluff pieces, but present some tough and relevant questions. The Castellon scene report is concise but a wealth of information. Cool zine, a good read and a something I could read every month. (MB)
Gabriel Caballero / Apartado: 3.122 / 30002-Murcia / Spain / radikalzine.blogspot.com / gcforkboy@gmail.com

ROCKTOBER #49 / $4
8.5 x 11 – printed – 114 pgs
Alright people! If you have not had the good sense to check out this zine, this is the issue to get with it! Roctober has graced us with a "Livin' in the '80s" issue aptly named after a Zero Boys song because this issue is punk heavy. Featured here are TSOL, PIL, Zero Boys, Danzig, the Knots as well as Captain Sky, Boyd Rice, Golden Cups and more! There are some great columns, a goodbye to recently deceased artists and a fuck ton of great reviews. The first few pages on this side A are a bunch of kick ass pictures of punk bands like Black Flag, Bad Brains, locals Naked Raygun and more all from old Chicago shows. Flip this over and you have the comic section, which never disappoints this comic geek and a great article about Tiny Tim. I *love love love* this zine and if it ever veered too far from "punk" for you, I urge you to pick this one up and discover the genius that is ROCTOBER. You won't regret it. The writing is great, as are the articles, interviews, comics…well everything—never disappoints. This is one of the best zines that has ever been and will be. (MB)
1507 E. 53rd St., #617 / Chicago, IL 60615 / www.rocktober.com



RUBBERNECK ZINE #1 / ?
8.5 x 11 – printed – 27 pgs
From the self-proclaimed weird little town of Austin, Texas come the zine rubbernecking. A photo journalistic zine shot in a style that pays respects to Glen E. Friedman and that iconographic raw photography style. Coming in at just under thirty pages this zine is filled to the brim with freshly shot portraits of emerging bands from Austin's new rock'n'roll scene.(DJ)
Rubberneck c/o John Chamberlain / 2103 Alameda Drive / Austin, TX 78704 / rubberneckzine@gmail.com
rubbberneckzine.com

SPALENA RAMENA #2 / $?
8.5 x 11 – copied – 22 pgs
This quite possibly might be the hardest working 'lil zine coming out of the Czech Republic. Such pure excitement and dedication to the scene is shown in this not so brief publication. The style is like if *More Noize's* little brother zine took some steroids and bulked up and forgot to have it's creases folded over. Each page is jam packed with pictures, alongside the band interviews, with the writer's commentary strewn in there as well. It's all here from zine reviews, record reviews, and numerous band interviews. Bands include: Mind Your Step, United Crusties, Hummingbird of Death, Risposta, and more. Exciting great stuff coming straight outta Eastern Europe, and I can't wait to see more. (DJ)
Spalena Ramena c/o Erik Zoldi / Botanicka 34/ 60200 BRNO / Czech Republic / shrunky@reemail.hu

WORD ON THE STREET #1 / $1
4 x 5.25 – copied – 36 pgs
In the introduction, the editor describes the experience of walking around with one's head down and seeing etched into the sidewalks, permanent commentary. He describes his need to carry a nail in his wallet so that he can be a part of the conversations in wet cement. All of that walking around with eyes downcast led to the creation of this unique and well-made zine. From the streets of DC is assembled a collection of words and drawings on sidewalks. Each page features one of these images and compiled together, creates something of a narrative or at the very least, a snapshot of D.C. It's an interesting to present one's home city to a larger audience without having to specifically construct a contrived description. It's an awesome little zine that I hope to see more of. (CR)
W.O.T.S. / PO Box 73691 / Washington, DC 20056

ZONKED #12 / £ 2.50 UK, email for int. price
8.25 x 11.75 – copied – 48 pgs
I hadn't seen Zonked before and found it impressive. There is a wealth of text in this UK fanzine but it reads easily and the layout keeps your eyes entertained. There are interviews with the Red Dons, Night Birds, 1981, and Four Letter Word as well as a couple very detailed traveling stories. The writing is usually personal and well done and the writers are given free reign without worrying about restricting space since they have enough graphic elements to just keep on adding pages. What really caught my attention in this issue was the photography. There are a lot of live pictures in here of some great bands and the image quality tells me that this zine is made by people who know what they are doing and take their project seriously. Also, there's a picture of Punch and I've got to rep the Bay. The reviews section is massive and the tone is of somebody who has been around for a while and is still really stoked on punk rock in a time when it's the cool thing to be jaded and misanthropic. I found it refreshing and enjoyed all 48 (yikes) pages. (BL)
Pete Craven / 46 Ashford Rd / Brighton, BN16LJ / UK / pete.zonked@btinternet.com

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